



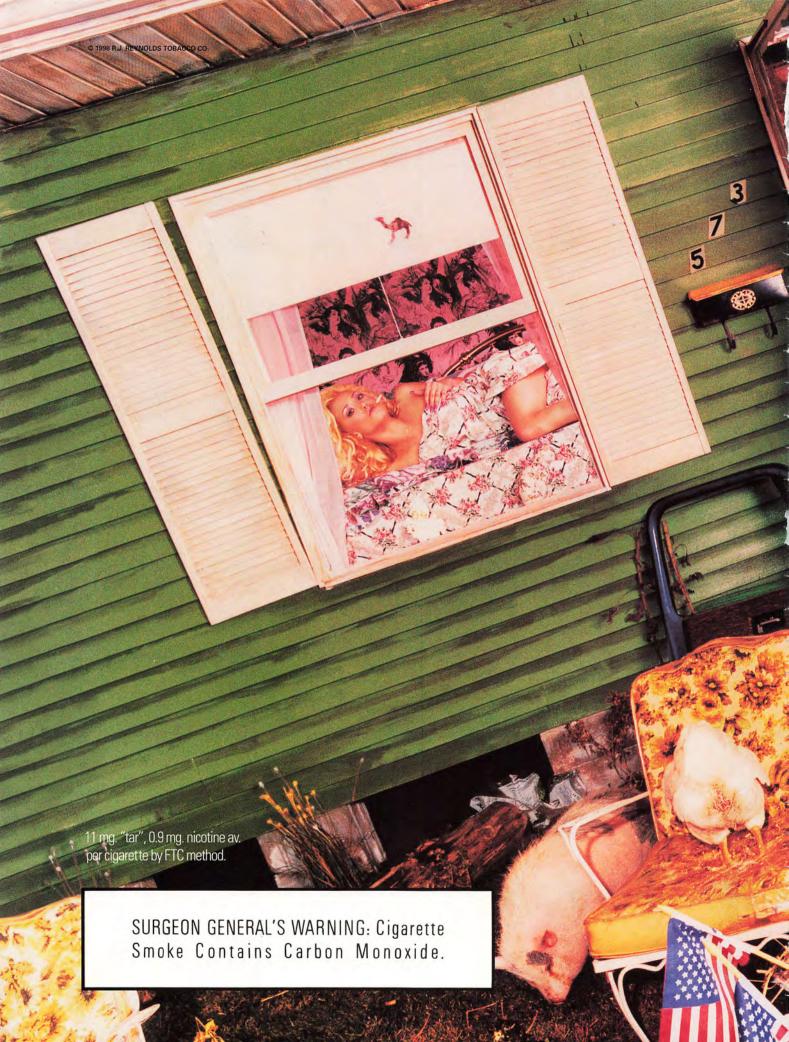
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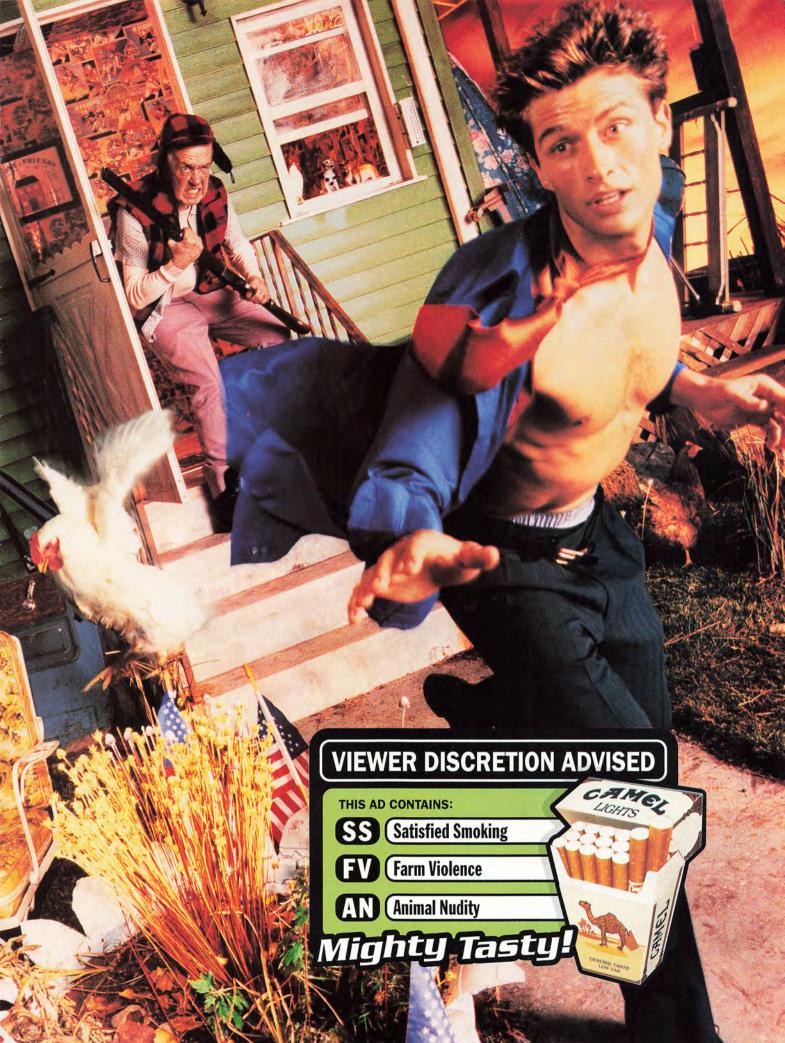
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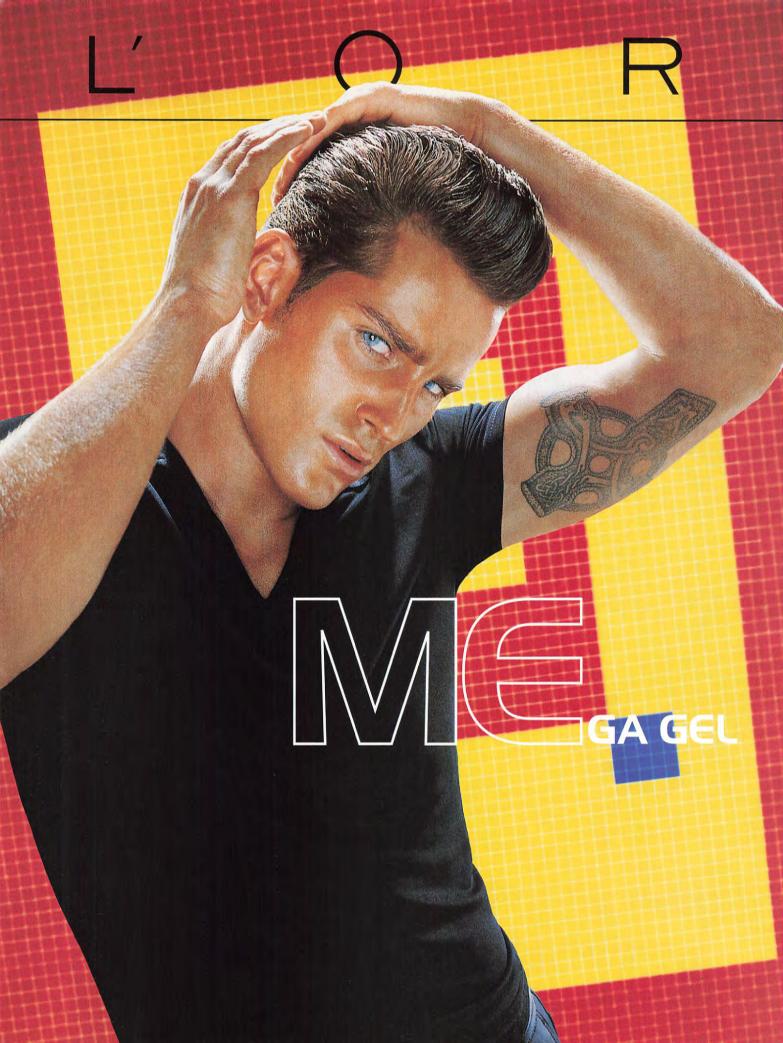
GIODE Willes Proming Co. Miles when W











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MEGA GEL FROM STUDIO LINE.

ALL ABOUT MEGA HOLD. ALL ABOUT STYLE. ALL RIGHT. IT'S ALL ABOUT ME.



In a past life I was a great lover. I left not a heart unbroken in all of Spain or France, or Italy. But greece, anh, my apologies to the ladies of greece. A man does not stay eighteen forever.



In a past life of was pure, glacial spring water.



JUNE 1998 MAXIM

Features

CONCEPT CARS GROW UP 70

IRS 70 ch of

The latest batch of fantasy-mobiles cooked up

by automakers aren't just pie-in-the-sky dreams. In fact, you may be driving them in the next year or two.

EVIL

NORM MACDONALD'S REVENGE-O-MATIC 76

The Saturday Night Live star with the best smirk in the biz also has the best ideas on how to get even with every schmuck that gives you grief.

COVER GIRL

REBECCA ROMIJN 82

MTV's House of Style mistress reminds us that you can be funny, smart, talented...and look so outrageously hot in a swimsuit that we suggest taking blood-pressure medication before viewing these pages.

CHOMP! 88

After getting stuck halfway down a gator's throat, James Morrow had trouble escaping with his windpipe intact.

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"HERE'S MY NUMBER" 92

If you ever want to hear these words from the lips of a sexy young thing, then you'd better hear what these women have to say about your pick-up technique.

DEATH

FUN THINGS TO DO AFTER YOU DIE 100

Why settle for a simple burial when you could be mooning people from the great beyond?

HEAVEN

MORE THAN MODELS 106

These world-famous catwalkers are heating up the big screen and proving they've got assets beyond the obvious.

EXPLOSIVES

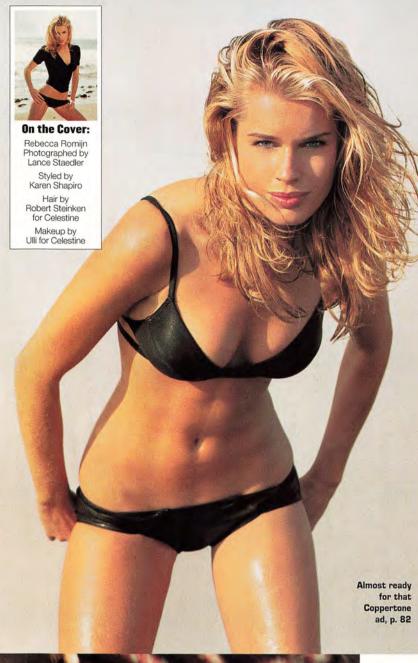
SHOOT THE WORKS 112

Put on the best gosh-darn Fourth of July fireworks show on your block with our kick-ass buyer's guide.

STYLE

NO TIE REQUIRED 120

These comfortable suits look so good that there's no need to strangle yourself with a silk noose.

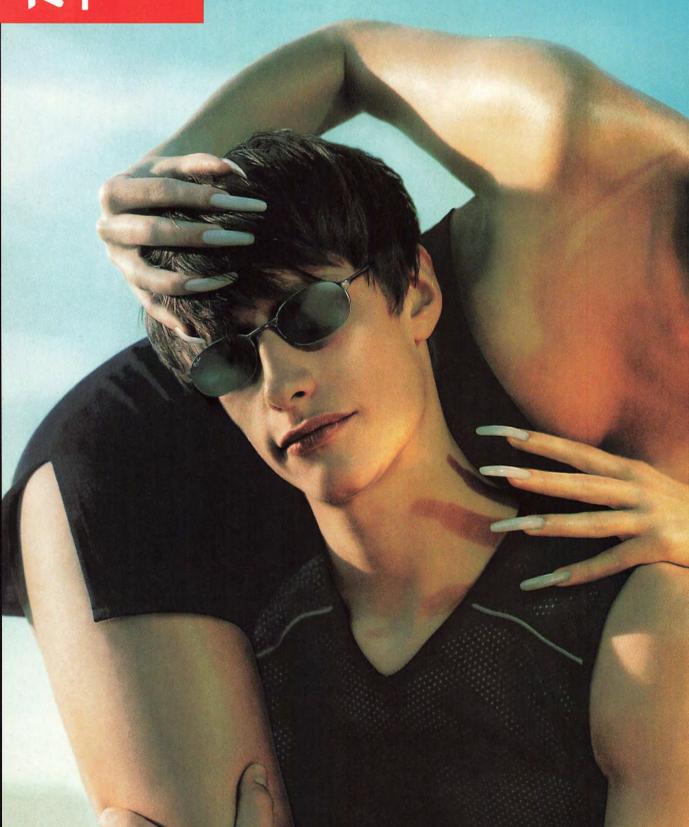




car. Ron Kimbali, R.Romijin: Lance Staedler; stylist: Karen Shapiro; hair. Robert Steinkery/Celestine; makeup: Ulij/Celestine; bikini: Versace; fuse: Mark Weiss; alligator boy; FPG

Man-eatin'

gators, p. 88 Ray. Ban



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Ray-Ban authentic glass lenses are subjected to rigorous tests that ensure superior scratch resistance.

Perfect if you're vulnerable to scratches.





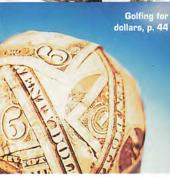
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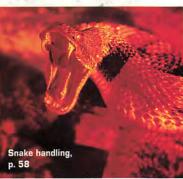
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DEFINITELY RAY-BANT









Columns

SAYS HER 48 MÉNAGE À MAYBE

According to writer Nancy Miller, it's something your girlfriend may not be opposed to. But making a threesome happen takes a little more finesse than just tossing a third pillow on the bed.

SPORTS 52 WORLD CUP CRAZIES

As the Super Bowl of soccer gets under way this month, we can think of no better way to celebrate than with these stories of World Cup-related murder, mayhem, bribery, and psychosis. Cheers, mate!

HEALTH 58 REALITY BITES

To hell with insects; there are far worse things that can puncture your skin this summer. Our first-aid advice for an unplanned rendezvous with a miffed scorpion or snake.

GRIND

66 DO YOU HATE YOUR %#@* BOSS?

Of course you do. The question is, how much? Our first-ever office survey gives you a chance to get all that unhealthy animosity off your chest and into the magazine.

WINE & DINE 126 LIKE BUTTAH

Nothing makes meat melt in your mouth better than one of our patented marinades.

128 BLENDER BLOWOUT

What's pink, blue, red, and green, highly alcoholic...and irresistable to women?

GET DRESSED 130 HOME DELIVERY

Why drag your sorry butt to every men's store in town when a telephone and these clothing catalogs will set you up in sartorial style without cutting into your La-Z-Boy time?

STUFF 134 GRILL-ZILLA

Slap your meat down on one of these top-of-the-line barbies and watch your friends' faces turn green with envy.

Departments

24 CIRCUS MAXIMUS

We pit John Holmes against Sherlock Holmes, serve up some truly disgusting foreign food, and get you an invite to the White House.

46 TOY CHEST

Gadgets no grown-up three-year-old should be without

140 HANG TIME

Our cut-through-the-crap guide to entertainment

152 INSERT CAPTION HERE

A Maxim contest for sick and twisted readers



Kevin

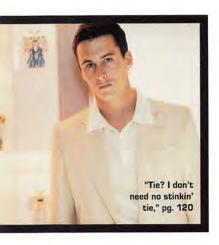
My, what

you'll have, p. 46

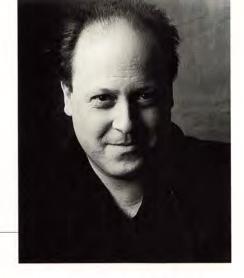
big feet











Gators, Revenge, Gunpowder, & Death

all me sentimental, but the words above bring a little tear of joy to my eye. After all, as we move into a long, warm summer filled with sunshine and picnics and people frolicking on the beach in matching T-shirts and damned birds tweeting their fool heads off...well, I personally think that a touch of nastiness is certainly not amiss.

And we've got nastiness aplenty in this issue.

For those of you who feel that revenge is a dish best wired for 50,000 volts, we have *Saturday Night Live*'s own Norm Macdonald to show you how to get even in any situation... and laugh yourself silly in the bargain. And if laughing at your enemies isn't enough, why not laugh at death itself? We've discovered a few amusing ways to bid a final farewell that actually put the "fun" back in *funeral*.

Not enough? We've also got a man who swam straight down an alligator's throat, disgusting foods people love to eat, and dangerous backyard fireworks for irresponsible adults.

Of course, we've also got four-time *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model and MTV's *House of Style* host Rebecca Romijn. How does she fit into the equation? One look at her and you may have yourself a fatal heart attack.

Think of all this as a sort of pre-summer special issue... *Maxim* style. Hope you enjoy it.

MARK GOLIN Editor-in-Chief

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OchoRios







The sea is so lovely, the rivers fall all over themselves to reach it.



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MAXIM

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Marketing Design Draw the Line

Public Relations Four Corners Communications (212) 849-8250 Subscription Information (800) 829-5572, outside the U.S. (904) 447-0212



A Dennis Publication

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10 times a year by Dennis Maxim, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.
Tel (212) 302-2626 Fax (212) 302-2635
Canadian GST Registration # 140467846





breathtaking.

this homepage, belonging to theglobe.com resident eric178, was recently chosen as one of the top-ten homepages in our community.

eric178, we'd like to take this moment to extend our thanks for making our community a more beautiful community.

a message to residents of www.theglobe.com your friendly full-service integrated online community

Rants and Ravers

Man Eater

Last week I was at the airport, waiting for my plane, when I spotted the lovely Natasha Henstridge on the cover of your magazine (April). I had never picked up *Maxim* before, but I immediately bought this issue. Needless to say, everyone on the plane heard me laughing from "Laugh Tracks" to "Inside the Park." Thanks for keeping me occupied during my flight.

Ciaran Murtagh Calgary, Alberta

Behind the Eightball

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR COLUMN "How to Win at Bar Pool" (March), congrats on attempting to increase the number of assholes who shoot.

Instead of quoting someone from the Billiard Congress of America for the basics, you should have taken the time to read the official rules and record book published by the BCOA. That way, you could have actually done some good with the article by raising awareness of the rules for coin-op pool instead of encouraging more guys to act like jerks.

Christopher J. King Baltimore, MD

We thought our job was to encourage more guys to act like jerks.



Lifetime Achievement

I'M A HOCKEY PLAYER and film student, and the writers who compiled the top 100 guy movies are my new heroes. Paul Newman never looked so good or kicked so much ass.

Anonymous

(via E-mail)

We believed it was important to acknowledge Mr. Newman's ass-kicking credentials, since the Academy so often overlooks this important category.

When Hell Freezes Over

I TAKE NOTE of the recurring appearance of my beloved Cleveland Indians logo in your magazine. Chief Wahoo has shown up too often to be coincidence; on the jersey worn by your cover model for the premiere issue, on the faces of the baseball lunatics for your article "How to Get on TV at a Sports Event" (April), and on a baseball card featured in the same issue. Tell me, after all these years of abuse, is it now fashionable to be an Indians fan?

Charles Hardy (via E-mail) You've got to be kidding.

Another Satisfied Customer

EVERYONE IS TELLING ME how great the April issue is. That's funny, because although I paid for a subscription, I can never read the damn thing, because every month it's late! I went on an eight-hour road trip and had to stare at cows because the magazine never arrived. I thought, *OK*, *I am a forgiving guy*, but when I came back a week and a half later and it still wasn't there, I got pissed off. I gave you my U.S. currency; all I ask is that you give me the magazine.

Ben Meverette (via E-mail)

Our subscription department does not consider four chickens, two goats, and a picture of your naked sister to be U.S. currency.

Kissed Off

REGARDING YOUR SIDE ARTICLE "Kiss: The Lost Members," drummer Eric Carr was never "despised" by the fans. If anything, the guy was embraced by fans and was probably one of the most popular Kiss members since the origi-



Letter of the month

Avid Reader

I think your magazine is a lifesaver. True, *Maxim* never really technically saved me from actually dying or anything, but I do kind of live off it. And if I were to stop receiving it, I'd probably go nuts and kill myself. So in a way, you are indirectly saving my life. Keep up the good work.

J.D. (via E-mail) This is our last issue.

nal lineup. I can personally say that fans loved him like a brother.

Michael Aldana

(via E-mail)

You're right. We also said that Carr was investigated for "criminal records, drug problems, and emotional stability" before he was admitted to the band. We did not mean to imply that Carr was actually involved with drugs or crime.

Faking It

I JUST FORWARDED a copy of the "How to Spot a Fake Cuban" to my boss, who was very appreciative (he had just received a fake from a coworker of mine who was trying to kiss some major ass). Maybe you can run a section on "How to Undermine Your Coworker in Order to Get a Promotion."

Michael Weinstein Detroit, MI

Lovesick

You cannot imagine my disappointment when I received the March issue and was looking forward to the "Editor's Letter" from the always beautiful Clare McHugh. Who's the ugly guy? One of the coolest things about *Maxim* was that it was a magazine for men headed by a woman as editor. So get rid of the dude and bring Clare back!

Anonymous (via E-mail) Ahh, shaddup.

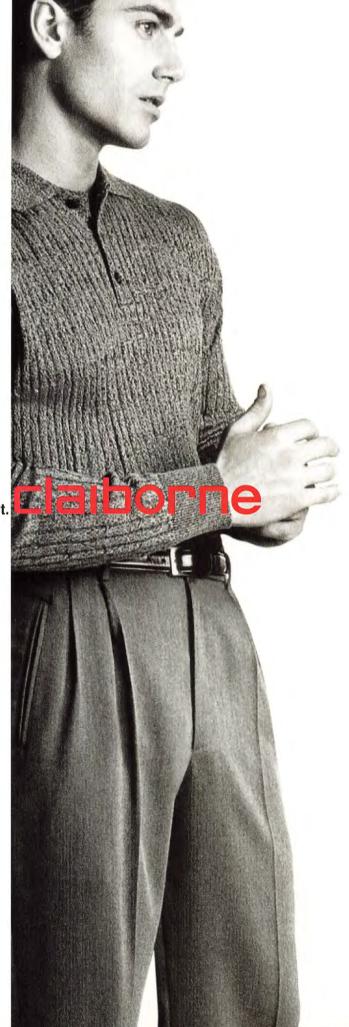
BABERS

Don't just sit around doing nothing. Sit around and stare at our website instead.

www.maximmag.com

Macy's Lord&Taylor Dayton's





Casual at work is optional. Looking good is not.

Die Laughing

Sea Biscuit

A distraught young woman decides to throw herself into the ocean. Down at the docks, a handsome young sailor notices her tears, takes pity on her, and says, "Hey, you've got a lot to live for. All you need is a new start. I'm off to Europe in the morning, and if you like, I can stow you away on my ship. I'll take good care of you and bring you food every day." Moving closer, he slips his arm around her shoulders and adds, "I'll keep you happy, and you'll keep me happy." She agrees, and the sailor brings her aboard that night and hides her in a lifeboat. Every night he brings her three sandwiches and a piece of fruit and they make passionate love until dawn. Three weeks later, during a routine search, she is discovered by the ship's captain.

"What are you doing here?" the captain asks.

"I have an arrangement with one of the sailors," she explains. "He's taking me to Europe, and he's screwing me."

"He sure is, lady," says the captain.
"This is the Staten Island ferry."

Duck! Hunters!

Paul tries to take his friend hunting, but when they get to his favorite hunting spot, they find No Trespassing signs everywhere. Paul tells his friend to wait in the car and walks up to the nearby farmhouse. The farmer answers the door, and Paul says, "Sir, I've hunted on this property all my life, but now I notice you have a bunch of signs up. I wanted to see if it was still OK for me to hunt here."

The farmer scratches his chin for a bit and says, "I'll make you a deal. We've got this cow out back that we have to kill for food, but we've grown too attached to it. If you go out back and shoot my cow, I'll let you hunt on my property."

Walking back to the car, Paul decides to play a joke on his friend. "That old bastard won't let us hunt on his property," he tells him. "I'm going to shoot his cow!" He then walks over to the side of the house and—BLAM!

Suddenly two more shots ring out behind him, and his friend runs up, yelling, "I got the cat and dog too! Let's get the hell out of here!"

Twelve and a Chaser

A man goes into a bar and orders 12 shots of tequila. The bartender looks on as the guy downs one after another.

As he slams the 10th one, the bartender says, "I don't think you should be drinking those so fast."

"You would if you had what I have," the man says, throwing back number 11.

"Well, what is it you have?" The man throws back his last shot and says, "Fifty cents."

Brews for Jesus

An old Irishman walks into a bar, hauls his bad leg over the stool, and asks for a whiskey. "Hey," he says, looking down the bar, "is that Jesus down there?" The bartender nods, so the Irishman orders Jesus one too.

An ailing Italian with a humpback walks in, shuffles up to the bar, and asks for a glass of Chianti. Noticing Jesus, the Italian orders Him a glass of Chianti too.

A redneck swaggers in and hollers, "Barkeep, set me up a cold one! Hey is that God's Boy down there?" The bartender nods, so the redneck orders Him a bottle of beer.

As Jesus gets up to leave, He touches the Irishman and says, "For your kindness, you are healed!" The Irishman jumps up and dances a jig.

Then Jesus touches the Italian and says, "For your kindness, you are healed!" The Italian's humpback straightens, and he does a flip.

Just then the redneck yells, "Don't touch me! I'm drawing disability!"

To Diet For

A heavyset guy sees an ad that reads "Lose weight. Only \$10 a pound. Call (202) 555-0238" and decides to make the call. The operator asks, "How much weight do you want to lose?"

"Ten pounds," he replies.

"We'll have a representative over in the morning," says the operator.

About 9 a.m., there's a knock on the door. There stands a fairly good-looking girl, completely naked except for a sign around her neck reading IF YOU CATCH ME, YOU CAN HAVE ME.

The hefty fellow chases her upstairs, downstairs, and all around the house.

Joke of the Month

Canuckleheads

Two Canadians are sitting in a bar getting bored, so they decide to play twenty questions. The first Canadian tries to think of a subject for his

friend to guess and, after a little pondering, comes up with "moose cock." He tells his friend he's

ready to play.

"OK," says the

second Canadian. "Is it something good to eat?"

The first Canadian thinks for a moment, then laughs and replies, "Sure, I guess you could eat it."

The second Canadian says, "Is it a moose cock?"

\$150 goes to Dan Grabon of Kyongju, South Korea

Finally, panting and wheezing, he catches her. After they have sex, he runs to the bathroom and weighs himself. He's lost 10 pounds!

That night he calls the number again and says, "I want to lose 20 pounds."

"We'll send someone over."

The next morning, he's greeted by a gorgeous girl dressed only in track shoes and wearing a sign around *her* neck that reads If You Catch Me, You Can Have Me. The chase takes a good while longer this time, but later he finds he's lost 20 pounds!

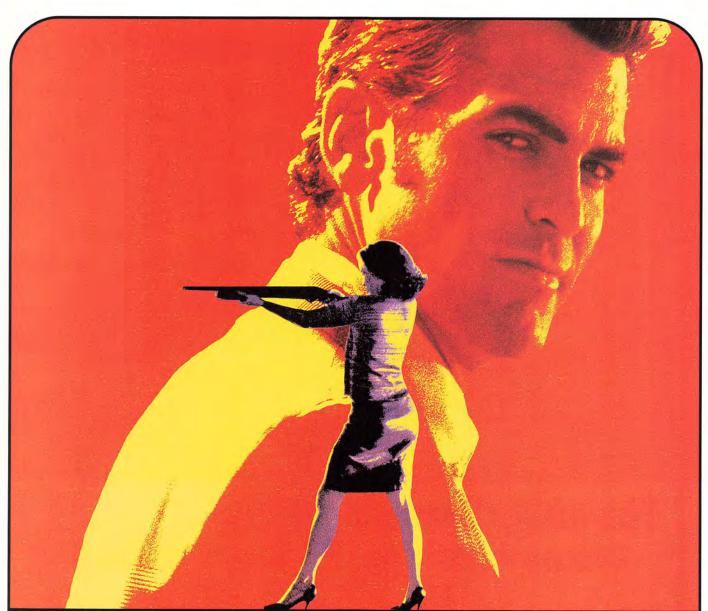
That night he calls and says, "I want to lose 50 pounds!"

"Fifty pounds?" the operator asks.
"That's an awful lot."

The man replies, "Listen, just take care of it!"

About 7 A.M. the man hears a knock and opens the door. Outside stands an enormous gorilla with a sign around its neck that reads If I CATCH YOU...

We'll send \$150 to the reader who sends us the next joke of the month. Write us at Jokes, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail your joke to us at jokes@maximmag.com.



POUT OF SIGHT

GEORGE CLOONEY JENNIFER LOPEZ

UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENTS A JERSEY FILMS PRODUCTION 'OUT OF SIGHT'

VING RHAMES - DON CHEADLE - DENNIS FARINA AND ALBERT BROOKS

MUSIC BY CLIFF MARTINEZ

MUSIC SUPERVISOR ANITA CAMARATA

CASTING BY FRANCINE MAISLER C.S.A.

COSTUMES DESIGNED BY BETSY HEIMANN EDITED BY ANNE V. COATES A.C.E.

PRODUCED BY DANNY DEVITO MICHAEL SHAMBERG STACEY SHER

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY ELMORE LEONARD

SCREENPLAY BY SCOTT FRANK

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JUNE 26 www.outofsight.com



The KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship... 25 Years of Racing

In its 25th year of competition in North America, the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship has become the world's richest development series and foremost stepping stone to international motorsports success. Carrying a combined posted purse and bonuses exceeding \$1.7 million, Atlantic racing has set a new standard for aspiring open-wheel drivers and team owners around the world.

The KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship is the world's most successful venue for preparing racing's future champions to take their place in the highest echelons of motorsport. Today's Atlantic competitors look to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors including CART champions Michael Andretti, Bobby Rahal, Danny Sullivan, Jimmy Vasser, and Formula One World Champion Jacques Villeneuve.

"The 1995 and 1996 PPG Cup champions, Jacques Villeneuve and Jimmy Vasser, are perfect examples of what type of training ground the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship can be for young drivers," said Les Unger, Toyota national motorsports

manager. "We believe that it won't be long before recent Atlantic champs Patrick Carpentier and Alex Barron reach a similar level in the CART Series. Toyota remains committed to enhancing the future of a new generation of race drivers."

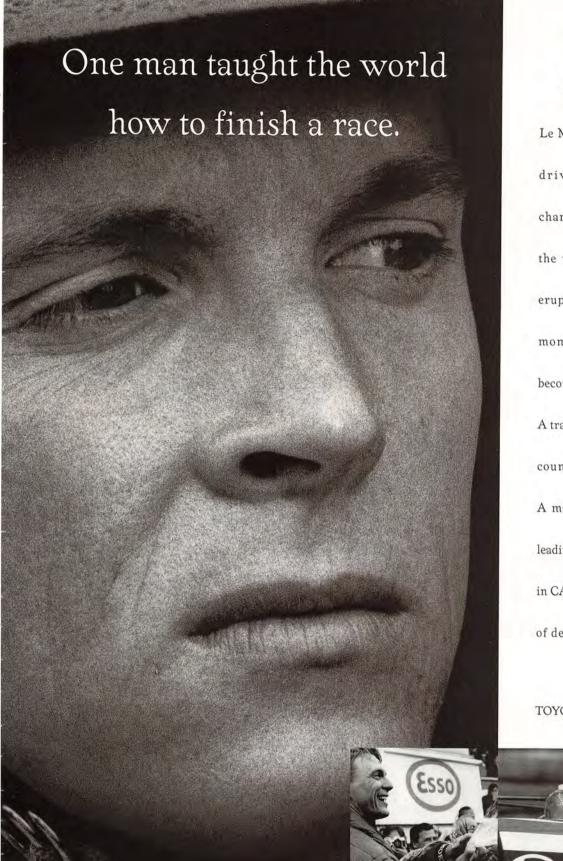
In its 10th year as overall sponsor, Toyota,

via Toyota Racing Development (TRD), continues to provide the "spec" engine for the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship. Race-modified, 4-cylinder, 1.6-liter, 16-valve twin-cam engines developing 250 horsepower are used by all competitors.

Speeds in excess of 165 mph have propelled the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship into the limelight of world class motorsports and has attracted many of today's promising young drivers.

With the introduction of the state-of-the-art "Swift" chassis and a new Yokohama tire package which competitors debuted at the Toyota Grand Prix of Long Beach, the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship is poised to keep its place as the world's premier open-wheel development series.







Le Mans, 1967. An ecstatic young driver sprays a magnum of champagne into the crowd from the victory podium. Flash bulbs erupt. In that single, unknowing moment, Dan Gurney's gesture becomes an international tradition.

A tradition repeated 48 times in 20 countries by the very same man.

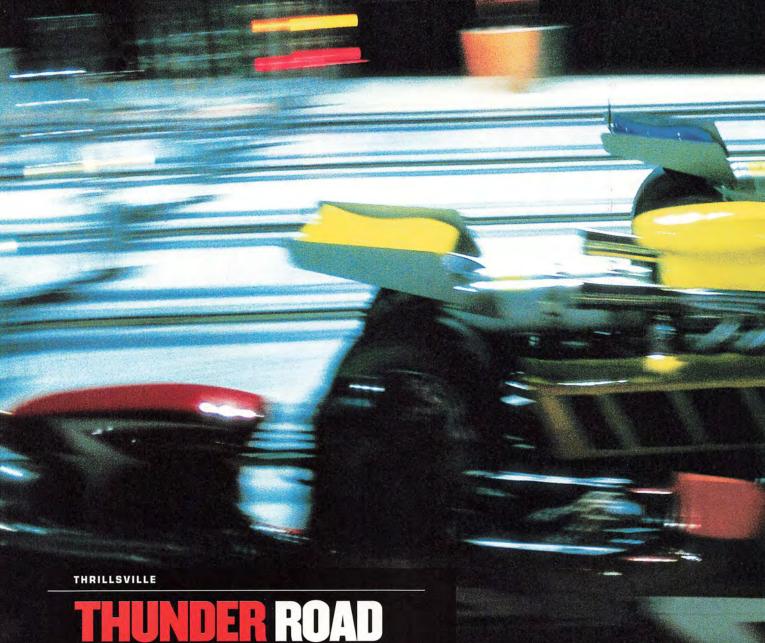
A man who, today, is hellbent on leading Toyota to the victory podium in CART. You might say it's a matter of destiny. And one of tradition.



TOYOTA RACING DEVELOPMENT

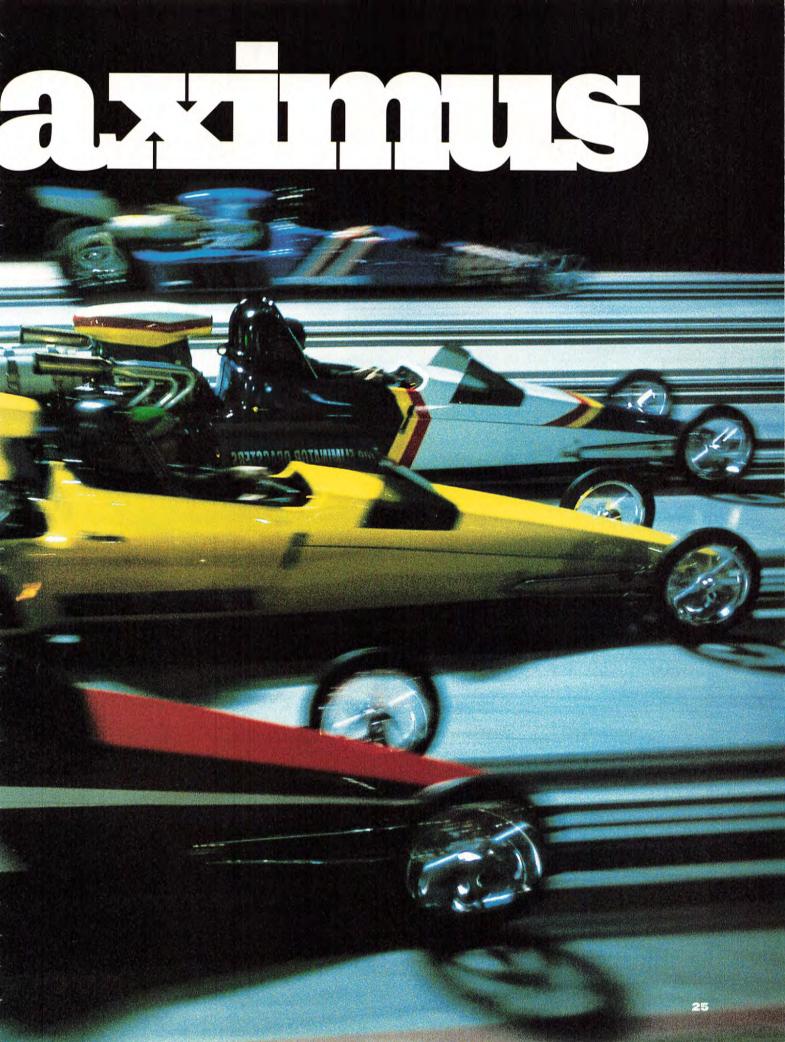
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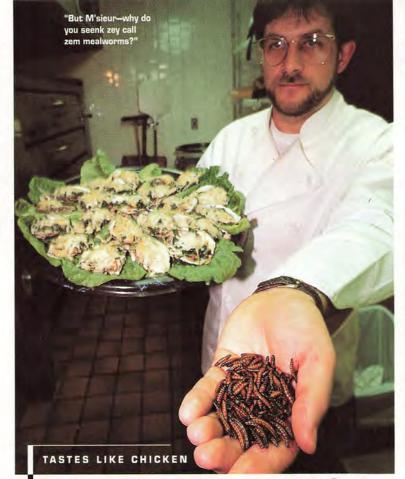
Everyday



Get your motor runnin'...head out on the midway.

Every amusement-park ride has a gimmick: a death loop, a free fall, a shitinducing hairpin. But as the grease monkeys at ThrillTime Entertainment know, there's no rush like head-to-head competition. Welcome to Top Eliminator, a controlled drag race for motorheads who just can't drive 55. Each race is a 10-car drag down a 190-foot straightaway; although the cars are on tracks (to prevent authentic blood-spilling crashes and multimilliondollar lawsuits), you control acceleration, shifting, and braking. A good driver who knows how to work a 350 hp Chevy small-block engine can push his wheels from zero to 70 in a little over three seconds. Look for Top Eliminator at Malibu Speedzone amusement parks in Dallas, Atlanta, and L.A.





Good Dog...Just Add Salt

CHINA

Dish: Zhou

SCOTLAND

MALAYSIA

Dish: Haggis

stuffed and boiled

Foreigners eat the darnedest things.

Give 'em a bottle of ketchup and humans will eat anything that moves. Some culinary delights:

INDONESIA

Dish: Sambal goreng saren What is it? The penis, intestines, lungs, and bladder of a goat, chopped up and mixed together in a tasty coconut cream

To make it at home: Drop a slightly undercooked sausage into your piña colada blender...

LAOS

Dish: Luk-andong What is it? A bird wrapped in banana leaves and left to rot for a week before being cooked

To make it at home: Scrape a pigeon out of the grille on your 4x4, wrap it in a sweat sock, and put it on top of the TV...

FRANCE

condoms...

Dish: Tripe What is it? A cow's stomach lining, hacked

to chewable bits To make it at home: Chop and stir-fry a handful of INDONESIA

What is it? Squeaky, guano-stuffed cave dwellers, cooked to a crisp

To make it at home: Gather all

empty them into the toaster

To make it at home: Mix mud pies in a spittoon with chicken soup. . .

What is it? A plump, black-tongued

To make it at home: "Here, boy ... "

Chow puppy-unfortunate name,

What is it? A sheep's stomach,

To make it at home: Find a pris-

What is it? A real swallow's nest

made of bird spit, twigs, and dirt,

tine, sun-bloated road kill...

Dish: Bird's-nest soup

cooked in chicken broth

eh?-stewed to perfection

Dish: Smoked bats

your mousetraps and

nearest oven...

HEAD-TO-HEAD

Sherlock Holmes John Holmes

One's a hugely famous private dick; the other...well, you know.



AUSPICIOUS DEBUT

Johnny Wadd Edge: John

"A Study in Scarlet"

BODY OF WORK

Starred, often as ace detective Johnny Wadd, in more than 2,200 adult films Edge: John

Starred as an ace detective in 60 stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Nailed 14,000 women Edge: John

Nailed dozens of criminals

SUPERHUMAN ENDOWMENT

A dick like one of those thigh-size steel bolts that seal the doors at NORAD Edge: John

A mind like a steel trap

OFTEN ACCOMPANIED BY

An endless parade of contortionist nymphomaniacs Edge: John

Dr. Watson

SUBSTANCE ABUSE

Cocaine, marijuana. heroin, alcohol

Cocaine Edge: Sherlock

ON DESIRABLE WOMEN

"Love the tongue, honey. Love the tongue."

"She's the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet.'

Edge: Sherlock

PIPE SIZE

At least 13 inches Edge: John

Six inches, with a hook in the middle

EVIL NEMESIS

AIDS

Moriarty Edge: Sherlock

PROTECTION

None (oops) Oversize raincoat, goofy ha Edge:

Sherlock AND THE WINNER IS

Synd. (J. Holmes), Liaison (food) Scoop n (grub chef), Scoop R. Rotolo/Gamma

ACQUADI GIO FOR MEN

The new fragrance from GIORGIO ARMANI

Bloomingdale's



Countdown to ecstasy!

Nothing turns a woman on like a guy with a cool job. And when your *real* job doesn't qualify, it's time to lie. This month, you are: a Space-Shuttle Commander.*



Your Job

You are the ship's commander and thus responsible for handling the shuttle during liftoff, ascent, orbit, and reentry. The life of every man, woman, and tsetse fly aboard is in your capable hands. You

constantly monitor all systems for signs of trouble and act quickly to avert disaster.

Your Training

You were a hot-shit navy *Top Gun* type who logged more than 5,000 hours in 30 kinds of aircraft and made dozens of carrier landings. You also worked extensively as a test pilot, conducting top-secret weapon and system experiments that you absolutely, positively can't talk about...except maybe in bed.

Your Gear

As the commander of the shuttle, you're not

supposed to leave the ship, so NASA doesn't give you a spacesuit. In an emergency, a rescue shuttle crew will provide you with a manned-maneuvering unit (a suit and jet pack) so you can abandon ship. If danger looms while you're still on the launching pad, you'll exit the shuttle, run across the launching-pad access ramp, jump into a steel basket attached to a wire, and coast 1,200 feet down into an underground bunker.

During reentry, you wear your anti-G suit to counteract the G-forces trying to pull all your blood to your feet and make you black out. The anti-G suit increases the pressure around your legs, forcing the blood back up to your brain, where it belongs.

If all this talk scares the crap out of you, you can take advantage of the shuttle's waste-collection system, a souped-up toilet tricked out with important gravity-replacing options, like a "slinger" fan that sucks the feces into a collector, and foot braces so energetic farts don't propel you skyward.

Your Lingo

The Vomit Comet: The KC-135 jet, which flies in huge, free-falling arcs to teach you to cope with weightlessness.

Criticality one: A vital shuttle component—say, the O-ring. Example: When you're dating a former hooker, a condom is *criticality one*.

EVA: Short for extravehicular activity: NASA-speak for a spacewalk.

The plasma glow: The orange-red color the shuttle turns as the intense heat of reentry—2,800°F—strips the electrons out of the air, making communication with the ground impossible even in theory.

Pulling Gs: Experiencing extremes of gravitational pressure.
One G equals

your weight. You experience around three Gs at liftoff; you black out at about nine to 10.

Conversation in a Can

If she asks: "What's it like during blastoff?"
You answer: "The solid rockets give you a nasty shake, but you can still read the displays. It's a good ride, all right, but I've been in fighter planes that give you a much rougher ride when you're in the middle of air-to-air combat."

If she asks: "What's Earth like from space?"
You say: "Oh, it's beautiful. You can make out all the big cities, and at night, North America is lit up while Africa is dark. I hope I live to see the day when everyone can get up there, because it's a fantastic experience. It really makes you realize how we've all got to stick together. Care for another margarita?"

*Special thanks to NASA astronaut Kevin R. Kregel, who's logged more than 41 days in space on three

ALL-PURPOSE ANECDOTE

"You don't want much excitement while you're up there; we try to save that for the simulations. But once I was deploying a \$10 million satellite and it started malfunctioning. During the re-grapple attempt, we bumped it, and the thing started spinning in agonizing slow motion. We couldn't retrieve it with the arm, so we sent two brave souls out for a spacewalk. It called for some pretty slick maneuvering on my part: I had to get the shuttle literally to within a couple of inches of the satellite so our guys could work on it with minimal risk. It was hairy."



stration, Rian Hughes. Photographs, AP Photo/Lois Bern (space shuttle), AP Photo/NASA (explosion), NASA (



personalized

Nothing says more about you than what you drive, especially if it's a RAV4. Just the simple

license plates

act of driving the RAV4 says it loud and clear: you are you and no one else is.

would be

Unless of course, you have an identical twin. And then they could always buy one, too.

redundant.



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HOW TO

Deliver a Baby

Nothing conveys instant hero status like birthin' a kid.

You're camping miles from civilization when the woman in the tent beside yours capriciously decides to drop a pup. But you're not a doctor—you don't even play one on TV. What to do? Listen to Capt. Mark Warren, assistant commander at the Texas Department of Public Safety Training Academy in Austin.

■ If it's her first pregnancy, you've got about 16 hours to make it to a hospital. (Labor times shorten with each kid.) But if her water's broken, she feels unusual pressure in her bowels, or her contractions are less than a minute apart, congrats: You are now an obstetrician.

Get Mama

on her back:
knees bent,
feet flat, and legs
apart. This won't be
awkward: That
eight-pound
bowling ball trying to exit her body will have banished all modesty.

- Wash your hands as best you can—that moist towelette from KFC will do just fine—and grab clean towels or clothes to swaddle Junior and clean up Mom. Help her push through her contractions and rest a little between them; help her pace her breathing. When she feels an overwhelming need to push, it's almost birthday-party time.
- When you see the top of the head, get ready. Birth can be quick

and explosive, so prepare to catch the kid like a grounder. Watch its little neck, and don't put pressure on the soft spots on the head. If the umbilical cord is around the tot's neck, don't screech like a woman and pass out—just gently loosen it. You may have to help guide the baby's head downward so the shoulders slide through.

■ Put the tyke on Mom's abdomen with his head slightly lowered to drain the fluids. Don't worry if he isn't breathing, looks bluish, and is covered with slippery, cottage cheese—like goo: It's normal. The shock of air should start the child breathing; if not, lightly rub his back or sternum, or tap his foot, and he'll start hollering. Wrap the little guy in something warm and give him to

Mom. Important: Never pick up a newborn by its feet and whack its ass, no matter how ugly it is.

■ The afterbirth will

come out within 20 minutes or so; it ain't pretty, but keep it so the doc can examine it. Put a clean towel over her doodah to control bleeding, and get her to lower

trol bleeding, and get her to lower her legs and hold them together. Don't worry about the umbilical cord—leave the so-called experts something to do—just get mom and nipper to the nearest ER. Then buy yourself a cigar, head to your favorite bar, and see how many free drinks your hero tale will fetch.

Death by Disc

In the '70s, a decade of so much sucking, what was "bad" music like? Rhino Records remembers: Their '70s Party Killers is the most disgraceful collection of Top Five hits ever to clear a room. Warning: Usage without earplugs may cause spontaneous, Elvis-on-the-john puking. (Rhino, \$11.98)*

COMPLETE SONG LIST

"Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Ole Oak Tree" Dawn, featuring Tony Orlando

"The Night
Chicago Died" Paper
Lace

"Billy, Don't Be a Hero" Bo Donaldson & The Heywoods

"(You're) Having My Baby" Paul Anka with Odia Coates

"Playground in My Mind" Clint Holmes

"Feelings" Morris Albert

"Sometimes When We Touch" Dan Hill

"The Candy Man" Sammy Davis, Jr.

"Afternoon Delight" Starland Vocal Band

"Torn Between Two Lovers" Mary MacGregor

"Escape (The Piña Colada Song)" Rupert Holmes

"Muskrat Love" Captain & Tennille

*Availability is limited, since Iraq is apparently stockpiling these audio grenades to shore up its first-strike capabilities.

WEB FEAT

Doomsday Advice

If you absolutely *must* tie the knot this summer—i.e., she's starting to show—have the sense to do it right. At www.theknot.com, a Web site called "The Knot" boasts "3,000 wedding articles + counting" and covers most aspects of your journey into that long good night, including advice on dealing with "Bridezilla," scheduling a cheap honeymoon, and even the proper technique for tying a bow tie. There are islands of lameness here, to be sure: Some "groom links" lead to sites dealing with etiquette and "male cosmetics," whatever that is. But the straight-talking "Grooms & Guys" section that caters to men is a nice surprise given the fuck-the-groom attitude that's



5. Strangle self until urge to marry passes.

Gerard Lacz/Animals (CD) Eric prevalent in the weddingplanning industry. Don't get hitched until you check it out. (Or, better yet, don't get hitched at all!)

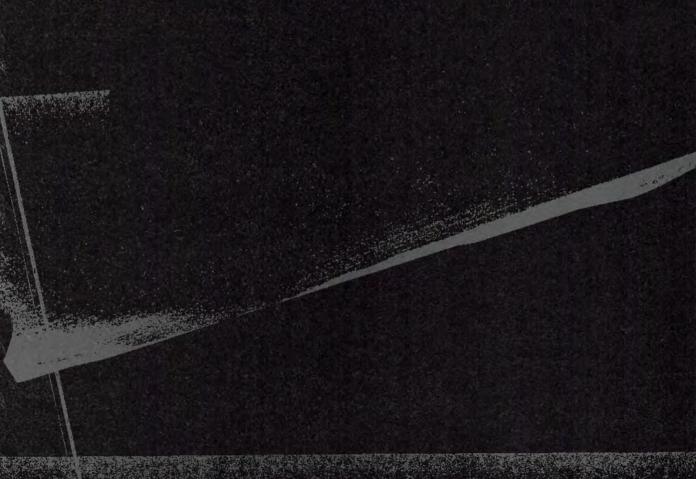
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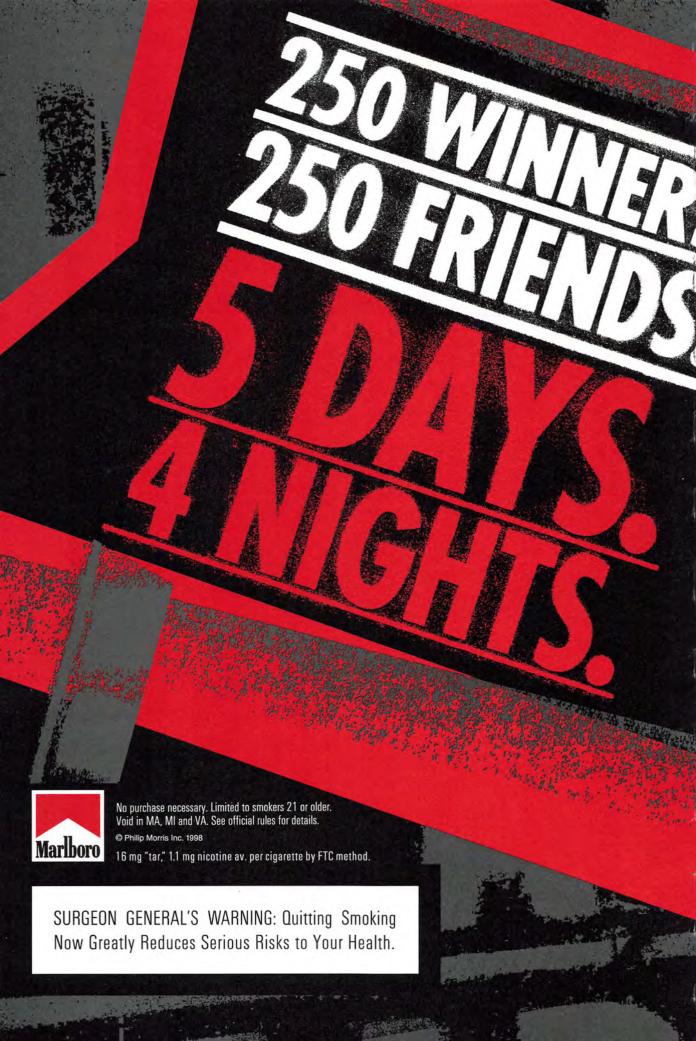


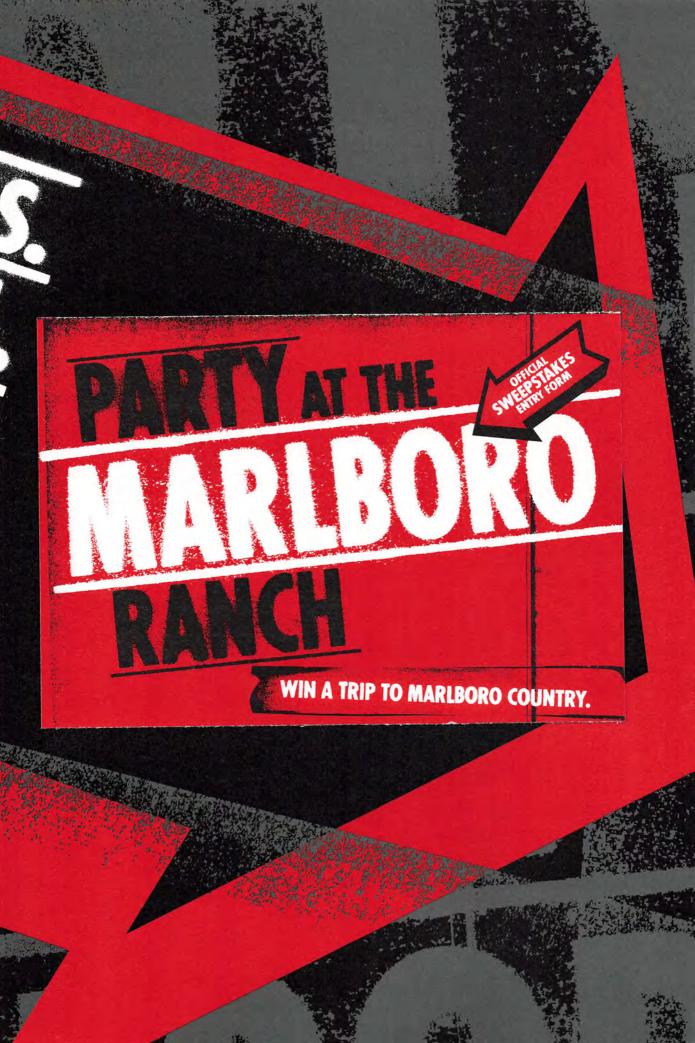
I'M STILL NOT SLEEPING WITH YOU.











ACTIVITIES MAY VARY
BY LOCATION

No purchase necessary. Limited to smokers 21 or older. Void in MA, MI and VA. See official rules for details.

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



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nston West; styling, Everett (Mad Max).

revious page, Howard Rosenberg/Wir this page, Art Wolfe/Tony Stone (bat), I



G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your nagging eternal questions.

O: WHY DO BATS HAVE EYES?

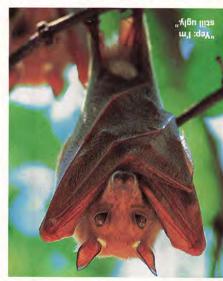
A: "The truth is that bats can see, though no one knows precisely how far," says Robert Benson of Bat Conservation International, a group founded to protect bats and educate the public. At close distances, says Benson, some species even "switch off" their echolocation abilities before capturing an insect, using their eyesight to make the final kill.

Q: WHEN RUNNING ON FUMES, WHAT'S THE BEST STRATEGY TO STRETCH THE LAST OF YOUR GAS?

A: Don't race to the finish, says David E. Foster, director of the University of Wisconsin's Engine Research Center. High speeds cover the miles faster, true, but it's too expensive in terms of fuel. (The national speed limit was imposed in 1974 specifically to save fuel, not because of safety concerns.) Slow and sensible has its limits, of course: At five miles per hour, you're underutilizing the engine's power, wasting even more gas. The ideal? Keep it between 35 and 50 mph, switch to neutral on long downhills, and don't stop and start unless you have to. And next time, fill 'er up. Need gas?

Q: IS IT LEGAL TO DOWN-Pack heat. LOAD AND/OR POST PORNOGRAPHY ON THE INTERNET?

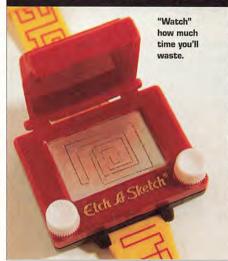
A: Yes and no. While states and communities can legally ban "obscene materials," the U.S. Supreme Court grants you a "zone of privacy" that generally permits you to possess obscene materials in your own home, including computer files. So it's perfectly legal to download a picture of adults playing



consensual naked Twister; even such, uh, exotic tastes as S & M and bestiality could fall under that protection. *Posting* images is another story: Now you're officially "promoting," and it could be worth up to five years in the federal pokey. As in real life, it gets worse if she's under 18: You face a heavy

fine and up to 10 years in prison, under Title 18, Chapter 110 of the United States Code, for downloading (much less posting) kiddie porn. And that's no idle threat: A recent New York State sting, Operation Rip Cord, identified more than 2,000 suspects who downloaded kiddie porn through E-mail and chat rooms, and this led to more than 120 arrests and 31 convictions.

Send your question to "Ask Anything," c/o *Maxim* magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018.



FASHION STATEMENT

Quick Draw

The Etch-A-Sketch "Magic Screen" wristwatch is the perfect time killer, whether you're on line at the bank, riding a subway, or just sittin' on the can. Flip up the face to reveal a miniature version of that classic drawing board: just as fun and even more difficult to maneuver than the original. Great for tiny skylines, hospital-style fever charts, and stick figures (e.g., Kate Moss)...oh, yeah, and there's an LED watch on there somewhere too. For ages 4 and up. (\$14.99 from ComputerGear, Inc., 800-373-6353)

CHAMP CARS RULE IN '98

GRAND PRIX OF MIAMI
PRESENTED BY TOYOTA
SUNDAY MARCH 15, 1:30 PM ET ON ABC

BUDWEISER 500 Saturday March 28. 2:00 PM ET on ABC

TOYOTA GRAND PRIX OF LONG BEACH SUNDAY APR. 5, 4:00 PM ET ON ESPN

BOSCH SPARK PLUG GRAND PRIX
PRESENTED BY TOYOTA
SUNDAY APR. 26, 12:30 PM ET ON ESPN

RIO 400 Sunday May 10, 3:30 PM ET on ABC

MOTOROLA 300 Saturday May 23, 1:00 PM ET on ABC

MILLER LITE 200 Sunday May 31, 1:30 PM ET on ESPN

ITT AUTOMOTIVE DETROIT GRAND PRIX Sunday June 7, 2:30 PM ET on ABC

BUDWEISER/G.I. JOE'S 200
PRESENTED BY TEXACO/HAVOLINE
SUNDAY JUNE 21, 5:00 PM ET ON ESPN

MEDIC DRUG GRAND PRIX OF CLEVELAND Sunday July 12, 12:30 PM ET on ABC

MOLSON INDY SUNDAY JULY 19, 3:00 PM ET ON ABC

U.S. 500
PRESENTED BY TOYOTA
SUNDAY JULY 26, 1:00 PM ET ON ABC

MILLER LITE 200 SUNDAY AUG. 9, 4:00 PM ET ON ABC

TEXACO/HAVOLINE 200 Sunday Aug. 16, 3:30 PM ET on ESPN

MOLSON INDY VANCOUVER SUNDAY SEPT. 6, 5:00 PM ET ON ESPN

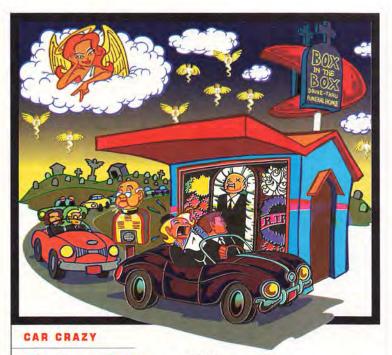
GRAND PRIX OF MONTEREY
FEATURING THE TEXACO/HAVOLINE 300
SUNDAY SEPT. 13, 3:00 PM ET ON ESPN

TEXACO GRAND PRIX OF HOUSTON Sunday Oct. 4, 4:00 PM ET on ABC

INDYCARNIVAL AUSTRALIA Sunday Oct. 18, 8:00 PM ET on ESPN

CART CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES 500 PRESENTED BY TOYOTA SUNDAY NOV. 1, 3:30 PM ET ON ESPN





Drive-Thru Mania

If it's out thar, you can reach it in a car.

The great American drive-thru window, once limited to banks and fast-food joints, is slowly proliferating to keep pace with our increasingly mobile culture. The following is a sample of stores servicing your car-bound needs:

DRIVE-THRU HUMIDOR

Sam & Harry's, 8240 Leesburg Pike, Tysons Corner, VA (703) 448-0088

With the cigar epidemic continuing to expand exponentially, Sam & Harry's, a Washington, D.C.-based restaurant, caters to leaf-heads with a drive-thru, humidity-controlled ACLU-free zone showcasing 30 brands of premium cigars.

DRIVE-THRU DOG-FOOD STORE

The Original Doggie-Drive-Thru, 2639 S. Third St., Niles, MI (616) 683-7511

As doggy fast-food joints go, here's one worth howling about: Drive over and treat your pup to some of Maggie's Biscuit Treats, canine snacks that mimic the shapes of popular human fare like pizza, pretzels, and burgers. Is it any wonder he's lolling his head out the window?

DRIVE-THRU WEDDING CHAPEL

The Little White Wedding Chapel, 1301 Las Vegas Blvd., Las Vegas, NV (702) 382-5943 The chance for fools to rush in is taken to a new extreme in Sin City.

where, under a scenic canopy complete with piped-in music, you and your betrothed can call out "I do" from the rumble seat. The chapel offers a quick (10 minutes), inexpensive (\$25), and kitschy way to tell your lover you'll cherish her forever...or until the next exit, anyway.

DRIVE-THRU LIQUOR STORE

The Drive-In Liquor Store, 185 W. Lake Mead Dr., Henderson, NV (702) 565-6800

Pale imitators carry only beer and wine; Lake Mead's Drive-In Liquor Store offers the hard stuff and all the necessary sundries to keep a carpool booze fest going. The drinkingand-driving irony isn't lost on the store's management; a raised, tellerstyle window lets them check IDs. (Don't forget to throw any empties out the window on the way over!)

DRIVE-THRU FUNERAL HOME

Junior Funeral Home, 609 N. Alcaniz St., Pensacola, FL (850) 438-7773

Since 1986, the drive-up viewing window at Junior Funeral Home has mixed postmodern with postmortem to provide an alternative, convenient, and morbidly practical way to pay your respects and still beat it back home to catch wrestling on the Superstation. Prices start at \$1,800 for a service and wake: your loved one can request a window seat for no extra charge.

Get Invited to the White House

Presidential party machine Bill Clinton's still unimpeached at press time, but we suspect there's some serious cavorting going down in the First Pad. Some surefire ways regular Joes can score invites to keggers at the big house:

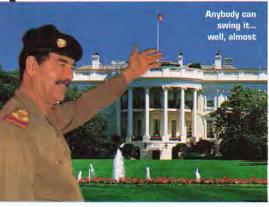
Become a hero. In 1994, Kenneth Davis, 24, tackled a loony spraying Clinton's pad with a Chinesemade AK-47 and snagged an invite to the First Home to receive thanks from Bill personally. So, when you spot that guy at the Lincoln Memorial with dynamite strapped to his chest, grab him, wait for the news crew, and shout something quotable, like "Not on my watch!" Presto: dinner with Bill.

Open your checkbook. Former White House press secretary Dee Dee Myers denied that making a large Clinton donation earns an invite to coffee at the White House, never mind a romp in the Lincoln Bedroom, But facts is facts: For \$635, an Iowa lawver caught a cup of coffee and a bagel at the First Home. Send your check to the DNC, 430 South Capitol Street S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

Take Chelsea to Lilith Fair. The poor kid had a rocky start, but she's becoming a bit of a looker. And as the First Daughter, she's bound to start bringing boys home...which is where you come in. Woo her, exploit her insecurities, tell those Secret Service goons to take a hike. And if she won't have you, try sneaking cigarettes to those sultry Gore girls. Then have them introduce you to Daddy's boss. Party time!

Make up a charity. If all else fails, write to: The President, Office of Scheduling, The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20500, and try to worm your way in with a trumpedup story. Example: an open letter to the First Lady saying that you want her to know that you and your male friends are forming a local "Men for Hillary" group. Send along some symbolic present, like a case of champagne, to thank her for being the woman she is. Once invited, you can use the bubbly to get some uptight secretary drunk and veto her right to wear clothes.

Next issue: How to Break into the Pentagon



Stone





Alien Autopsy

Celebrate the opening of the movie The X-Files this month by desecrating an alien corpse in the new game called "Alien Anatomy." The object: Reach into the slimer's open belly with a pair of forceps and pull out vital organs, avoiding the shoes, empty bottles, and mysterious tapes clogging up the chest cavity. Yank out five vitals before your opponent does and you get to dissect his brain. (Er-the alien's brain.) A simple game...and a potent warning to any passing extraterrestrial armadas. \$19.95 from WPF, (888) 271-5678



VALUABLE TIME-WASTERS

Bar Exam

Looking for a light, tasty conversation between rounds? Serve up one of these refreshing mini-quizzes to your drinking buddies.



THIS MONTH: SPORTS TEAM TRIVIA

- **Q:** In the four major leagues (NFL, NBA, NHL, and MLB), there are 13 teams that start with the letter *B* (e.g., Chicago's Bulls). Name the other 12. (Hint: Bullets [Wizards] and Browns [defunct] don't count.)
- **Q:** Virtually all teams in the major leagues end in the letter *s* (Cardinals, Hornets, Cowboys, etc.). Seven don't. Name them.
- **Q:** Exactly six team names are shared by teams in two major leagues (e.g., the San Francisco Giants, the New York Giants). Name the other five pairs.

Answers: Turn magazine upside down and figure it out for yourself.

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE OF HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

INTRODUCING D-VHS FROM JVC.
THE WORLD'S FIRST DIGITAL RECORDING VCR WITH SATELLITE RECEIVER.

Only D-VHS can record an image that is identical in quality to the original digital satellite broadcast, assuring the best possible picture reproduction available anywhere.

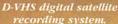
TECHNOLOGY THAT DELIVERS. A single unit which incorporates both recorder and tuner, the DSR100 is the only D-VHS VCR that utilizes the digital standard called MPEG2. When the tuner receives DISH™ Network satellite programming,* MPEG2 enables digital bit stream recording in its pristine state, preserving the pure digital quality of the original transmission. Completing the ultimate home theater experience is the DSR100's digital stereo audio with Dolby Digital™ (AC-3) output,** which delivers incredibly rich and powerful sound. And, with the unique D-VHS tape's high storage capacity, it's possible to record three full length movies, with room to spare, on just one cassette (identical in size to a standard VHS tape).

A PRACTICAL INVESTMENT. Designed for the future, D-VHS also fully supports present technology. The DSR100 can playback and record standard VHS tapes, which means your current video library won't become extinct. Plus, in the near future, the D-VHS format will

also be capable of recording HDTV transmissions. D-VHS is truly a technology whose time has come.

Additional D-VHS features include:

- 18" satellite dish
- · On-screen program guide
- UHF/IR universal remote control
- High speed I/O terminal for future expansion possibilities (multimedia, FireWire, etc.)



JVC

D-VHS FROM JVC. THE FUTURE HAS ARRIVED.

· V-chip parental control

For more information, see your local authorized JVC dealer.



Alien life forms, beware: Tourists are heading into space, and they're looking for photo ops.



The space race is back, only this time the contenders are commercial space operations vying to be the first to ferry wealthy thrill-seekers to the stars. Leading the pack is Zegrahm Space Voyages, which, with the help of Vela Technology Development, an aerospace engineering company made up of former NASA and United States Air Force employees, plans

to launch its first private spacecraft on December 1, 2001. Program manager Chris Ostendorf explains why more than 30 space-happy adventurers have already signed on at \$98,000 a pop: "They've been almost everywhere else in the world, and now they want to go to space."

Although aspiring astronauts will have to train for a week before the flight, they won't need to hold their breath for five minutes or walk down a 500-yard hallway with an enema bag to get on board. Training consists of viewing films, attending lectures, and using a flight simulator, says Ostendorf. The only physical requirement is that passengers be able to withstand the force of two Gs, roughly the same experienced during an airplane takeoff. Novice space travelers will also familiarize themselves with the bells and whistles of their state-o'-the-art spacesuits: head-mounted minicams to record their experience; digitalimage visors that will display the craft's speed, altitude, and exterior-camera views; and wrist modules that control the suits' functions.

After training week, the countdown will begin for the two-and-a-half-hour journey into space. First, a wide-winged jet called the Sky Lifter, carrying the smaller Space Cruiser, will take off from a conventional runway. The Sky Lifter will break





THE BOTTOM LINE

Sodas with Pop

Flavor's nice, but if it ain't got that kick, you may as well be drinking bubbly sugar water. Here are the caffeine levels of common sodeypops. (A cuppa joe has around 137 mg.)

Beverage Caffeine (mg pe		r 12 oz
JOLT	森森森森森	72
KRANK ₂ O	癞癞癞癞	71.2
JOSTA	森森森森森	59
SURGE	森森森森縣	52.5
MELLOW YELLOW	森森森森桑	52.5
MOUNTAIN DEW	森森森森森	52
COKE	***	46.5
TAB	***	46.5
MR. PIBB	***	40
PEPSI	森森森森森	38
BARQ'S ROOT BEER	***	22.5

away at 50,000 feet and return home, while the Space Cruiser, propelled by rocket engines and carrying up to six passengers and two pilots, will keep winging its way upward. Passengers will have a spectacular panoramic view of the earth's curvature and, when they reach 62.1 miles above sea level, will experience more than two minutes of weightlessness before returning to Mother Earth.

For more information on Space Voyages, call (888) SPACE-66 or check out Space Voyages' Web site at www.spacevoyages.com. tions x 3, courtesy of Zegram Space Voyages. Photograph of soda, Jeffrey

with Ronrico

Only in Puerto Rico, with its 450 years heritage of fine rums, is aging guaranteed by law. That's what gives Ronrico and the other fine Rums of Puerto Rico a smoothness that has made them prefered over all others. Whether straight or mixed.

RONRICO

PUERTO RICAN

RONRICO

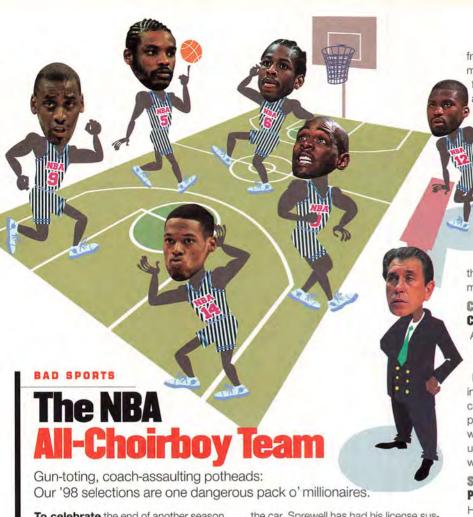
PUERTO RICAN RUM





PUERTO RICAN RIIM

The finest times are the ones you enjoy responsibly.



To celebrate the end of another season of on-court heroics and off-court hooliganism, we present *Maxim*'s first annual NBA All-Choirboy Team.

GUARD: LATRELL SPREWELL, GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS

In March, while serving a 68game suspension for dragging coach P.J. Carlesimo to the floor and punching him in the neck, Sprewell was driving his Mercedes at 90 mph when he hit and

when he hit and flipped a Toyota Corolla, injuring a middle-aged, churchgoing couple inside the car. Sprewell has had his license suspended or revoked six times—the kid's a legend in the making.

GUARD: ALLEN IVERSON, PHILADELPHIA 76ERS

In high school, Al served four months in jail for allegedly hitting a woman on the head with a chair during a "bowling alley brawl." (His felony conviction was later reversed.) This summer Al serves 100 hours of community service thanks to a 93 mph joyride last summer; Virginia police found a gun and marijuana in his Mercedes.

FORWARD: MARCUS CAMBY, TORONTO RAPTORS

We were willing to overlook that old scandal. (Camby was caught accepting gifts

from pro agents at U Mass.) But last summer, Connecticut police pulled Camby over for driving on the wrong side of the road and found that he, too, was toting some of the funny herb. He's making it

hard to look the other way.

FORWARD: CHRIS WEBBER, WASHINGTON WIZARDS

After an ill-advised session of midnight tokin', Webber put on a wacky car-driving exhibition in Maryland in January and had to be subdued with pepper spray. Police charged him with marijuana possession, driving under

the influence of drugs, assault, and committing assorted traffic violations.

CENTER: ANTHONY MASON, CHARLOTTE HORNETS

A power forward by trade, this guy has the shoulders, the ego, and the police record to fill the middle on our team any day. He's been charged with assault, menacing, and resisting arrest—all in a single altercation. He's also been arrested for gun possession and accused of attacking women in nightclubs and having sex with underage girls. Maxim also charges him with stupid hair, a misdemeanor.

SIXTH MAN: J.R. RIDER, PORTLAND TRAIL BLAZERS

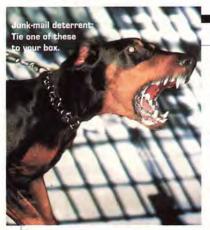
His "offensive" production has dropped considerably in recent months, while upstarts like Iverson and Sprewell have taken over the limelight. But J.R.'s rap sheet is still all-pro: Charges include possession of marijuana, gambling on a street corner, assault, and spitting on a fan.

COACH: RUDY TOMJANOVICH, HOUSTON ROCKETS

Rudy T. made himself eligible for our team with an ugly drunk-driving incident. (The charges were dismissed, but Rudy was caught speeding and weaving and refused to take a sobriety test—and that's good enough for us.)

OFFICIAL VOICE: MARV ALBERT

Oh...vou know.



GOING POSTAL

Cut Your Junk Mail in Half

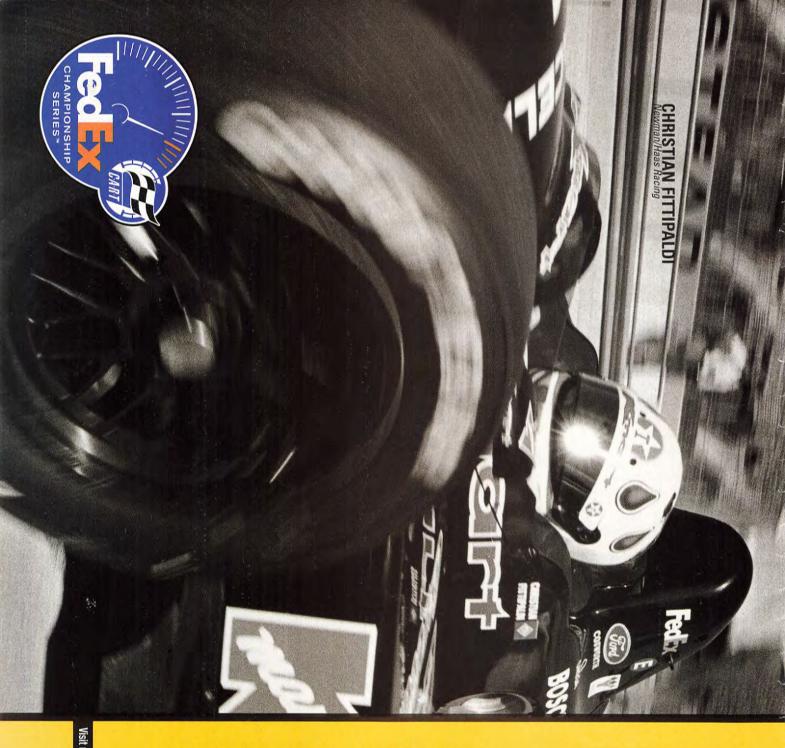
Want to clear your mailbox? Drop a line saying so to the biggest name-deletion service in the country—the Direct Marketing Association, Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 9008, Farmingdale, NY 11735-9008—and your address will magically fall off up to 70% of national junk-mail lists. (A separate letter to the same outfit will free up your phone lines from many telemarketers.) To save even more trees, send similar requests to the following companies, which sell your address to junk mailers:

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RACE 6 OF 19

Open Your Very Own Swiss Bank Account

Stash your cash in the ultimate safe haven.



vide a signature sample and divulge personal info, including your real name, exclusive of mob handles like "Sammy No-Neck."

> Step three: Show Guenther the green. Some Swiss banks require a minimum deposit of a quarter mil, but Swiss Bank will start you up with a savings account for just \$10. Your new account can be opened in

any major hard currency: Yen, yes, the hilariously named Vietnamese "dong," no.

Step four: Keep your nose clean. The U.S. and Switzerland recently signed an agreement limiting Switzerland's ability to keep banking secrets. Now you'll have to declare that your cash doesn't come from criminal sources; they can rat you out if they find you're lying, and the authorities can freeze your funds. Also: You must declare worldwide income on your IRS returns.

Step five: Kick back and pay-up to a hefty 35 percent of your account's interest could be withheld by the Swiss taxman, and assorted fees can tack on another \$170 a year. Upside: The next time a global financial panic or a world war breaks out, you'll be sitting pretty.

QUESTION:

You're up at bat and smash one towards the centerfield wall.

The outfielder loses his glove as he backpedals.

Thinking fast, he snatches the hat from his head and catches the ball in it. He has just robbed you of a homerun.

True or False?

TRUE **Go to Page 59**



Go to Page 66

account, you can store your wad for generations where it's safe from business partners, ex-wives, and the inevitable German storm troopers.

Here's how to bank like John Gotti:

With a numbered Swiss bank

Step one: Contact the New York branch of a Swiss bank. Call Credit Suisse, (212) 238-5000; Swiss Bank, (212) 574-3000; or Union Bank of

Switzerland, (212) 821-3000, and grab the address and phone number of one of their Swiss offices.

Step two: Hop a flight to Geneva. While your deposit can be wired in, you'll have to open your account in person. So look respectable: Says

Swiss Bank spokesperson Jens Woehler, "Whether we will open an account or not may boil down to whether a situation or a person looks suspicious." If accepted, you'll pro-

MODERN IMMATURITY

It Came from the Third Grade

Pranks so juvenile they're funny all over again!

THIS MONTH: THE MILKMAID

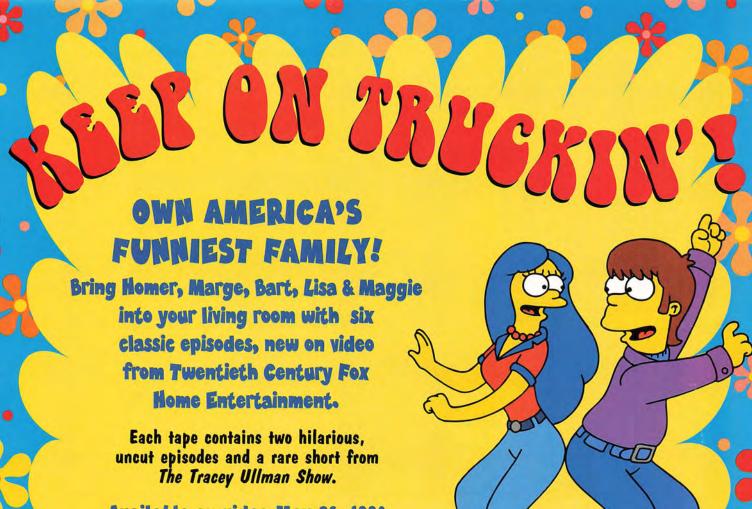
Situation: You're sitting around, bored. and just happen to have a sharp knife, a strip of tape, and a Land O Lakes butter package on hand.



Setup: On two sides of the box, a Native American maiden is kneeling, improbably holding a butter package. On one side, carefully cut out the package she's holding. On the other side, cut out a slightly larger square that frames her knees.

Punch line: Tape the knees square inside the box so her knees show through the square she's holding. Presto-she's squeezing believable-looking hooters!

Why it works: Consumer product marketing is notoriously conservative and rarely features unfettered yabos. The fact that butter is a milk product only adds depth and character to the joke.



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Having a little action on the side not only doubles your fun, it can add adrenaline to your drives. Here's a quick breakdown of some of the most common golf bet-

ting games. (Rules vary regionally, so don't get uptight.)

lawn. A guick guide to making things interesting.

Take away the side bets, and golf is just driving on the

On each hole, each twosome's low individual score (say, your teammate's birdie) is compared to the other twosome's low score. If the scores tie, there's "no blood" and you proceed to the next hole. But if the bad guys bogey a hole while you and your mate par out, your team wins and is up one "mark" for the match. The front nine, the back nine, and the entire round are scored as separate matches, and the losing team pays \$2 or \$5 for each match lost.

Hang on-here's where it gets interesting. At the end of any hole, if one team is two or more marks

ahead of the other, the losing team can

"press." A press means that the rest of the current nine (front or back) is played as an additional match. (Hence, pressing is a vote of confidence that your team will outscore your opponents for the rest of the nine.) Example: If we go up two on you after the fourth hole and you press, holes five through nine become a fourth match (on top of the front nine, the back nine, and whole-round matches already in progress). Additional presses can kick in anytime a match swings two or more holes, and automatic pressing on the back nine is a common variant.

Circus Maximus contributors:

Ethan Adleman Patrick Beach Michelle Bowers Dan Cassidy Jason Kersten Deirdre O'Scannlain Jeff Ousborne Bryant Urstadt Larry Zimmerman



SKINS

Unlike Nassau. which requires teams, Skins can be played with two, three, or four players. Here the single best score wins the hole: if there's a tie at the top (i.e., two birdies and a par), nobody wins and the following hole

is worth two skins. If nobody wins holes seven through 11, 12 is worth six skins. And so on. Typically, you play for \$1 or \$5 skins; tally your winnings at the end of the game and collect the appropriate dollar amount from each and every opponent you spank.

SIDE ORDERS

With the Snake, a side bet that can be added to any other game, the first person to three-putt (considered bad golf) "owns the snake," which is worth \$1. Throughout the game, whenever someone three-putts, the snake changes hands and the value goes up another dollar. When the game ends. whoever owns the snake has to pay that value to each opponent. No money changes hands until the last hole, but the stakes can get quite high; by the time you approach the 18th hole, the snake owner may be shitting actual bricks.

Meanwhile, under the "trou down" rule, if you flub a drive and your dribbling Titleist somehow fails to get past the

> women's tee (normally 10 to 30 yards ahead of the men's tee), you must drop your pants and hang your johnson out for the remainder of the hole. You also might think about taking up badminton.

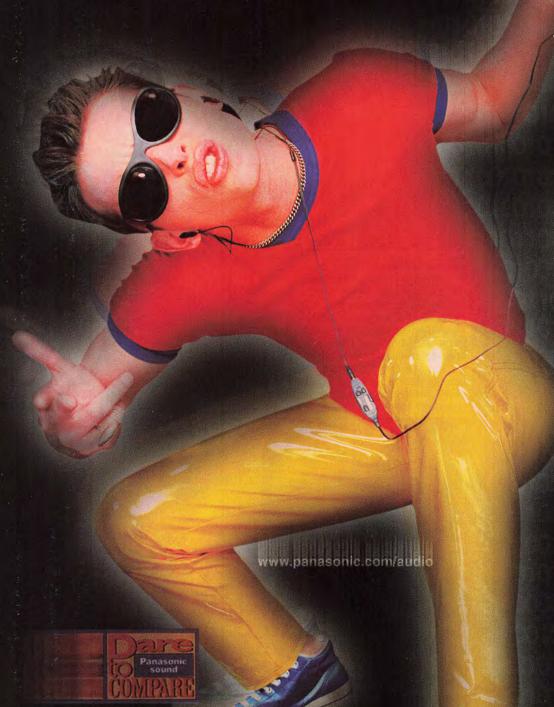
Junk refers to a whole family of small feats redeemable for \$2 at the end of a round. You have to make par to score any junk on a hole. At the end of the round, players compare junk and losers pay winners the difference-usually \$2 per item. The most common junk items:

- Birdie: One under par. You knew this one.
- Sandy: A ball wedged out of a sand trap, then oneputted into the hole.
- Greeny: A ball that reaches the green in one and is closest to the hole.
- Chippy or nasty: Any shot that begins off the green and
- Woody or barky: A wayward shot that hits a tree, producing an audible knock.
- Polie: A holed putt that travels farther than the height of
- Arnie: A ball that never touches the fairway en route to the hole. (Named after Palmer, incidentally, not Schwarzenegger.)

Example: On a par-five hole, your drive hits a tree and bounces behind the women's tee; your second shot hits a tree and lands in a fairway sand trap; your third lands just inside the green; and the fourth shot lands in the cup. You're in luck: That's a trou-down double barky sandy polie Arnie birdie...in other words, your junk's off the map.

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Ménage à Maybe

The Mile-High Club's for rookies: If you want true sex-god status, you gotta wangle your way into the ultra-exclusive Threesome Club.

Nancy Miller gives you the password.

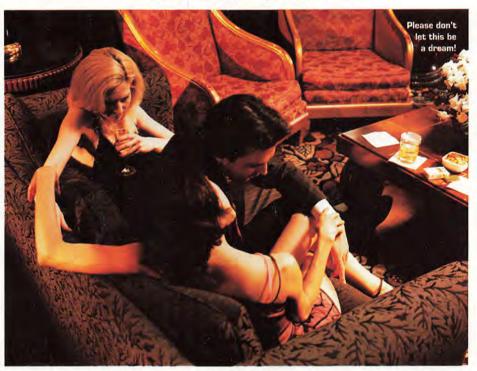
e are watching Catherine Deneuve run her tongue along the supple breast of Susan Sarandon when my boyfriend cavalierly brings up The Subject, pretending it's just come to him: "Hey-uh, you've never slept with a woman, have you?" Here we go again. I have seen The Hunger with my past two boyfriends, and when Deneuve, the bloodthirsty vampiress, performs a soft-focus seduction on Sarandon, this conversation always surfaces. "Nope," I say. There's a beat while the two undead lezbos writhe around on the bed. "Would you ever, like, uh, maybe, like, be into..." (Oh, just say it, you weenie.) "Be into what?" I ask with obviously feigned ignorance. "You knowuh, a ménage à trois." Smiling, I turn toward him and say, "Well-l-l-l...maybe..."

Yes, I am torturing him, just as you are probably tortured by the tales you hear of ménages, stories that drive you to gaze at the heavens and cry, "Why doesn't that shit ever happen to me?"

The good news is, most of my girlfriends have at least entertained notions of forming a human triangle. The bad news? Even if your woman is 100 percent into a trio, one or two insensitive moves on your part can guarantee she'll hold off until she's found a man more tactful. You have to play this very cool.

Don't Push

After my boyfriend (let's call him Sam) finished asking questions, I asked, "Why, do *you* want us to



Most of my girlfriends have entertained notions of forming a human triangle.

have a ménage?" His answer: "It'd be really hot!" Can't say Sam doesn't speak his mind.

But speaking your mind may be the last thing you should do. Personally, I like a man who says something like, "Well, if it happens, it happens...but if it doesn't, no big deal." Pow! You've just upped your ménage potential tenfold. And that's not just my opinion. "The guy who pushes the three-way comes off creepy," explains Marie, a single friend of mine who, though intrigued by the idea of sex with women, is wary of ménage hounds. "The man who's nonchalant is the one I am more likely to sock it to."

Why Forcing It Will Blow It

After our little night at the movies, life went on almost normally for Sam and me...except that he would often put a third

potato in the oven (he had subconsciously started buying everything in threes) when there were only the two of us for dinner. And, of course, The Subject came up with enough frequency for me to start worrying: Am I boring in bed? Am I such a bad lay that he needs to double up?

See, even if your woman is sexually curious, suggest an addition—especially more than once—and she'll instantly suspect that you're trying to tell her she's not hot enough.

Besides, when a guy is being a ménage à pest, it forces the woman (at least *me*) to think about the actual act more than she wants to. Sure, women are beautiful, but do I really want to *do* one? The thought of kissing a girl is OK; touching a boob I can get into; but the idea of putting my fingers (or mouth—yikes!)



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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

in certain strangely familiar pockets gives me pause. And the more you hammer me about The Subject, the more time I'm going to spend getting weirded out.

My friend Monica recalls her perfect ménage experience, with her boyfriend, Jeff, and her best friend, Karen: "We were all at my mother's beach house, enjoying a little too much wine. Then Karen and I got naked and jumped into the hot tub. There was definite sexual tension between us, and when my boyfriend jumped in too. I reached over to the both of them, and it was like, 'Hello.' Pretty soon we were all just touching each other, never minding who was who." Monica liked that there were no expectations. "I knew I didn't have to do anything I didn't want to do." Because Jeff hadn't nagged her, Monica didn't feel she had to really go for it with this woman or later hear her boyfriend's anguished "That was our big chance, and you didn't get down!"

"Soon we were all touching each other, never minding who was who."



If the Situation Arises

For all the reasons stated above, even the most inquisitive females' ménage fantasies require one tricky condition: "I only want it if it happens spontaneously." To you, that's like expecting to win the lottery without buying a ticket.

But that's the way it is. Though you may be dying to grab your girlfriend's address book and start plowing into possibilities, your girlfriend, most likely, would prefer that you left it alone and waited it out until a potential situation arrives. And when the beautiful constellation comes together, which it *can*, if you allow it...let her make the first move. Witness Greg's blissful backseat ride:

"My girlfriend and I were drinking screwdrivers in the back of my Chevy Impala with her best friend, waiting on my friend Peter, who was supposed to double-date with us. He never showed, but while we waited, my girlfriend and I started kissing and fooling around a little. At one point my girlfriend, who felt bad for her friend, started kind of caressing her, and then I started kind of caressing her...

"The next thing I knew, they were both getting undressed together, and I was sitting there in amazement, drinking and watching them. At first I'm thinking, This is the best show I've ever seen. Then I'm thinking, If I don't get in there quick, they're gonna kick me out and send me home. So I joined them.

"I wanted to, um, stay with it as long as possible; so I spent a lot of time concentrating on foreplay. But when we did get around to actual intercourse, they started to get a little catty."

Make Your Woman Girl One

Trying to please two women simultaneously is like being a DJ spinning two tables—and if one of those tables is your main squeeze, you'd better make sure that she knows it.

Threesome Theater

These five seemingly innocent movie rentals may make her a little more ménage-minded. Why not pop one in, then pop the question?



Performance 1970

This originally X-rated movie casts Mick Jagger as a London guesthouse proprietor and fading rock star who doubles his pleasure. It's a strange flick, but the three-inatub scene could prompt a revolution in her bath routine.

The Last Emperor 1987

They don't call it the Forbidden City for nothing. She'll think she's just watching

another period epic when, suddenly, the young Chinese emperor, his empress, and his first consort are playing "guess who's who" through the silk sheets. No supergraphic scenes, though there is the hottest toe-sucking sequence on celluloid.

Sirens 1994

In this sexually charged flick about a painter of nudes, a British woman's frigidity melts like butter—so imagine what the film could do for your red-blooded American gal. No actual ménage, but enough naked women caressing each other to get her cogitating. Bonus for her: Hugh Grant. Bonus for you: naked Elle Macpherson.

Bram Stoker's Dracula 1992

A scantily clad swarm of women literally emerge from a mattress to lick and kiss Keanu Reeves—before growing fangs and sucking his blood. It'll make her want to explore her dark-and-naughty side. (Turn it off before they sacrifice the infant.)

Henry & June 1990

Erotic writer and sexy nymph Anaïs Nin meets writer Henry Miller and his wife, who's played by Uma Thurman, in randy 1930s Paris and ends up doing 'em both, separately. But there's oodles of babeon-babe action to help you get a reading on your sweetie, U-u-u-muh! tographs, Leonardo Casali, styling, Yesenia Alfaro; grooming, Richard Cooley/Utopia; location, Essex House Hotel Nikko New York. On bunnette. Isi, Tinc, shoes, Karneth Cole. On him, suit, Briori; shirt, Banana Republic; shoes, Gucci. On blonde, dress, David Darymple for House; shoes, Nicole ar. Film still. Kobal Continues Greg, "I began having real sex with the new girl first, and my girlfriend actually guided me in; but I started to get a little too involved, and my girlfriend got clingy and uptight, saying, 'OK, now it's my turn.'"

"Making the girlfriend of primary importance is crucial to most successful ménages," explains Ted McIlvenna, who heads the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco. The first time the three of you meet, sex experts suggest, try to hold back when the other woman and your girlfriend are becoming sexually acquainted; and it's better not to have intercourse with the other woman this first time. There'll be less chance that emotions like jealousy and possessiveness will

rear their ugly heads and make things weird the morning after.

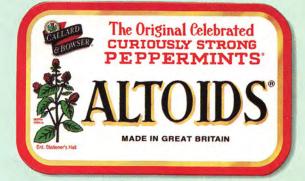
Says my friend Justin, who, with his girlfriend and a friend, wound up in a 12-hour round of sexual indulgence, "We spent that night until the late morning rolling around, then watching TV, then eating cold pizza, then rolling around." Justin didn't have straight-up sex with the friendnor with his girlfriend—that night but says that isn't the point. "Fooling around and having two women rub their naked bodies all over me while we jerked each other off for hours and hours was more than satisfying."

So what about me and Sam? No, we haven't done it yet. But I told him to ease off, so now, of course, I'm cool enough with the idea to joke about it in a tellingly



casual way. I'll point to a woman walking down the street and be like, "Do you think she's hot? Should we do her?" It's part of a sexy game—and one I think may go further...if he can just let me take my own sweet time.

TONGUE PIERCING IS NOTHING NEW.



THE CURIOUSLY STRONG MINTS



World Cup Crazies

Every four years, the planet's biggest sporting event turns athletes, fans, and entire governments into violent psychotics. What fun. By Tom Loxley

ou think Tyson's ear-biting incident was wacko? You think Sprewell went a wee bit over the edge? Pal, they both might as well have been taking pottery classes compared to what happens during the World Cup. Americans, of course, could give a rat's ass about soccer, but the rest of Earth's population takes this whole Cup business extremely seriously-more seriously than we take the Bill of Rights. And lucky you: It's on TV the whole damn month. A brief history of World Cup mayhem:

Goaled to Death

For Colombia, the 1994 tournament got off to a shaky start when Francisco Maturana, the team's coach, began receiving death

threats from fans seeking changes in the starting lineup. The excitement began in earnest, though, when the underdog U.S. team defeated the heavily favored Colombian squad, leading to their elimination from the competition. Back home, the Colombian players were roundly abused by pissed-off fans, but none more so than Andres Escobar, who had mistakenly kicked the ball into his own net, giving the U.S. the go-Escobar: ahead goal. Three Dead man men approached juggling

Escobar in a parking lot and, according to newspaper reports, said, "Thanks for the goal."

Then they casually drew their guns and killed him, shouting, "Goal! Goal!" as each bullet hit home.

Post-Game Pardon

Mexico is known for its passionate soccer fans, but in 1970, when the country hosted the World Cup finals, they went completely loco. One example: After Mexico

beat Belgium 1–0, Augusto Mariaga, the warden of a Mexican maximum-security ▷



talian cops: 26

English fans: 0



Christin Wooldridge has a more fun way to get her heart rate up. She cranks up her stereo and zips down the highway in her Mirage Coupe LS. A 113-horsepower* cardiovascular wonder machine. Too bad aerobics isn't this much fun.



With contoured front bucket seats, a spacious interior, standard air conditioning and an available power glass sunroof, the Mirage Coupe LS is the perfect place to cool down.

It'll give you a cardiovascular workout even before you get to the gym.



It's true. A car can be fun and practical at the same time. Take, for instance, the Mirage Coupe LS. It's a fun car complete with CD player and a peppy engine. And it starts at an affordable price. Why not take one for a spin? That is, if you don't mind getting a little workout. For more details, call us at 1-800-55MITSU. Or swing by our web site at www.mitsucars.com

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Just because you're on a budget doesn't mean you have to give up performance. As a matter of fact, the Mirage Coupe LS was voted "Most Fun To Drive" by Motor Trend in a comparison of small sport coupes.† And you thought this little piggy couldn't squeal.



Mirage Coupe DE starts at \$10,830. Mirage Coupe LS, shown with 5-speed manual transmission, MSRP \$15,281 plus \$420 destination/handling (Alaska \$540). Excludes tax, title, license, registration fee, dealer options and charges. Prices and vehicle availability may vary. Actual prices set by dealers. *111 hp for CA Emissions Vehicles. †Motor Trend, August 1997. The trademark Mirage is used with the consent of Grand Touring Cars, Inc., Scottsdale, AZ.

prison, ran around the compound, shooting his pistol in the air and shouting, "Viva Mexico!" Then, delirious with joy, he unlocked every last cell and freed 142 dangerous criminals.

Self-Inflicted Victory

The year was 1989. The place, Rio de Janeiro. The teams, Brazil and Chile. It was a hard-fought, takeno-prisoners match, and with the hometown Brazilian squad up 1-0, the crowd was going berserk. At one point a fan threw a flare onto the field, and Chile's goalkeeper, Roberto Rojas, suddenly collapsed. After lying prostrate on the grass for several minutes, Rojas was gingerly stretchered off the field, covered in blood. His teammates refused to continue the game in such a dangerous atmosphere and walked off the field; Brazil won, but Chile claimed the moral high ground. Unfortunately for the Chilean squad, an investigation revealed that the flare had actually missed Rojas. In fact, he'd been left quite unhurt by it; he had deliberately

cut himself with a scalpel
he'd hidden in his
clothing. The cheating keeper was
banned for life,
while Chile was
fined \$31,000
and booted from
the 1994
World
Cup.

Haiti lost to

Italy, and then

to a drug test.

Beaten... And Then Beaten

Beaten
In 1974, underdog Haiti
battled valiantly
against the
mighty Italian
team in a preliminary match.
They lost 3–1
but were hailed as
heroes—for about
24 hours. They'd



barely stopped rejoicing over their performance when the Haitian defender Ernst Jean-Joseph failed a drug test. Asthma medication, he protested. Not exactly, said the team's doctor. Rather than appeal the test results, embarrassed Haitian officials decided that the best way to restore national pride was to kidnap Jean-Joseph, beat him

senseless, throw him in a car, and hustle him onto the next flight back to Haiti.

The Grain-for-Goals Program

To reach the finals in 1978, Argentina had to beat Peru by four goals. This appeared impossible, because a) Peru had a solid team and b) four-point Cup victories are about as common as 40–0 Super Bowls. But the generals who ruled Argentina at the time believed that a World Cup win was the only way they could hold on to their political power. So they hatched a plan: Knowing that the Peruvian government was short of cash, the generals ordered the Argentine central bank to unfreeze \$50

million for Peru and had 35,000 tons of free grain shipped to Lima. The subsequent soccer result? Argentina edged out Peru by a score of 6–0.

Greetings

Rodney King

Royal Reaming

With only minutes remaining in their 1982 match, France was crushing Kuwait 3-0. The French were just about to add a fourth goal when the Kuwaiti defenders stopped in their tracks. The ball sailed into the net, the ref scored the goal, and the crowd went wild. The Kuwaiti players protested that they'd stopped playing because they'd heard a whistle blown by somebody in the crowd. The Russian ref held his ground: The goal counted. But then, up in the stands, Kuwait's prince, Sheikh Fahad Al-Ahmad Al-Jaber Al-Sabah, stood up and waved his players off the field. The sheikh marched down to the field in his billowing pink robes and commanded the referee to nullify the

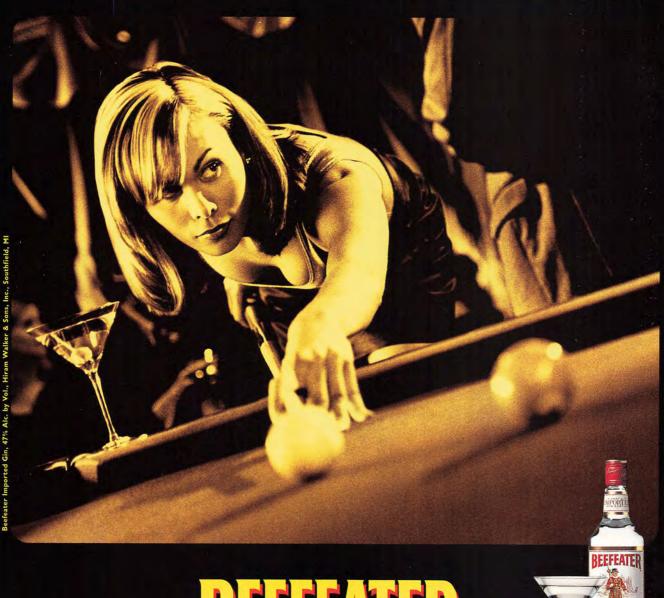
World (Cup) War III

official obeyed.

How do you treat players from a visiting team? If you were a Salvadoran fan at the 1969 World Cup qualifying match, you hurled rotten eggs and dead rats at them. The hometown crowd was unruly during the game, and even a decisive 3–0 victory for El Salvador did little to restore calm. The Honduran team was whisked from the stadium in

goal. And without argument, the

If you're too tired to go out tonight, just think how you'll feel at seventy three.





armored cars and flown home to safety. "We're awfully lucky that we lost," said Honduras' coach, Mario Griffin, ecstatic that he and his players had managed to escape El Salvador alive. Which is more than could be said for the visiting Honduran fans: Salvadorans set some 150 of their cars on fire: then, as the Hondurans fled for the border on foot, Salvadoran fans kicked and beat them without mercy. Even the Salvadoran government got into the act: The next evening, El Salvador's army dropped a bomb on the Honduran capital, then sent ground troops across the border. The conflict lasted 100 hours and left an estimated 6,000 dead.

From Teammate to Inmate

In the months leading up to the 1970 Cup, a newspaper in Mexico, the host country, had billed the English squad as "a team of thieves and drunks." So few were surprised when England's team captain was arrested en route to the finals for stealing jewelry. While staying in Bogotá, Bobby Moore and a teammate visited their hotel's jewelry shop. Shortly after leaving the store, the two players were approached and asked to explain the disappearance of a bracelet. Moore was put under house arrest. Following

pooch that

saved socc

delicate diplomatic intervention, he was bailed out in time to play in the finals; the charges were eventually dropped. Unbeknown to the English players, accusing visiting celebrities of theft was a longstanding Colombian pastime.

Trophy Trauma

Somebody call the cops! The World Cup's been stolen! Again.

Italy downs It's only fitting that a game

which has inspired so much bribery, larceny, and murder should have a trophy with a few adventures of its own.

March 20, 1966: Just three months before the World Cup is set to start in England, the trophy-made of solid gold, with a base of semiprecious stones, and

valued at \$47,000-is snatched from its display in London.

The ransom note demands £15,000 (about \$40,000) in small bills.

> March 23, 1966: A Scotland Yard detective delivers a briefcase with phony bills to a middleman. Fooled, the middleman drives off to retrieve the Cup. But when he notices a police tail, he

shrewdly hurls himself out of the moving car and

is arrested within seconds. The middleman, Edward Betchley, refuses to identify the heist's mastermindknown to this day only as "the Pole"or disclose the trophy's whereabouts. League officials remain in a panic over the missing Cup.

March 26, 1966: While out for a walk with his master, a mutt named Pickles sniffs at a bundle of newspapers. It turns out to be the Cup. Pickles is crowned a hero, receiving a year's supply of dog food as well as the Canine Defense League's coveted medal. Pickles goes on to hit the big screen, appearing with two bulldogs in the classic film The Spy With a Cold Nose.

1968: To insure the Cup's safety, England's Football Association

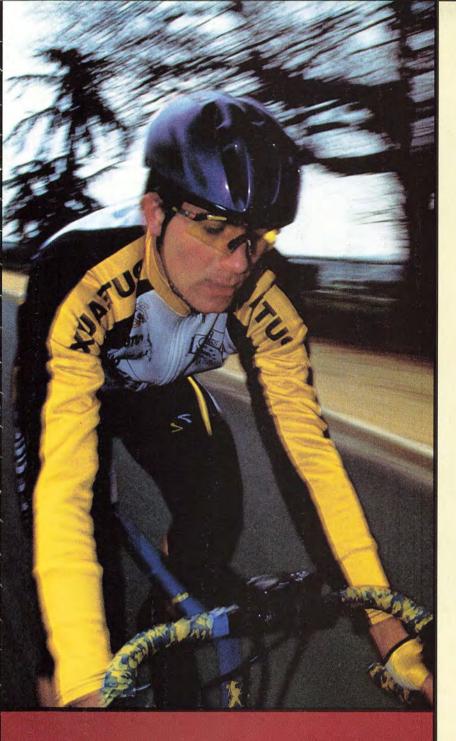
> secretly replaces it with a gilded bronze replica. Millions of players, fans, and foreign dignitaries fawn over a trophy that is completely bogus.

June 21, 1970: Brazil is permanently awarded the real Cup for winning the competition three times. Taking no chances, they display it in an armor-plated, bulletproof, steel-lined case that's built into a wall at the Brazilian Soccer Federation.

December 19, 1983: Two men enter the Brazilian Soccer Federation building, tie up the guard, and extricate the Cup from its armor-plated, bulletproof, steel-lined case.

December 22, 1983: The Brazilian Football Association generously offers a \$1,050 reward for the prized trophy. It's never recovered.





You can't stop the hands of time.

But you can confuse the heck out of them.

Let's face it, you aren't getting any younger (sorry). On top of this, you're a full-time provider, dog-walker, husband, and bedtime storyteller, not to mention a few hundred other titles. Can we also assume that with your hectic lifestyle you may have short-changed your nutritional health? Fortunately, there is GNC's Mega Men® Multi-vitamins. Forty-one premium vitamins, minerals, herbs, and other ingredients specifically designed for

look after themselves. It's
why each day you'll get a
full range of ingredients –



ensure your nutritional well-being. Of course,
you'll also get ingredients guaranteed to be of
the highest quality and potency. So much for
Father Time getting the better of you. Mega
Men. Exclusively at General Nutrition Centers.





from it all, to enjoy the great outdoors, to bond with nature. But what if nature sinks its fangs into your foot, wraps its tentacles around your waist, or stings you silly? Snakes managed to chomp more than 6,000 Americans in 1996, and even in these modern times, people die from those bites—an average of 15 people annually in the U.S. (although the American Association of Poison Control Centers says only three unlucky suckers died in the past three years). In '96

scorpions shoved their stingers into a whopping 12,000 people, and jellyfish and other marine life stung more than 1,000 people, although no one in the U.S. has croaked from scorpion or jellyfish

stings in five years. Still, if you tangle with one of these varmints, how do you know whether to race to the hospital or just chill out with an ice pack? Here's how to deal if you've been nailed.

SNAKES

Where they hang out: Beware in the South and Southwest especially in the early evening: Half of all bites occur between 2 P.M. and 9 P.M.

How they strike: When threatened, venomous snakes unfurl their hollow, hypodermic fangs and bite, shooting venom into your bloodstream. The venom causes a burning sensation in the bite area, and swelling either appears within five minutes or can be delayed for several hours. Rattlesnakes are responsible for about half of all snakebites in North America and almost all snakebite deaths. The Eastern diamond-back, found in the Southeast, is less prevalent, but it's one of the single most

venomous snakes in the world. If you're bitten: Although less than 15 percent of all snakes are venomous, if you can see fang marks in your skin, the most important thing to do is get to the hospital A.S.A.P., since symptoms of a serious bite-vomiting and purple patches under the swollen skin-may not appear for hours. Doctors will test and monitor you and inject an antivenom if you need it. A serious, untreated bite can cause irreversible tissue damage and loss of mobility in the area of the bite. (In some cases, your limb could swell until it splits open!) Or, of course, you could die. "The venom creates a combination of both clotting and bleeding, which leads to damage in the heart, lung, or liver," says William O. Robertson, medical director of the Washington Poison Center. Time of death becomes a matter of how quickly the first organ gives out.

Don't try to suck out the venom like you're John Wayne: Studies show it only removes, at the most, 20 percent of the poison and doesn't affect the overall outcome. Also, don't let your buddy tie a tourniquet near the bite; this will actually increase your chance of losing a limb, warns Jude McNally, associate director of the Poison Center at the University of Arizona in Tucson. How to avoid getting bitten: The range of the heat-sensing pit on a snake's head is only 14 inches, maximum; but a rattler's striking distance can be up to half its length, so move as far away as you can. About 85 percent of all bites occur on a hand or leg, so try not to walk in tall grass, or at least wear leather boots. When camping, keep your tent flap zipped closed, be careful when reaching into your backpack, and shake out your blankets. Also, know that booze and snakes don't mix. "Fifty to 70 percent of people who were drinking and then were bitten by a snake saw the snake first, then proceeded to do something stupid that resulted in the bite," says McNally.

SCORPIONS

Where they hang out: They love the Western U.S. nightlife, particularly in Arizona, New Mexico, and California.



How they strike: A scorpion stings by whipping its telson—the pointed, needle-like tip of its tail—over its head and into your skin, delivering venom until it stops feeling threatened. And the sting area hurts like hell.

If you're stung: Ninety-five percent of adults don't need hospital care for a scorpion sting, says McNally-only if you experience difficulty in breathing or seeing, hyperactivity, fever, or stomach cramps, or if you start salivating like a dog outside a butcher shop. If this happens, it could mean you've been stung by a life-threatening, desert-loving bark scorpion, and you should get to the hospital. You'll be monitored and administered anticonvulsants or an antivenom. It's especially crucial to take kids to the ER, since death can result from numerous causes such as cardiac arrest and congestion in the lungs.

If the only symptom is a mother of a sting, clean the area with soap and water and apply an ice pack for 10 minutes on and 10 minutes off. Elevate the arm or leg to heart level and take aspirin or Tylenol for the pain.

How to avoid getting stung: Shake out your sleeping bag, clothes, and shoes before putting them on, and if you're camping, keep your tent zipped up and your car door shut.

Scorpions

like to snooze

JELLYFISH AND MEN-OF-WAR

Where they hang
out: "Uh, what is
'salt water,' Alex?" Correct. These ocean- and
bay-dwellers are most
active from July through
September, coincidentally the same
time you want to ride the waves.
How they strike: The clear, whitish
ones are harmless; it's the iridescent
pink and blue boys you have to worry

about, especially the Portuguese manof-war, distinguished by its bluish "sail," which sits above the water. Jellyfish and man-of-war tentacles, which can reach 150 feet in length, are lined with stingers that spurt venom sacs through the sharp tips of threadlike tubes. Venom sacs can enter your body at a speedy six feet per second, if you are unfortunate enough to bump into tentacles (which, by the way, can sting for months after they become detached from the jellyfish's body). You'll feel a sharp pain and a burning, itching sensation, and you may get a rash.

If you're stung: Rinse off the area with seawater (fresh water seems like a good idea, but it will cause the remaining sacs in your skin to discharge more venom). Dry the area gently, warns Richard Clark, director of toxicology at the University of California San Diego Medical Center, because you don't want to burst open any remaining venom sacs. Soak the sting in vinegar or rubbing alcohol for 15 to 30 minutes. Apply a steroid cream with 1 percent hydrocortisone, such as Cortaid Faststick, and take an antihistamine. You need to seek medical attention if you've been stung over a large area and experience stomach pain, vomiting, and fever. It's rare, but a severe man-of-war envenomization can interfere with heart and lung action and lead to anaphylactic shock and—gulp—death.

> How to avoid getting stung: Watch out when you're swimming or wading in the surf and resist the urge to poke at jellyfish washed up on the beach. Dead (dried up) or

alive (moist and gelatinous), their tentacles can still sting if you step on them.

Give beached jellyfish a wide berth.
—Darin Mercado

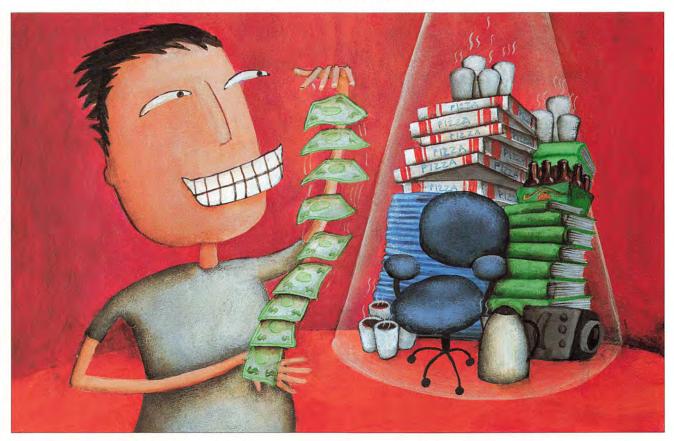


ANSWER,
GO TO PAGE 66



Ask and Ye Shall Receive ...for Less

Whether it's drugs, pizza, furniture, or hospital bills, *Maxim* found that any schmuck can con himself a sweet discount. By Jim Thornton



uring a recent visit to Mexico, my entire outlook on financial transactions changed radically. South of the border, only fools pay the asking price for anything; in the U.S., you're considered an aggressive panhandler if you so much as look askance at a price tag.

But the truth is, you can cut yourself a sweet deal almost anytime an open wallet is involved—if you master the right approach. To prove it, I ventured out into the world and spent the better part of a month applying bargaining strategies to situations, both large and small, where there was an opportunity to walk

We got pitchers of Molson and 46 slices of pizza for \$23 off the regular price! away with some spare change. If I could finagle a discount on my daily purchases, I reasoned, it would be like getting a 5 to 15 percent raise for the rest of my life. Here's what happened.

Starbucks

This place is my crack house. I go there every morning. Recently my wife calculated what I was spending there and firmly suggested that I drink my coffee at home. So I paid the store manager a visit at 2:30 in the afternoon, when there would be virtually no customers who might overhear me asking for special treatment. Cutting a bargain, I've

learned, is a bit like a wolf regurgitating meat—you don't want a bunch of hungry pack mates standing around when you do it.

Me: I come in here every day and spend about four dollars. So that's like over \$1,000 a year. My wife's been telling me to make coffee at home, and I'm wondering if there's any chance I could get a little break?

Ken (the manager): Do you get your coffee for here or to go? Me: I usually get one here and pay for a refill to go. Ken: Tell you what, I won't charge you for your refill.

Bottom line: Unbelievable! I just saved 50¢ a day until the

TO MEN WITH SENSITIVE SKIN:

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CHANGE YOUR RAZOR.





SCHICK Tracer FX for sensitive skin.



Its unique flexible blades reduce pressure while shaving. The result?

Less irritation and unsurpassed comfort. You'll see-and feel-the difference.



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BIG MAC BARGAINING

Can you haggle with Ronald McDonald?

■ I'd done well in my bargaining endeavors. So well that I decided to put myself to the ultimate test: Could I cut a deal on a Big Mac? In retrospect, I probably should have shaved.

I timed my arrival for 11 A.M., early enough to guarantee there'd be no crowds. I must admit I was hoping for some give-and-take with a saucy little burger chick who would so admire my chutzpa that she'd buy me a Big Mac out of her \$5.15-an-hour wages.

"Hi," I said to the elderly burger matron who took my order. "How much is a Big Mac?"

"\$2.09," she said pertly.

"Could I get it a little cheaper?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the Burger King across the street is selling Big Kings for 99¢." Before she could reply, the manager swooped down.

"What is it you want, sir?" she said.

When I told her I wanted a discount, she asked me why. I explained that it was to save money. She looked at me as if I had just proposed defecating in the French fry oil. Then she shook her head wickedly.

"OK, OK," I said, knowing I was losing her. "Do you have a Big Mac that fell on the floor? Could I get a discount on one that fell on the floor?"

A small knot of customers had begun to gather.
"I think you'd better leave now," the manager said.

"Or I'll call the police."

"You're joking," I said. She started moving to the

"You're joking," I said. She started moving to the phone; I started moving to my car.

Grim Reaper takes my latte away. Like the old good-cop-badcop routine, shameless praise followed by an implied threat to cut off your business proves irresistible to most merchants.

Johnny's Pizza

There's a ma-and-pa pizzeria in my town where I often go to get fat and loaded. The prices are pretty good. But if I promised to buy pies and brew in bulk, would they get even better?

Me: I'm a big fan of your pizza and come here all the time. My swim team would love to eat here, but we're on a tight budget. We've been buying a couple six-packs and takeout pizzas after practice and just going to this one guy's house.

Carl (the owner): How many of y'unz are there?

Me: I'd say maybe eight.

Carl: OK. I'll take care of you. **Me:** Could you give us imported beer for the price of American rotgut?

Carl: Well, the LCB [Liquor Control Board] is on my ass.

Me: It's just that we can buy a case of import so much cheaper, take it to this guy's house...

Carl: OK, I'll take care of you. You won't find a better deal. Bottom line: Carl proved true to

his word. We got four pitchers of Molson, a round of Guinness pints, 46 slices of Sicilian meathappy pizza, chicken wings, and two Cokes for \$49—\$23 off the regular price. By subtly pointing out that eight customers are better than none, you can generally foster a win-win situation.

Prescription drugs

I recently picked up some sort of urogenital infection, and the doctor prescribed these expensive antibiotics—two dollars a pill—which I had to take daily for three months. My health insurance is terrible, and I have to pay for most medicine out-of-pocket. I'd gone to a Super Kmart for years because it had the lowest prices, but a Wal-Mart had just opened up.

I called the Wal-Mart pharmacy and wasn't too surprised to find I could get a month's supply of VD bullets for \$25 less. I then called the Super Kmart guy and told him what I'd found out. He said he'd get back to me. He did—that afternoon.

Bottom line: Do what girls have

always done in the presence of two suitors: Tell them about each other, then step back and see what happens. Super K matched Wal-Mart's price and threw in a five dollar coupon. The price of illicit love just got cheaper.

Books

A Barnes & Noble recently opened near my house, and I knew it already gave pretty good discounts. But as Edward G. Robinson once so eloquently put it, I wanted "more, that's right, I want more."

With about 10 books in hand, I approached the store manager and requested a price break. She said no but then asked if I knew about their corporate discount plan. By signing up, I could get an additional 20 percent off anytime I spent at least \$25.

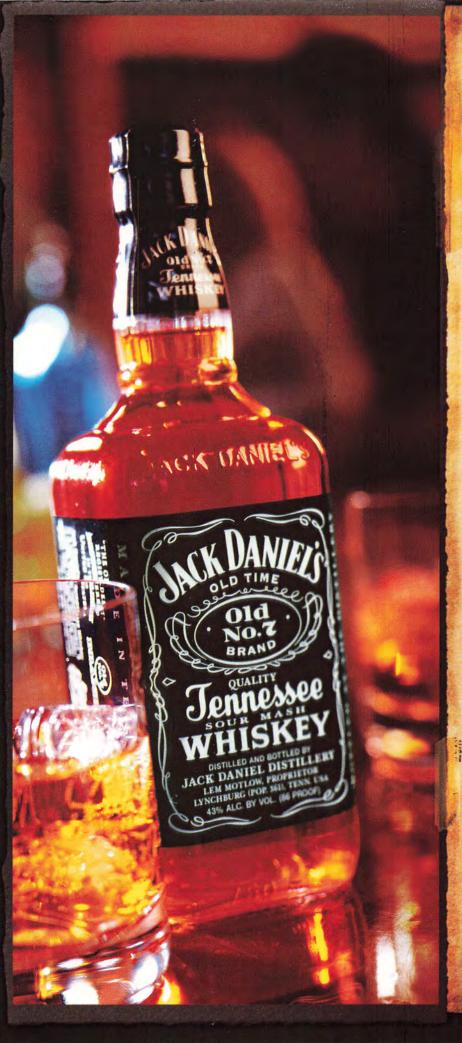
Me: But I'm not a corporation. **Her:** That's OK. You just have to bring in some evidence that you actually have a business.

Me: Evidence? Like what?
Her: A business credit card, a company brochure, even a regular business card.

Bottom line: Businesses know that if you get a good deal, you'll spread the word at work. Which is why Joe Schmoe has far less negotiating clout than Joe Schmoe Amalgamated Enterprises. And it's not just bookstores: Many hotels, stationery stores, car rentals, and even some restaurants play by these rules. As for me, I thanked the manager, ran over to OfficeMax, had some cheap business cards printed up (at the corporate rate), and returned to B&N. Jim Thornton Enterprises has been reaping the savings ever since.

Haircut

In 1991, my wife bought one of those electric hair buzzers at Kmart for six dollars and has been giving me crew cuts with it ever since. The unit cost per haircut: 17¢. Seeking a new look, I visited a local chop shop.





THAT WOULD BE THE 1860'S.



Tennessee Whiskey * 40-43% sleohol by volume (80-80 proof)
Dissilled and bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prophesor,
Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 3735.2 * Placed in the National
Register of Historic Places * Visit us at http://www.jackdaniels.sbin.

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

But the price was \$25.

Me: My wife cuts my hair for 17¢. Would you consider doing it for a quarter?

Gary (the owner): No.

Me: How about \$10?

Gary: I couldn't get you in and out of my chair in less than 15 minutes. Tell you what, 15 minutes, 15 bucks.

Me: With my hair, I think you could do it in five minutes. What if you tried to set a land speed record? How much would three minutes of your time be? Three minutes, three bucks?

Gary: Can't do it. But if you wanted to be a hair model, I could have one of my junior designers cut you for \$10.

Me: Kind of like having a resident do your hernia surgery?

Gary: Exactly. You're overseen by the surgeon, you know the end result will be fine, and you're offering us a valuable opportuni-

ty to train our staff.

Bottom line: Think creatively about what the business needs. Give it to them and they'll do right by you. Gary did me right with a 60 percent savings. (Note: His \$10 still represents a nearly 5,900 percent increase over what I'm used to paying.)

Magazine subscriptions

For six months I'd been getting those URGENT—OPEN IMMEDIATELY! messages from Newsweek magazine. They implored me to renew my subscription, warning that the price would never, ever be lower. A week before the expiration date, I called up Newsweek customer service.

Her: How can I help you?

Me: I'm a longtime Newsweek subscriber. I love the magazine, but I'm kinda strapped this year, and I'm wondering if I could get a little break this time?



With my fake business cards, I scored a 20% corporate discount. Her: Last year you paid \$41.34. I know there's an offer out there for \$24. Want to do that? Me:[thrilled but cool] Is there a two-year deal? Her: I don't

know if you can get that price...

Me: What if I charge it over the phone right now?

Her: I think we can do that.

Bottom line: From a magazine's point of view, it's better to lock in the deal even at a discount than to keep sending you mailings. I saved \$17.34, or 42 percent, on the already "discounted" price.

Hernia surgery

Having hernia surgery is a bit like being bayoneted in the groin. And the bill that comes afterward

The intestinal fluids of assorted flying insects.

Not exactly what mommy's window cleaner was made for.

Auto Glass Cleaner

Armor All. Making Your Car Look New, One Part At A Time.



Armor All. Making Your Car Look New, One Part At A Time.

is a bit like a Spanish twist with the bayonet. Still agonizing in my sickbed, I got a bill for \$900. Two weeks later I made an appointment to see the hospital administrator in charge of billing, got dressed up, and limped in to ask for some help.

Me: [after much friendliness, complimenting of the promising young med student who gored me, etc.] I know that hospitals aren't having the easiest time of it these days, and I've read that people with health insurance often end up subsidizing indigents, but my problem is that I'm sort of in the middle. I've got insurance, but it's not very good. Is there any chance that you could give me a break on this \$900 charge?

Administrator: Do you think you could pay \$700?

Bottom line: Hospitals get stiffed so often by patients without insurance that if you offer to make a good-faith payment, odds are they'll snap at it.

Great chair

I have a bad back, and for years I've been meaning to buy a comfortable "back chair." Finally I got off my ass and made the rounds to the various chair emporiums, eventually zeroing in on the superstores. Staples was the first to hear my pitch.

Me: I love your store! I bought two computers here, my father bought two computers here—we love you! I want to make this the only place I go for office stuff for the rest of my life! [Then I started in on the chair.]

Salesman: I'm sorry, sir. Even if you bought 1,000 chairs, the unit price would be the same.

Me: Well, what about this gash in the floor demo? Would you sell this one at a discount because of that gash?

Salesman: Sir, I'm not sure what "gash" you're referring to, but we can't sell the demo cheaper.

Me: What if I bought the demo at the regular price, so at least I wouldn't have to assemble it?

I knocked 200 clams off my hospital bill just by asking.

Salesman: Sir, we don't sell the floor models, because we have to pay to have them assembled. [So I tried my luck at OfficeMax.]

Me: [I deliver my by-now-well-rehearsed three-minute sequence of shameless flattery, proof of customer loyalty, and citation of all the business I've sent the salesman's way.]

Store manager: We're glad you feel that way!

Me: I'm wondering if I might qualify for a tiny discount? Bottom line: Qualify I did. With my new Jim Thornton Enterprises corporate card, I got 20 percent off the price, plus the instore sales rep gave me a coupon that knocked off another \$20; and because I ordered the chair via the chain's 800 number (the manager's recommendation), delivery was free. Some salesmen will work with you; some salesmen won't. When you're comparison-shopping, you're not only looking for a better price, you're looking for a better salesman. M

65



BASEBALL 99

CORRECT!

Congratulations, the answer is False.

You obviously know your baseball and are exactly the kind

of fan we made VR Baseball '99 for.

VR Baseball '99. It's a smarter, more accurate baseball game created specifically for baseball enthusiasts like yourself. People who appreciate an AI smart enough to know that Kenny Lofton should score from 2nd on a gapper to the wall and that a pitcher should walk Barry Bonds with a base open and the game on the line. This isn't just another baseball game. This is baseball.

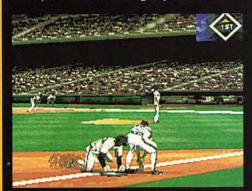
- New Graphics! Detailed player models with true-to-life scaling for each player to accurately reflect their height and weight.
- Fully Licensed! All 30 MLB teams and stadiums, including the Devil Rays™ and DiamondBacks™, plus over 750 players. Also includes complete 1998 Opening Day rosters and schedules featuring Interleague play.
- Player Collisions and Diving Catches! Watch as Darin Erstad runs over a
 catcher at home plate to score the go-ahead run and Jim Edmonds making
 his spectacular catches in the centerfield.
- More Personality! Complete in-game experience with heckling fans, players talking smack and a "called shot" feature to add the ultimate insult when defeating your friends.

This is it. The baseball game for baseball purists. So, again, congratulations on passing our test. And now, reward yourself and head over to your local video game store and pick up a copy of VR Baseball '99. Play what you've been missing.

Available May 1998



Smarter AI really understands baseball. Cecil Fielder doesn't bunt, pitchers are pulled when they get shelled, and fielders are strategically shifted.



A "smart camera" always selects the best angle for gameplay in real time. You'll see the players, even the outfielders, up close and in full detail as you make the play. So now when players like Derek Jeter stab a line drive, you'll be right on top of the action.



Challenge guys like Tino Martinez and Mark McGwire to get your name up on the leader board in the Homerun Derbv™.





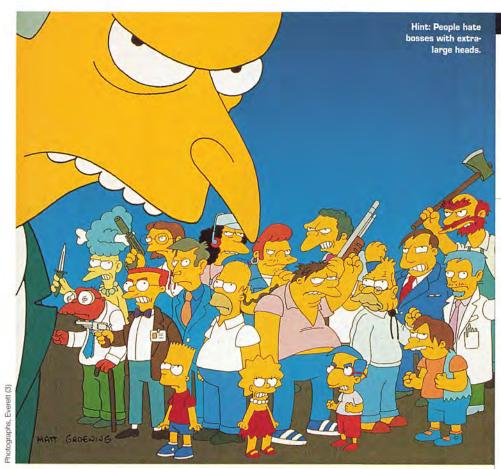








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Do You Hate Your #\$*! Boss?

Welcome to the first in a long line of *Maxim* reader surveys designed to foster a greater understanding of how to truly improve workplace relationships.

t's an age-old Zen question: On the knuckles of one fist you've got the word *love* tattooed. On the knuckles of the other...hate. So which fist do you deck your boss with?

Just kidding...sort of.

Let's be honest. Hating one's boss is as much of a national pastime as evading taxes. We love to hate our bosses. We love to caricature them as meanspirited Mr. Spacelys constantly flicking their cigar ashes on poor old George Jetson's nose. Or as two-foot-high Mr. Slates forever firing our sorry Flintstone butts.

But why don't we like bosses? Maybe the thought of kowtowing to some feudal lord for 40 hours out of every week of our lives makes our democratic blood boil. Or perhaps the reason is far simpler: Most of our bosses are absolute, unmitigated ass-wipes.

Whatever the answer, we here at *Maxim* feel that you should get all this hatred out into the open and deal with it. You'll feel better for having ranted...and we'll get some free material that can be used at a later date when we've run out of any other ideas.

Everyone wins.

#\$*! BOSS SURVEY

So fill out the following survey. Then angrily rip it out of the mag and furiously mail it in to:

Bosszilla

Maxim Magazine 1040 Avenue of the Americas New York, NY 10018

And thanks for sharing your secret pain.

1. How much more money than yo	DI
do you think your boss makes?	

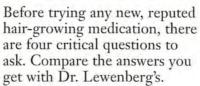
- a. 🗌 25%
- b. 50%
- c. 75%
- d. 100%
- e. 200%
- f. 300%
- 2. Do you think he/she is overpaid?
- a. Yes
- b. No
- 3. How good a job do you think your boss is doing?
- a. Fantastic
- b. Pretty damn good
- c. Average
- d. Drops the ball more often than a drunken outfielder
- e.

 Replace him/her with a cigar- smoking hamster and no one would notice
- 4. Do you think you could do your boss's job better than he/she can?
- a. Yes
- b. No
- 5. Which of the following best describes your social relationship with him/her?
- a. Best of friends
- Enjoy the occasional drink together after work
- Cordial around the office, no real socializing otherwise
- d.
 Don't hate each other, but don't like each other either
- e. It's a good thing firearms aren't allowed in the office
- **6.** Have you ever gotten drunk with your boss?
- a. Yes
- b. No
- 7. Have you ever done drugs with your boss?
- a. Yes
- b. No
- c. Don't know

	\$\$*! BOSS SURVEY (continued)	P3 000	23. Do you think your boss is holding you back, keeping you down?
8.	Are you sexually attracted to your boss?		a.
b.	☐ Yes ☐ No		24. What have you done to get back at your
9.	Have you ever slept with your boss (current or past)?		boss when he/she pissed you off?
a.	Yes		(11)
b.	□No		
10	Has physical violence ever broken out between you and your boss?		
a.	Yes		25. What's the rottenest thing you've ever
D.	No	"Smithers, your	seen your boss do?
	a. If yes, who won?	nose needs	
	☐ Me ☐ Her	browning."	
		17. At this exact moment, what would you	
	Do you trust your boss?	most like to do to or for your boss?	
b.		a. Take him/her out for an expensive	26. What is the one thing you've done that, if
	About 50% of the time	dinner Thank him (har far all the good agrees	your boss found out about it, he'd/she'd
	☐ Almost never	 Thank him/her for all the good career advice he's/she's given you 	fire you for?
e.	l'd be more likely to trust an eyepatch-	c. Invite him/her to a party one of your	
	wearing used-car salesman named John Doe.	friends is throwing	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
	JOHN DOE.	d. Invite him/her to stick his/her head up	
12	. Are you afraid of your boss?	his/her ass	
	Yes	Strip him/her naked and put him/her on a bus to Canada's Northwest	
b.	□No	Territories	TO THE STATE OF TH
13	. What is the likelihood that your boss will		27. If your boss could learn just one thing,
100	fire you in the next 18 months?	18. What's the strangest request your boss ever made of you?	what do you hope it would be?
a.	□ 100%	over made or you.	
b.	75%		
C.	□ 50% □ 25%		
e.	☐ Not a chance in hell	(SIIIIIII 20SIII A 20MIN AD AN	
14	- Has your boss ever taken credit for one of	мини подпараванием при	
	your ideas?	sillillingallillogamentamentamentamentamentamentamentament	ASSISTANCE AND ASSIST
	☐ Yes ☐ No	19. Do you think that your boss feels threat-	28. What single thing would you like to say to
~		ened by you?	your boss on your last day of work?
15	. Has your boss ever publicly humiliated	a. Yes	
	you?	b. No	
a. b.	☐ Yes ☐ No	20. Have you ever had a nightmare involving	
		your boss?	
16	6. What's the most annoying thing your	a. Yes	
	boss does?	b. No	
	diameter de la constitución de l	21. How often do you lie to your boss?	
		a. Never	
		b. Once a year	S COEST SC
Fema		c. Once a month d. Once a week	7 3 () (22)
		e. Every day	
1000			1
		22. Do you think your boss treats you with	
		the respect you deserve? a. Yes	Alease beat
		b. No	each other up.

More Hair, Less Hype.

An intelligent consumer's guide to hair regrowth issues.



What are your chances of success? Does it work on all forms of hair loss? Is it for men and women? DR. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA® has been clinically proven to work on nearly 90% of patients, men and women, who suffer from all forms of hair loss and thinning hair according to a major study published in the highly respected medical journal, Advances In Therapy® (Oct. '96).* No other medication - prescription or overthe-counter - can match this proven success rate.

FORMULA

alam Gewentery, U.D.

2% Minoxidil Lotion will

0.025% Tretinoin (Retin-Al

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^{*} These results were reported in TV news stories across the U.S. and around the world and were the basis of a feature on the TV news show "EXTRA."

Concept Cars

They no longer have wings, won't hover, and don't come with yard-high fins or space-age bubble glass. But today's concept cars have one big advantage: You may get to drive one before you die.

By Paul Eisenstein

hen you think of concept cars, you can't help but picture vehicles like the two-wheel, gyroscopestabilized 1961 Ford

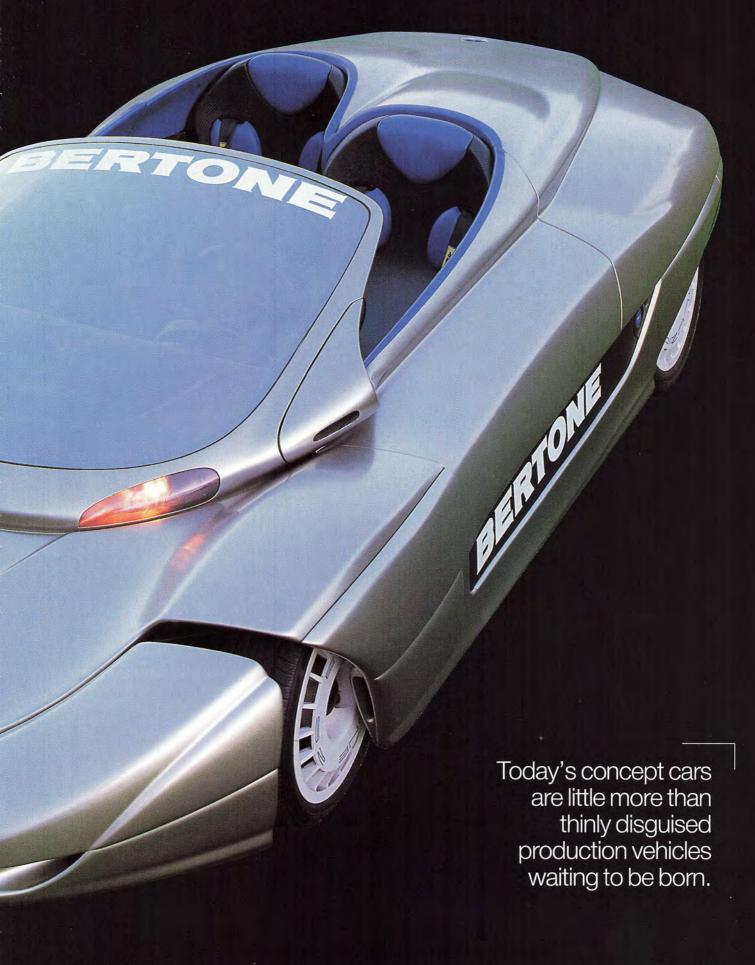
Gyron (top, page 72). Or maybe the 1955 jet-powered Lincoln Futura, whose design led to the Batmobile on TV. Improbable cars. Buck Rogers fantasies that made any guy from 14 to 114 weak in the knees. Compared to the mundane sedans and station wagons putt-putting around America during the '40s, '50s, and '60s, concept cars were so daringly designed that they might as well have been imports from another planet. In short, "They were wet dreams in chrome," says Jack Telnack, the recently retired vice president of design at Ford.

Of course, they were also never meant to be driven. In fact, most didn't even have engines. They were simply nice-looking shells.

Flash-forward to the concept car on the right. It certainly has the power to shift your salivary glands into overdrive and convince statuesque blondes to hop in. But it also looks like a set of wheels that some guy who has more money than you is already driving...not a motorized visitor from the far future.

So what happened to Buck Rogers? Quite simply, modern consumers are less motivated by thrills of the future than by practicalities of the present. Who needs impossible dreams to whistle at? We want amazing realities to drive, and so concept cars have matured from flights of fancy to integral extensions of an automaker's line. Some of today's concept cars, in fact, are little more







than thinly disguised production vehicles waiting to be born. This year, for example, the Audi Allroad Quattro is a concept car: a one-of-a-kind hybrid that's half car and half truck, with 17-inch tires that leave a tread mark like a tank track. But if the Allroad strikes a responsive chord among show-going consumers, by the year 2000 you won't be able to change lanes without sideswiping two of 'em.

"It's more and more common that when you see a concept car these days, it's going to be built," says Todd Turner, a California-based consultant specializing in concept-car projects. The bottom line for car buyers: Increasingly, what you see is what you get. Here's how it all happened.

Gearing up

The first concept cars were built by early automotive pioneers who hoped to reel in customers—and

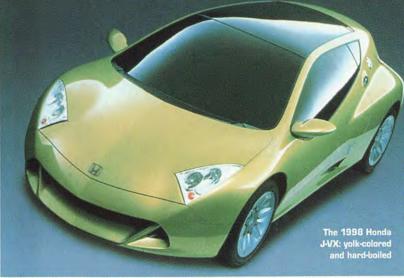
investors—with radical, futuristic designs. But the idea of building cars purely for show didn't really catch on until 1938, when General Motors' legendary design chief, Harley Earl, rolled out the groundbreaking Y-Job. Never meant to be mass-produced, the Y-Job nonetheless boasted a

BMW's 1993 Nazca CZ Spider spins a

web of desire.

long list of practical firsts, including an electrically operated convertible top and the first-ever use of power windows. It was also the first Detroit model to conceal running boards.

World War II stalled the evolution of the concept car; in fact, it more or less garaged the entire auto industry for years. (There wasn't much need for a concept tank, after all.) But in the heady era of victory that followed V-J Day, Amer-



ica avidly became a nation on wheels. The population began to shift from cities to suburbs; everyone needed 1.7 cars for their 2.3 kids; and Detroit was only too happy to oblige.

General Motors, which then dominated the market, set up a traveling road show dubbed Motorama and stocked it with an assortment of concept sedans, station wagons, and coupes. Crowd-pleasers included out-of-this-world cars like the 1951 Buick LeSabre, with a classification of the state of th

just establishing air superiority in the Korean War. Another star was the sleek XP-300, also by Buick, which was built of aluminum, a lightweight metal that was just com-

ing into widespread use in the industry.

Other manufacturers raced to build their own "dream cars." Chrysler's design director, Virgil Exner, teamed up with Italy's legendary Ghia design studios to produce a debto pound of series of concept cars...one of which, the Plainsman, went down with the Andrea

Ron Kimball ('92 Blitz electric car); this spread, Gerry B. Wallerstein ('61 Ford Gyron), cour Plymouth Pronto Spyder), courtesy of Ford ('97 Ford Synergy 2010), Gerry B.

ENJOYING

A GLASS OF

BLACK LABEL

SHOULD TAKE A WHILE.

FINISHING 18 HOLES SHOULDN'T.



A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE T

- While a gentleman knows the particulars of golf decorum, he also knows when to practice them.
 In social rounds on crowded courses, he foregoes honors on the tee and plays "ready golf" at all times.
- A gentleman is never caught living in the past. That includes replaying missed putts or agonizing over a score on the green when others are waiting to hit up.
- Fond reflections and contemplation should not be confined to the enjoyment of a Black Label following the round. A gentleman begins contemplating his

O A FOUR-HOUR ROUND

next shot as he approaches his ball and lines up his putts unobtrusively while others are hitting.

- A gentleman would always rather walk, but knows
 that on occasion a cart is required. On such occasions
 he always parks his cart smartly on the proper side or
 back of the green and strives to have the right clubs
 in hand when away from the cart.
- Generally speaking, a gentleman respects authority and is therefore courteous and helpful to those working to improve the pace of play.

WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION



Doria. Designs like Chrysler's 1955 Flight Sweep I and Ford's 1955 Mystere "became a world-famous symbol of the motoring public's ever-growing fascination with the life it could expect in the future," according to Edward Janicki in his classic book Cars Detroit Never Built.

"There was an almost childlike naiveté to those early concept cars," says Len Casillo, who oversees designs for GM's Buick and Cadillac divisions. "At the time, we really thought the automobile was a wonderful machine that could do almost anything."

But that endlessly upbeat future crashed in the late '60s and early '70s. In the wake of Vietnam, Watergate, oil crises, and Ralph Nader squawking that American cars were four-wheel deathtraps, the boundless optimism began to dim. Our cars didn't even seem to run right anymore, never mind fly. And our engineers, once rich fountains of ideas, seemed to have lost all their imagination. Concept cars virtually vanished from the auto-show circuit. Says BMW designer Chris Bangle, "With the onset of fuel economy and other government regulations, the whole world collapsed for the generation of designers that came before me."

The return of the dream

Luckily, the '80s brought greed, excess, and rampant American consumerism back into fashion. And it didn't take long for a new generation of designers to discover that concept cars were ideally suited to the industry's new realities.

Neil Walling is one of the new breed. Just like you, Walling started sketching cars in the margins of his seventh-grade notebook. Unlike you, he never stopped, and today he's a design director for Chrysler, a company viewed by many as the industry's current styling trendsetter. It's a distinction he helped create: Only a decade ago, Chrysler was known for square-and-stodgy cookie-cutter styling, like that of the magnificently mundane K-Car. The company was losing dough and market share and was desperately in need of an image fix. Walling's team heroically churned out a succession of striking concept cars, including the Portofino and the Eagle Optima. They were sleek and bold, unlike anything the public had ever seen before, and they quickly turned Chrysler's reputation upside down.

"We didn't have much to talk about in the late 1980s," recalls >

Fantasy Facts

Unbelievably sexy concept-car secrets revealed

- What does it cost? Your basic concept car costs around a million dollars to build. If it's a "runner"—with a working engine inside the shell—add another million or more. CD player not included.
- How long's it take to make one? Typically a year, though some concept cars have been whipped out in less than six months. A production car, by contrast, normally doesn't hit the street for three to four years.
- How many of each car do they make? Normally, concept cars are one-offs. It's cheaper that way, but there's a risk: A one-of-a-kind Chrysler prototype went down in the wreck of the *Andrea Doria*, and is now home to several species of mollusk. In 1997, a Toyota minivan mock-up burned during delivery—but Toyota had a a second one, which was already in Detroit for the car's debut.
- Where can I find concept cars? The cream of the crop show up in annual auto

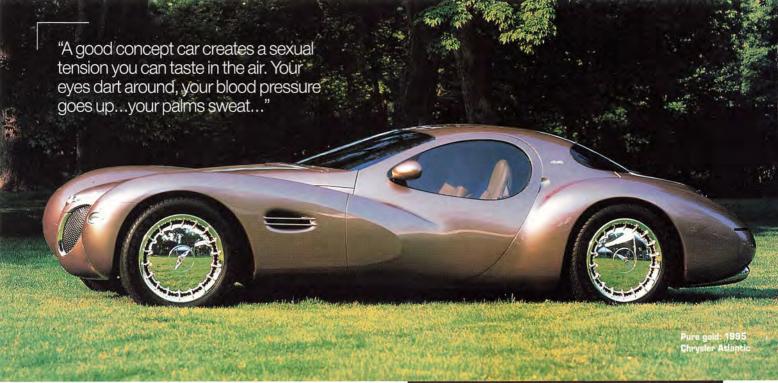


shows in Detroit and elsewhere; try www.thecarconnection.com or www.caranddriver.com for details. But the public sees only a small percentage of all concept cars: Most are shown only to senior auto executives.

What happens after they've been shown? Concept cars are normally displayed for several years at auto shows and other events; when their tour of duty is done, most are crushed into a 3"x5" metal cube. A few wind up in private hands. And nostalgic automakers sometimes warehouse them for corporate collections.

Can I drive one?





Walling. "People were starting to wonder if we were going to survive. But then we started turning out all these new concept cars, and people realized we had something coming." The cars' much-ballyhooed "cab forward" design—imagine a curvy teardrop "falling" down the road—heralded the shape of things to come for Chrysler's mainstream production. Concept cars began not only to serve up new ideas, but to presage new products automakers intended to actually produce. The Plymouth Prowler, the world's first factory-built hot rod, started as a concept car, and Plymouth seems set for a repeat performance with this year's Pronto Spyder (right), a striking two-seat roadster.

But few companies have had more riding on a single design than Volkswagen did when it lifted the curtain on the Concept 1 in January 1994. In the 15 intervening years since the last Beetle had been sold in the U.S., the German automaker had gone from being one of the top European exporters to the U.S. to little more than an asterisk on the sales charts. Repeated attempts to move upmarket in the U.S. had failed, so Volkswagen reached back to its roots and came up with a design meant to suggest what a Beetle would look like if it were redesigned for the 21st century.

Any doubts as to the mass-market viability of an updated Beetle were quickly laid to rest by the long lines of thrill-hungry rubberneckers snaking through Detroit's

Cobo Hall to meet the new Bug. "To say the least, we were overwhelmed," says Dr. Ferdinand Piëch, chairman of Volkswagen AG and grandson of Ferdinand Porsche, the German genius who designed the original Bug. "We were almost forced by the customer to make a real car out of the Concept 1."

From concept to reality

What does it take to make a successful concept car? There's no style-book, of course—trying to get designers to agree on any set of rules would be like asking an auditorium full of economists what makes the stock market tick. The point is to break the rules, anyway. Still, say experts, there are some useful basic guidelines.

Start with big tires. "God made wheels to wrap the corners of a car around," proclaims John Hartnell, a design manager of Ford's





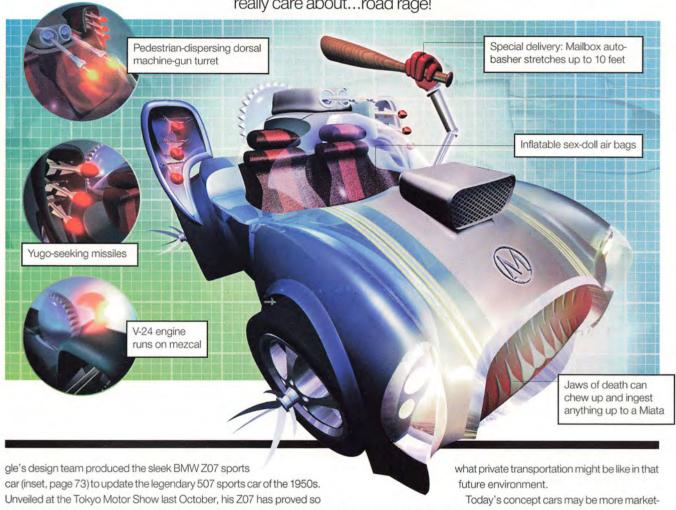
Advanced Design Studio. Next, paint it red: When it comes to building a sense of excitement, seducing speed freaks, and baiting traffic cops, nothing does it better...though these days, concept cars are often swathed in whatever trendy colors are showing up on Parisian runways. Third, try to infuse your design with elements of the world you live in. "I'm influenced by great design wherever I see it, in paintings, clothes, watches, even in sports equipment," says Chrysler's Walling.

BMW's Bangle agrees. "Ideas come from all sorts of places. Ghia once took weld splatters off the floor of their shop and turned them into the tread pattern of a concept car."

Most important of all, establish a sleek, sexy overall look. "Concept cars have to be flirtatious," swears Bangle. "A good concept car creates a sexual tension you can taste in the air. Your eyes dart around, your blood pressure goes up, and your palms sweat a bit." Ban-

Maxim's Dream Machine

Finally, a car designed according to the only "concept" you really care about...road rage!



popular that BMW is thinking of putting it into production; company chairman Bernd Pieschetsrieder promises to buy the first car off the line.

For all the new let's-get-this-baby-on-the-road practicality, off-the-wall ideas can still make it into a concept car: This year's Lexus hot rod, for example, mounts a big V-8 engine in the body of a 1932 Ford roadster. But in contrast to the concept cars of the '50s and '60s, today's more practical designs need to ring true at a visceral level, suggests GM's Casillo-they need not just to titillate, but to create a real alternate possibility for the future. When Casillo's design team begins work on a new project, they lay out a social scenario that incorporates everything from fuel prices to pop culture; then they consider

oriented than their finned, winged, and three-wheel ancestors, but one thing remains the same. "As car designers, we are responsible for supplying a lot of fantasy and excitement to the world," says BMW's Ban-

> gle. "Cars aren't there just to get you from A to B; they're there to provide emotion and excitement." Concept cars are still wet dreams in chrome... but, finally, those dreams are starting to come true. M

The 1954 Ford FX Atmos: Now with Pop-O-Matic®!

NORM MACDONALD'S REVERSE SERVICE OF THE SERVICE OF

In his new movie, *Dirty Work*, Norm opens a revenge-for-hire business. In *Maxim*, he gives you wonderfully malicious strategies for taking matters into your own hands.

By Norm Macdonald Photographs by Chris Sanders

omewhere in the Bible, Our Lord spaketh these three words: Vengeance is mine. And you know what? One way or another, He usually does get the job done. Only trouble is, He can take His sweet time getting around to it. So while God may eventually give your loudmouthed neighbor a bad case of scabies, why wait for divine retribution when you can simply shave the guy's dog, slather it with Vaseline, toss a few blank videotapes in his yard, and tell the cops he's making amateur bestiality films? Come on, pal, The Almighty has enough on his mind without having to settle your petty scores. Which is why I've developed this do-it-yourself guide to revenge. No matter the situation, no matter the villain, here's how to make the bastard feel your wrath.

Bad Customer Service

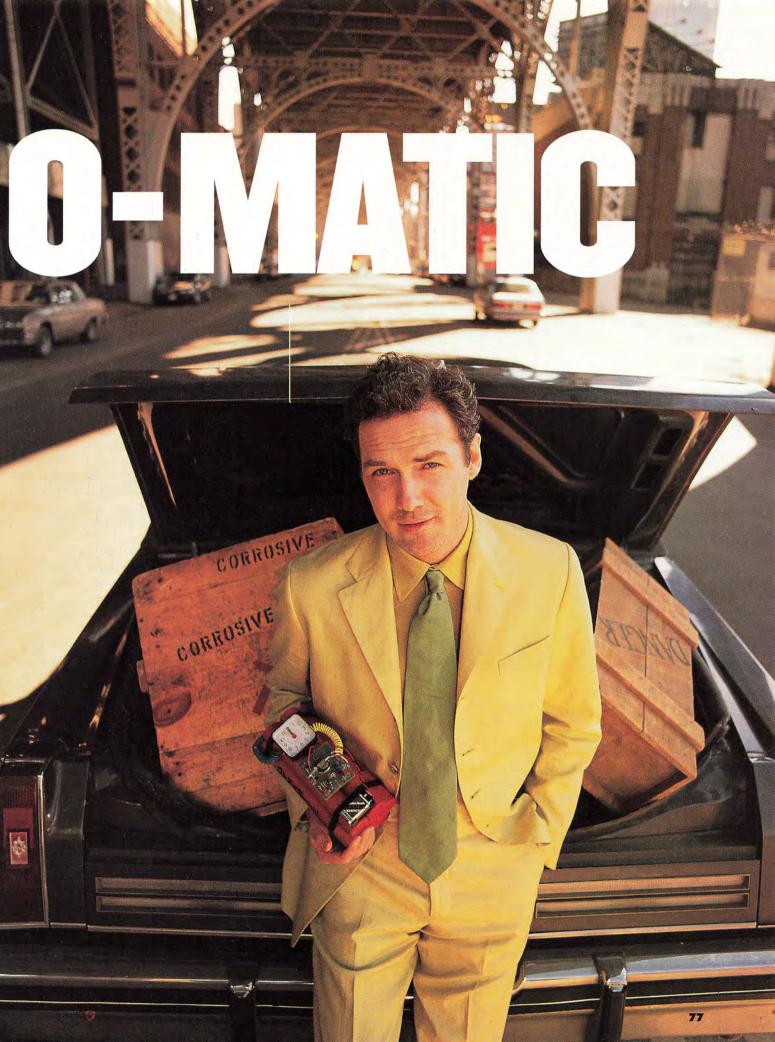
You've finally talked her into going away with you for the weekend. Your big chance. But when you arrive at the deluxe hotel, the bitchy "reservationist" is talking on the telephone to his friend. You ask for his assistance and he just sneers. "I can't seem to find your reservation," he lies. "The best I can do is Room 224." Room 224 overlooks three large dumpsters. Room 224 has two single beds.

Close your eyes, take three deep breaths, and make peace with the fact that you're not going to get laid tonight. In my opinion, it's far better to focus your mental and physical energy on something you actually *can* screw: like the hotel.

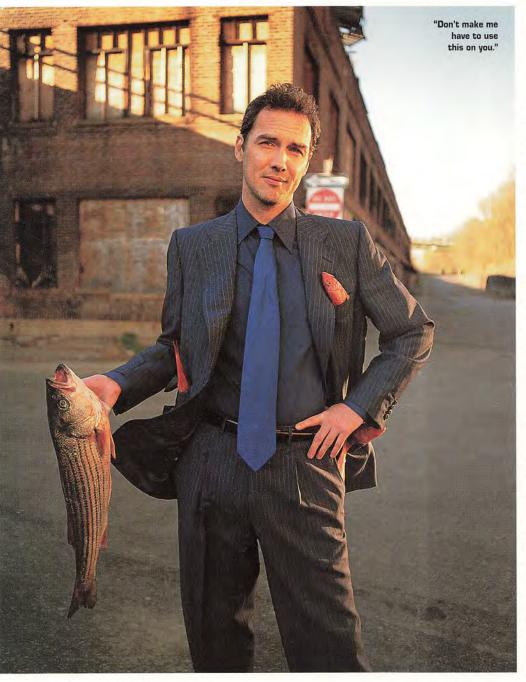
Now, your luxury hotel may not know it, but it's about to throw a very big, very loud, very expensive party. Plant your girl by the swimming pool with one of those \$12 daiquiris and head directly to the nearest Kinko's. Get a few hundred fliers printed up that say BIG FABULOUS BLOWOUT PARTY!! BOOZE! BABES! FREE! FREE! FREE! Below, list the hotel's name and address. You'll want to specify Room 224.

The real fun starts with the guest list. I'd save myself a little time and only hand the fliers to homeless people, drug addicts, and hookers. Next, call up every escort service in the phone book and order as many whores as you can without giving them your credit card number; tell them you'll pay cash. Specifically request transvestite hookers and gay hookers. And be sure to tell them that you're not particular about age. Or weight. Have everyone show up exactly at midnight.

Check out of the hotel at about 11:30 P.M., and be very polite at the front desk. Then use a lobby phone to report your credit card stolen. You have, of course, left the room unlocked, the mini-bar open, and little signs everywhere that say Help Yourself! Chuckle all the way home.







Inattentive Landlord

Your landlord is a grade A scumbucket. The toilet overflows, the ceiling is crumbling, the fridge doesn't work, you get electric shocks when you turn on the light, and the only time he comes around is when the rent is due.

Realistically, with a guy like this, I'd say you're pretty hosed. You could take him to court, and who knows, you might walk away with a few hundred bucks. But then he'd find new ways to make your life miserable. So call him up and cordially give a month's notice. When the landlord asks whether you'd mind if he shows your apartment to prospective tenants before you move out, graciously accommodate him. Tell him you know how busy he is, and if he wants to simply send the tenants over, you'll be more than happy to show them around.

Next, go shopping: Buy a gallon of red paint, 15 feet of rope, a few large jars, 30 packs of Jell-O, and a bottle of chocolate syrup. Finally, stop by your friendly neighborhood butcher shop and pick up generous portions of liver and brain, as well as a large shank bone and a few hoofs.

It's time to redecorate, and you're about to become the

Martha Stewart of the satanic set. Mix the chocolate syrup with the red paint, stirring vigorously until it congeals to a bloodlike consistency. Paint the walls with messages like "SATAN" is mY Christ" and "This iS WHERE I MurDered Mary." Use any remaining paint to create a large pentagram on the floor. Urinate in the jars, place the liver, brain, and hoofs inside, and display them on a windowsill where they'll catch the light. Fashion the rope into a noose, position the shank bone inside the knot, and hang the whole thing ceremoniously in the center of the kitchen. Lit candles and Gregorian chants will only add to the ambiance when you take the wouldbe tenants on a tour.

And the Jell-O? Nothing to do with devil worship: Just dump it in the toilet tank and let it harden.

Horrible Waiter

For weeks you've eaten nothing but peanut-butter sandwiches, saving enough money to take your girlfriend to the hot new restaurant Château le Snobbe. Your steak is served nearly raw, and when you send it back, you see the waiter jam his finger in his nose and rub it on your meat. When you order the cheesecake, he says, "Oh, you must not have seen our fatfree choices."

In the course of studying the field of revenge, interviewing various experts, and surveying the literature,

I've come to the conclusion that it is very, very easy to stick it to a restaurant. One of my favorites is asking everybody you know to make reservations for a Saturday night a few months away and then simply not show up. You, however, arrive at the appointed time and have the entire place to yourself. As soon as you're seated, start ordering the waiters around: "I'd like three forks." "I'd like two glasses of water, each half filled." "I'd like my napkin folded into a quadrangle."

For something with a more personal touch, you can call the owner of the restaurant and tell him that the waiter insulted you. Explain exactly what happened: After you ordered your sirloin steak, the waiter looked you in the eye and said, "I'll bet you want it well-done. Most homos prefer their steak well-done." Tell the owner how deeply you were offended, that now you can't concentrate at work, and that this is becoming really expensive for you. Mention that your lawyer suggested you file a formal complaint with the city, the Better Business Bureau, and the Homosexual Action League, a group that has nothing better to do with its time than to march in front of restaurants and sing protest songs. Explain that you don't

True Tales of Torment

Twisted stories from men who refused to let bygones be bygones.

One Helluva Hood Ornament

When my car was booby-trapped in college, I took revenge on the guy who did it. I poured sardine juice inside the door panel of his car where the window was cracked open, dumped flour in his air vents, then Krazy Glued a dildo to his windshield. Dave Simek

Losing His Grip

My friend destroyed me by 25 strokes at the Pebble Beach golf course and then announced it to the vuppie crowd in the lodge. I vowed to get him back. That night, while I was "packing the car," I sabotaged his clubs. I removed all of his grips, coated the insides with Vaseline, and slid them back on. The next morning we were paired with two very attractive women. We all watched my friend set up, swing, and send his club soaring 50 feet over our heads. He tried two other clubs before finally giving up. Later, in the lodge, we kept overhearing conversations about the guy who threw his clubs all over the course. Don Lipton

Sex-tra Credit

My college literature professor accused me of plagiarizing a paper and gave me a choice: He would report me or I could write another paper. I did the extra paper, all right—and then I did his daughter. Shane Loreto

Party's Over

One weekend the parents of the teenager next door left town, and he threw a big party that lasted for two days; I got no sleep and was really pissed off. He spent all Sunday afternoon cleaning the mess outside, so I got up at 2 A.M. on Monday and "uncleaned" it. I sprinkled some of my empty beer cans around their yard, laid a few half-burned phony joints in the driveway, and left a condom filled with egg whites under their deck. I now rest peacefully on the weekends. Name withheld by request

Going Nowhere Fast

This guy I knew was notorious for breaking plans at the last minute, so I decided to teach him a big, fat lesson. My friends and I bided our time, but when we heard that



he'd scored a date with a woman he'd been after for months, we took action. He had to break his date, we told him, because this insanely hot model was throwing a huge party in New York-fashion babes, booze, the whole bit-and we were on the guest list. The greedy bastard stood up his date. We picked him up and started driving. After about a half hour, he realized we weren't heading into the city. We had to pick up a friend, we told him. who lived about an hour away. He was steamed, but the thought of all those models kept him going. We finally got to the friend's house, but as planned, he wasn't home. So we started driving again. An hour later, we told him we had to pick up another friend in another town. Basically, we drove him all over the Pennsylvania countryside until about 2:30 A.M., when he finally figured out what was going on. He was pissed. We were laughing. Bill Goldman

Don't Jump! You'll Kill Yourself!

My friends and I took revenge on Brad, an obnoxious practical joker who lived on the ninth floor of the campus high-rise. While he was out drinking one night, I snuck into his room and grabbed a few of his posters, a pile of books, and his bed sheets and arranged them just as they'd been, in an identical, "borrowed" first-floor room. A few hours later, we dragged a blasted Brad into the building and onto the elevator. We

pushed a few buttons, but ultimately got off on the first floor. We hung out in "his" room until his roommate, Tim, came home, pretending to be depressed; Tim then started an argument with Brad and jumped out the window to his death. Of course, when Brad ran to the window, he found Tim lounging in a bush just outside.

Does Not Compute

I pulled the perfect revenge on my totally annoying roommate, who relies on his home computer for business: I reconfigured his keyboard so that the key mappings were incorrect (hitting the A key would type the letter E), and I programmed error messages to appear when he opened certain applications.

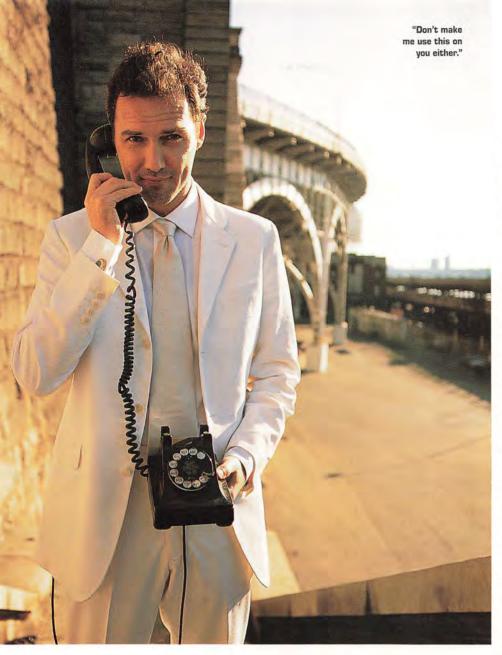
Eric Bromberg

Strip Search

To get even with a business associate, I talked a friend who works in retail into giving me a store anti-theft button. Then I dropped it in the pocket of my associate's winter coat. A few days later, I heard that he'd set off the alarms at this big department store; he got stopped and searched and was thoroughly embarrassed. Paul Behe

Road Warriors

At the very last minute, my jerk supervisor at headquarters insisted that a sales rep and I set up a bunch of local customer meetings for him. It was a huge pain in the butt, and it called for a little payback. Our revenge was to book him solid. My coworker picked him up from the airport at 6:30 A.M. and drove him to a dozen exhausting meetings. I did the "boss swap" at 6 P.M. and began the three-hour drive to the next territory for the second day. As soon as my supervisor fell asleep in the car, I whipped the wheel, sending his head smashing into the passenger side window. He sprang forward with a lifesaving grip on my dash as I told him about the dog I'd swerved to avoid. He didn't shut his eyes for the rest of the trip, and it took him three months to visit again. Name withheld by request



really want an apology—what's done is done—but that you'd like to be able to go to the restaurant and, you know, not see that waiter there.

Jerk Spills Your Secret

You confided in your buddy at work, who swore, swore, swore he wouldn't mention it to anyone, ever. Now everyone at work not only knows that you slept with her but also what size dog dish she drinks from.

There are no two ways about it: If your friend broke your confidence, he should be made to suffer. What you have to do is get this same girl to spread a rumor that your pal has a tiny cock. It doesn't matter if it's not true, because if a girl says it, there is no damage control. There's nothing he can do. Well, there is one thing, but that would require him to drop his pants in front of the entire staff.

Asshole Neighbors

Ah, your neighbors. He practices the electric guitar all night (and he sucks). Their dog won't stop yapping. And when you politely knock and ask them to "keep it down just a little bit, because it's 3:15 in the morning and I've got a big presentation

tomorrow at seven," they chuckle and, in unison, say, "Whaddaya gonna do about it, fat boy?"

When it comes to revenge, I've found that the telephone is often your best friend. In this case, the quickest, cleanest course of action is to call up a local restaurant—a pizza place does the trick because there's usually a lot of big Italian guys working there—and, with your neighbor's address ready, simply follow this handy script:

You: Hi. Where are the 10 cheese pizzas I ordered?

Pizza guy: Ten pizzas? Sorry, man, but I don't know what you're talking about.

You: You piece of shit, I live at 345 Main Street, and I ordered 10 cheese pizzas an hour ago. So put the phone down and bring me my goddamn pizzas.

Pizza guy: Who the hell is this?

You: Did you hear me? I said bring my pizzas now, slave! What do they pay you \$2.75 an hour for? It's 345 Main Street. It's a big red house. One more thing, assbreath: If you're not here in five minutes, I'll personally kick the shit out of you.

Keep up the cursing and yelling for a few minutes. Threaten to throw a brick through the window of the pizza place. And if they're Italians, you should also call them gay, because Italians hate to be called gay.

Colleague Steals Your Idea

A bottom-feeding colleague rifles through

your desk, rips off your Big Idea, and presents it to the boss as his own. He's handsomely rewarded—the corner office!—while you're sent back to your dingy cubicle to toil in dark obscurity.

Since you won't be able to live with yourself until your colleague's dead, you're morally obligated to put a high-powered nuclear explosive under the seat of his car.

On the off chance that you don't want to commit an actual murder, you could scale your revenge back: While he's parking, fire a middling chemical weapon through his car window. That should leave him alive but hideously disfigured.

Although I heartily recommend physical harm, you can also get him fired or demoted. Start by having one of your friends call his boss. Your friend will tell the boss that he's the personnel assistant at a competitor's company and that Mr. Bottom Feeder recently applied for a job. Tell him the résumé looks good, and you're just calling to check references. Wait a week, then have about 20 of your friends call and do the same thing from 20 different companies. As part of a coordinated effort, steal his résumé from personnel and leave it by the copier with 50 copies. This will make it look as if he's spending his entire day trying to land another job. Generally speaking, bosses have an itty-bitty problem with that.

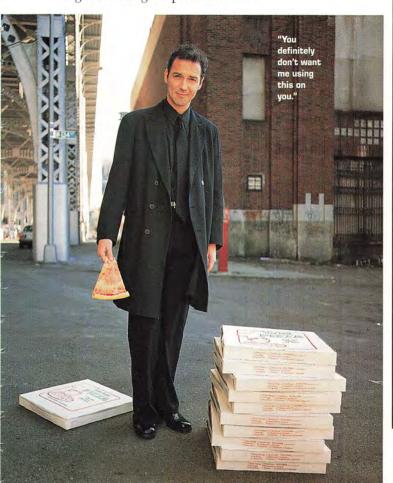
For the coup de grâce, put a little something in the men's bathroom that will undermine his position at the office. Take a porno magazine—something with a family-friendly title like *Elephant Hole*—print up a small label with his name and address on it, stick the label on the magazine, and leave it on the floor of a stall.

Punk Owes You Money

He was a friend of a friend, and you fronted him 400 bucks to buy your whole gang tickets to the game. The game was sold out and he came up empty on the tix. But the punk never paid up. You called him a couple of times to ask about the money; the last time, he called you a sucker and hung up.

It is time for you to put an ad in the newspaper. Your mother never told you this, so I will: Classified ad sections were invented to facilitate retaliation. Nothing that goes in an ad is checked for accuracy. Nor is ID required. Best of all, the paper will run the ad and bill you (or someone whose address you've given them) later.

To punish the punk, I'd find a popular band whose concert has been sold out for months. Your best bet is a heavy-metal group whose fans have a reputation for violence, hard drugs, and devil worship. You can also select an important playoff game; boxing and hockey tend to draw fans more disposed to aggravated assault. Call the classifieds and place an ad. Say that you have two tickets and that you're selling them for face value because you'll be out of town on business. List the punk's name and phone number. To twist the knife, I'd add: "Work swing shift. Call only between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. Am hard of hearing so let it ring. Be persistent."



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Rebeccal

After burning up beaches—and magazine covers—as the world's hottest swimsuit model, Rebecca Romijn is setting MTV's House of Style on fire. Here, fashion's stealth bombshell reveals her insane side.

By Dale Hrabi Photographs by Lance Staedler Styled by Karen Shapiro

rossbreed a tigress and a shapely clown-a process that would, of course, break several laws-and what would you get? Rebecca Romijn. As a fashion model, she's mastered prowling to a disturbing degree, achieving phenom status with a string of Sports Illustrated swimsuit issues and a notorious GQ cover with Dennis Rodman. And as the new host of MTV's House of Style, the fashion news show pioneered by Cindy Crawford, she's finally found a way to let her inner goof emergequite successfully, as the show's rebounding ratings prove. She's also a gas to hang out with, unlike your average peevish, blank-eyed model. Rebecca is laid-back, funny, divertingly gorgeous, discriminatingly vulgar: Within minutes, you might find yourself plotting ways to dispose of corpses with her. At least we did, while watching her do damage to a big-ass dessert in an L.A. restaurant and yakking about everything from her bohemian childhood to her new, three-dimensional career:

MAXIM: We understand you were an enthusiastic child nudist. That true?

REBECCA ROMIJN: Oh, I just didn't like to wear a lot of clothes when I was a kid. My family was a bunch of Berkeley hippies—except we really didn't have any money. When people ask my mom if she was a hippie, she always says, "I couldn't afford the outfits." So we shopped at Value Village, and she made the granola and baked that weird healthy bread. All very wholesome.

M: At what point did you decide that clothes were a good idea?

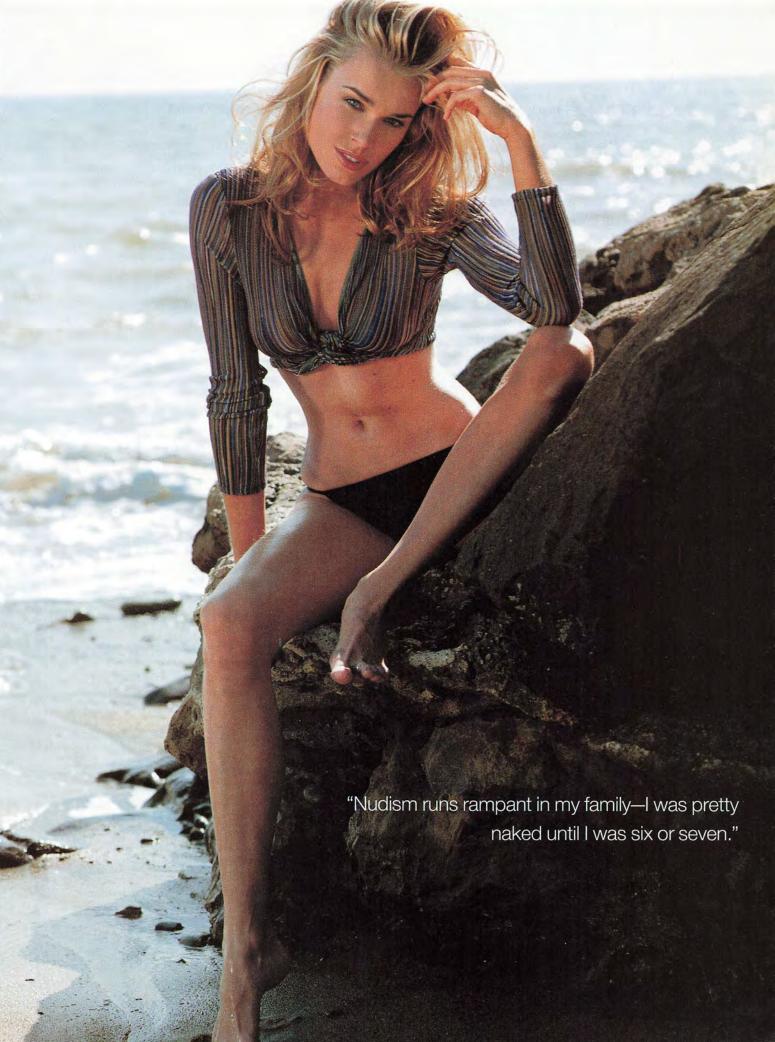
RR: When I started school. I was pretty naked until I was about six or seven.

M: Could I stop and say I love the phrase "pretty naked"? Did the rest of your family have nudist tendencies, too?

RR: Are you kidding me? Nudism runs rampant in my family.

M: So, what, you would eat dinner nude?

RR: No, but when my high-school dates used >



"Sometimes I feel very sexy, but most of the time I'm just Becca the goofball."

to pick me up, Dad would open the front door completely naked.

M: Given this early indifference to clothing, isn't it strange that you became a model? How'd it happen?

RR: I was a freshman at UC Santa Cruz, really poor and restless to see the world. I used to sit in my dorm room, thinking, I just know I'm missing out on something. But, of course, I had no money. And so this friend hooked me up with an agency, and it happened very quickly. I moved to Paris, got a cover of French Elle, and staved for two and a half years.

M: How did you get the *House of Style* gig? RR: First, a job interview. Then I went in and

did a video test, which was only so-so—the producer was totally honest with me. But I called her the next day from the San Juan airport and said, "I really want this job, I think I could be really good at this job, and I really think you should hire me."

M: In photos you're this sultry amazon, but on TV you're a different person: funny, down-to-earth, semi-insane...what's the deal?

RR: The TV me is more me. Sometimes I feel very sexy, but most of the time I'm just Becca the goofball. Personally, I think I come across better on television than in print, but I don't take any of it too seriously. Come on, fashion is one of the funniest industries in existence.

M: Example?

RR: I still can't believe that I walk down the runway once a year in high heels and underwear for Victoria's Secret. And that this is worthy of being broadcast on the Sony JumboTron in Times Square.

M: We couldn't quite believe what you persuaded the Victoria's Secret models to do on that runway for your MTV show.

RR: [laughs] I got Heidi Klum to pretend she was picking her nose. I got Tricia Helfer to poke herself in the bellybutton. And Tyra Banks promised she was going to slap her ass for me. But she's one of the Victoria's Secret angels, and so she was wearing these enormous, eight-foot-wide wings. Then she went the wrong way accidentally and these big, stupid, clumsy wings were hitting everybody in the face, and anyway...she forgot to slap her butt. But I forgive her.

M: If you were a superhero, what would your superhero name be?

RR: [laughs] The Six-Foot Spaz.

M: "Stop, thief, or I'll...trip!"

RR: Exactly. That's me.

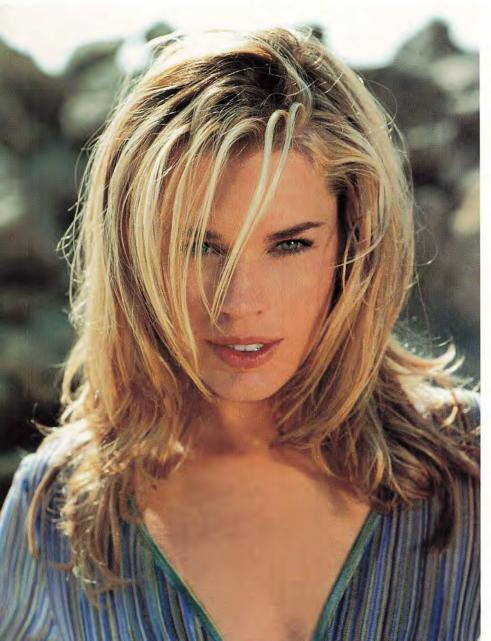
M: Let's talk about your other acting roles. In your *Friends* guest spot, you played a woman who is a chronic slob, and in Norm Macdonald's new movie, *Dirty Work*, you're a bearded lady. You seem to actually enjoy playing females with...unattractive characteristics.

RR: Absolutely.

M: They're remaking Planet of the Apes—would you play a female chimp?

RR: No! For me, the point is making fun of the way beauty and women are usually portrayed. Chimp masks might be crossing the line.

M: Sports Illustrated recently photographed you in Africa, surrounded by Masai warriors. ▷





What'd you do for laughs in the middle of a continent that's most famous for droughts?

RR: It was a pretty intense day. I didn't know how the Masai were going to act around me.

When I came out wearing a bikini and high heels—about eight inches taller than them—they all started chanting and trying to put their hands on me.

M: Excuse me?

RR: It was just their way of saying hello. But by the end of the day, we all started warming up to each other, so I offered this one guy a box of Tic Tacs. He had no clue what it was, so he shook it around a little bit, and then he shoved the entire box into that big hole they have in their ears and started to shake his head around like it was a rattle. Unbelievable.

M: What's the oddest thing you've heard lately?

RR: [pauses] This happened to a friend of a friend. Her boyfriend goes into the bathroom, takes off all his clothes, and yells out, "Honey, I think I have some pretty nasty hemorrhoids. I need you to take a look." So she reluctantly goes in, and he bends over to show her, and there, lo and behold, is an engagement ring!

M: You're about to marry John Stamos from

M: You're about to marry John Stamos from the sitcom *Full House*. How'd he propose? Were ointments of any kind involved?

RR: [laughing] John got down on his knees in the middle of the night, totally naked. He pulled the band off a cigar, and he goes, "This is spur-of-the-moment, so this is all I have." Then he got down on the floor, and he pulled the real ring out from under the bed.

M: You're getting married at a time when monogamy seems to be going out of style, at least in the White House...

RR: Monogamy isn't a question of style. If a man doesn't have the discipline to remain faithful to his wife, I'm not sure he has enough discipline to run the entire country.

M: But don't you think that in most marriages that have lasted as long as Clinton's, there's been some infidelity?

RR: Maybe, but I think it's possible to remain monogamous too—to overcome your primal urge and think about your commitment.

M: I'm trying to do that right now. M

Rebecca at a Glance

Vital stats: Born in Berkeley, California, in 1972, to Dutch hippie-artist-toymaker dad and slightly more conventional mom. Will tie the knot with *Full House* star John Stamos later this year.

High-school diversion: Playing "Thumper," the gesture-based drinking game, with the boys: "The trick is to come up with a really dirty gesture—like grabbing your boob."

Current "Thumper" handicap: A strict bedtime— 8 P.M.—makes it tough to excel at boozy antics. Sex drive: Admittedly, high.

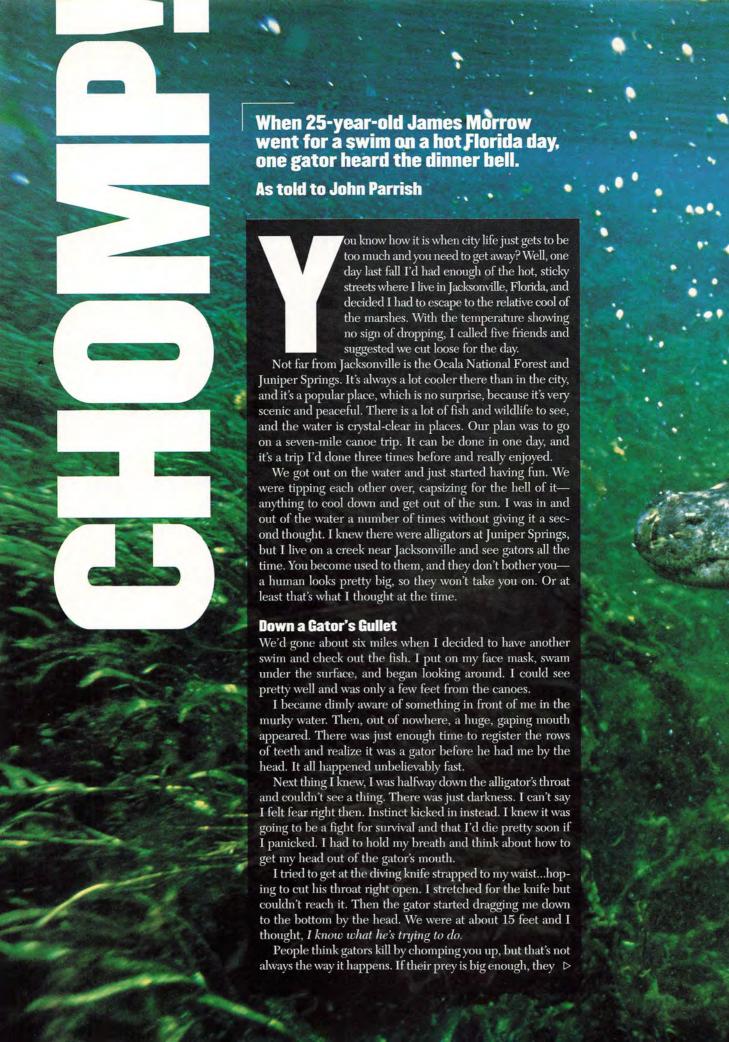
She's most often mistaken for: Brooke Shields. "People will come up to me and say, 'I love *Suddenly Susan*!'"

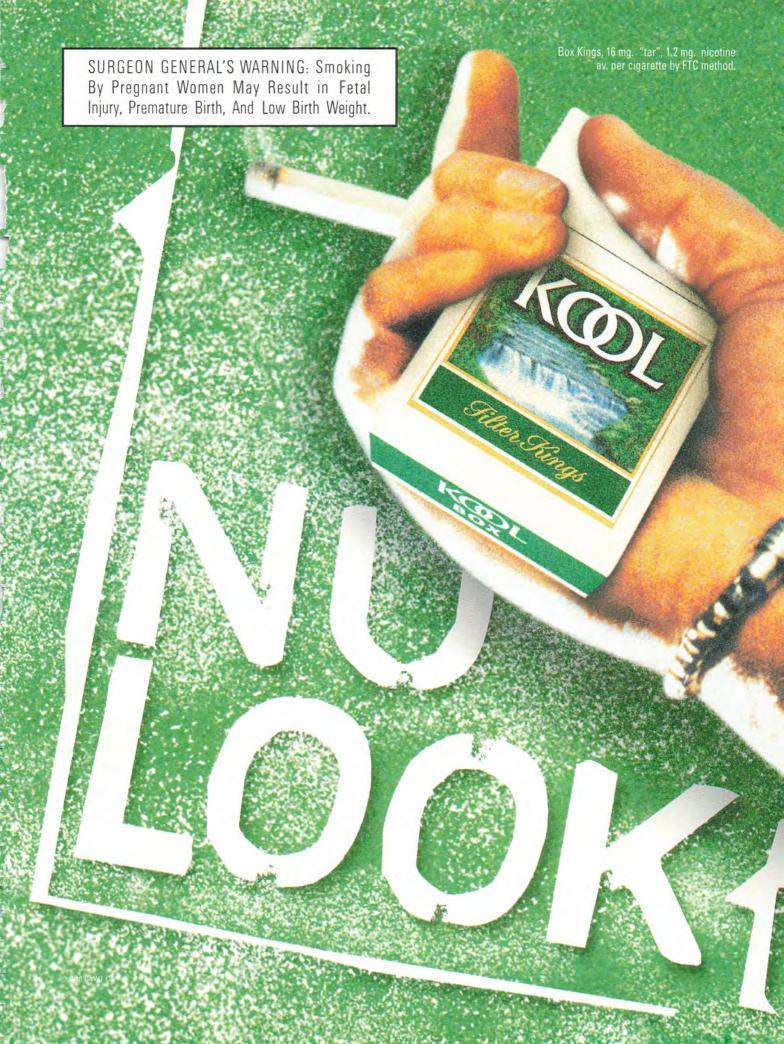
Cartoon character she most suspects is gay: Shaggy on *Scooby Doo*.

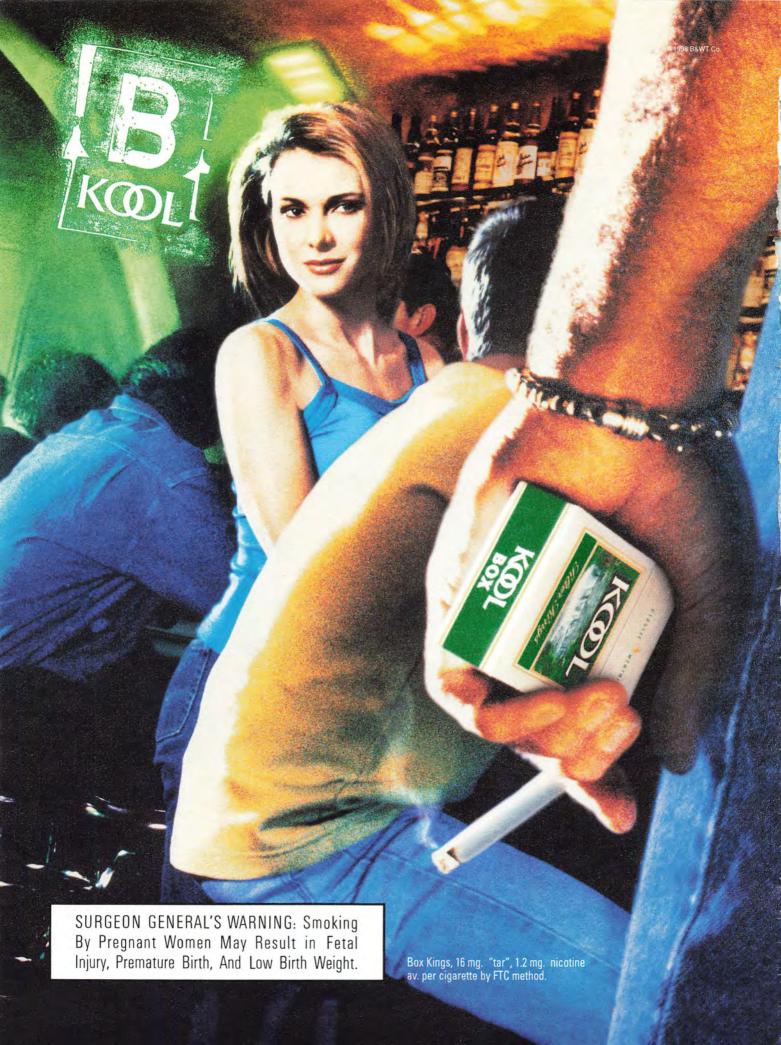
What she wants to do after she dies: Get crisped, then have her ashes baked in a chocolate fudge cake and served to her friends.



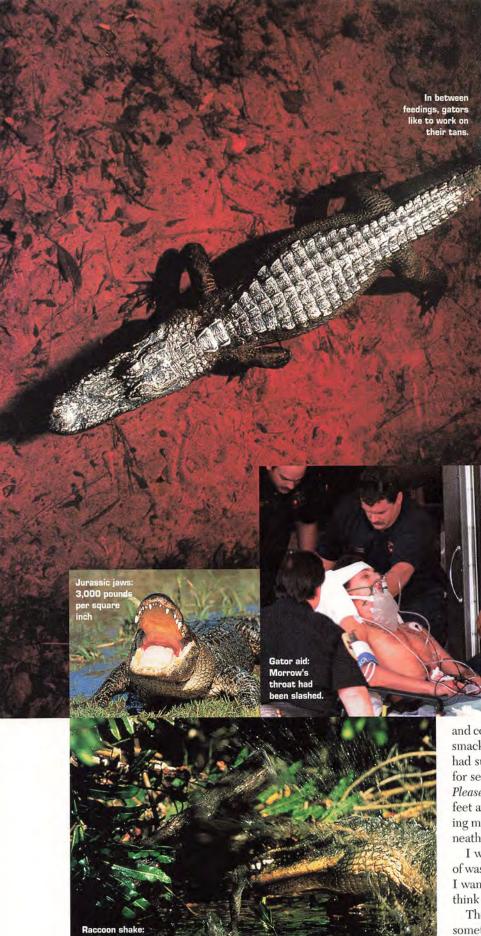












grab it and drag it down to the deep water until it drowns. And if they think other gators will be after their prize, they sometimes stick it under a log or something so they can come back later and tear chunks off.

I've been doing martial arts for about nine years, so I'm reasonably strong. I started to punch the gator in the throat. Underwater, though, it was like punching in slow motion—I never seemed to connect with any force.

My lungs were screaming. I didn't know whether it was from injuries or lack of oxygen, but I did know I only had a few seconds left. I couldn't hold my breath much longer. The gator started shaking me from side to side like a rag doll. I thought my head was going to come off in his mouth.

Worse still, I was worried he would start to roll. Gators roll over and over with their prey in their jaws. You drown pretty quickly as the battering forces the air out of your lungs and tears bits of flesh right off. I had to do something to make him let go before he got that idea.

I'd probably been underwater about 20 seconds by then, and could feel myself getting weaker. But, unbelievably, I wasn't that scared: All I could think was, *How am I going to get out of this?*

Drowning in My Own Blood

With my last reserves of strength, I started jabbing at the alligator's eyeballs with my thumbs. I kept at it because it's the only part of the gator's body that's soft. At first there was no effect, but after about 10 seconds he loosened his hold and then let go. I don't know whether he was just trying to get a better grip or I'd actually hurt him.

I didn't hang around to ask. As soon as he let go, I was out of there. I broke the surface

and could hear my friends in the boats screaming and smacking the water. Then I realized why. The gator had surfaced right behind me and was coming back for seconds. Holy shit, I thought, he's gonna get me. Please, not now, not after all that. He was only a few feet away, but the commotion my friends were making must have scared him, because he slipped underneath me and swam away.

I was dragged into a canoe, and all I could think of was how I'd left my favorite face mask in the water. I wanted to go back in and get it; I guess you don't think too straight when you're in a state of shock.

The guys were looking at me like I was a corpse or something, and I realized it must be bad. It was. The gator had ripped a gash in my throat. My windpipe was hanging out, and I was beginning to drown in my own blood. Seeing the fear on their faces really shook

rattle their prey

ALLIGATOR BITES

Who needs scary-ass gator myths when you've got these here scary-ass gator facts?

- The longest Florida alligator was killed in October 1997 and was just over 14 feet long. The heaviest Florida alligator was killed in April 1989 and weighed 1,040 pounds.
- With a swish of its tail, a gator can move extremely fast over a short distance in water.
- That same tail swing can break a man's leg.
- There have been 229 reported alligator attacks in Florida since 1948, nine of them fatal. Attacks peaked in the early '90s, probably because of increased urbanizing of the gator's habitat, with 18 attacks in 1991 and 22 in 1994.
- There were only six attacks in '96 and two in '97. Florida has instituted an aggressive Nuisance Alligator Program, educating people to call the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission when they see an alligator in, say, a lake on a golf course (at least one

golfer has been bitten while retrieving balls). If the gator is deemed a nuisance—i.e., displays a lack of fear of humans—the gator cops come and kill him.

■ Part of the commission's program is aimed at getting humans not to feed alligators: Feeding gators conditions them to associate people with noshing time. Even though a big gator's brain is only the size of a walnut, they learn to "beg" for food if they've

been fed by humans before. "Sometimes they react to the crumpling of potato chip bags," claims one Everglades Park ranger.

- Gators normally feed on fish, turtles, water birds, otters, snakes, rabbits, raccoons, cats—and small dogs. The latest human fatality was a three-year-old boy who was snatched by an 11-foot gator while playing by a Florida lake edge in March 1997. Rangers believe the gator was first attracted to the family's small, beagle-like dog, which was romping in the water next to the tot.
- Dogs suffer many more attacks than humans do.
- Big alligators take deer, hogs, and calves.
- Alligators will imitate logs to capture food, says LeRoy Overstreet, a nuisance-gator hunter who is quoted in the book *Alligators, Prehistoric Presence in the American Landscape,* by Martha Strawn. Overstreet, 72, says he's seen gators "lie up real close to the bank and imitate a log. A rabbit, coon, or some other animal will come to the bank and step on the 'log' to get a drink. The instant the animal steps off the gator's back, he explodes into action and catches the animal...I have never seen one miss."
- In 1967, alligators were put on the endangered species list, but it turned out they were actually thriving in remote areas. The reptiles bounced back quickly in other areas, and although they are still a protected species, there are estimated to be more than a million alligators in Florida today, enough to allow (strictly monitored) hunting seasons.

Hey! This sleeping bag has teeth!



me up. I started getting scared then, and for the first time I actually thought I might die.

I needed medical attention fast, but it was about a mile to where we'd left the car. That was the longest mile of my life—it took an hour and a half. My friends were rowing like maniacs while I lay in the canoe, feeling my lungs fill with blood, which I kept trying to cough up or blow out. For the last half-hour, I actually got up, pitched in, and rowed.

By the time they got me to the hospital, I was just hanging on. But the doctors did a good job of patching me up. I also had a punctured lung, and they couldn't believe that I hadn't been ripped to pieces.

Apparently only two of the alligator's teeth had penetrated my flesh. I remember noticing as the jaws came toward me that his teeth were quite far apart, so maybe I just went in between those gaps. No matter: I should have been dead. But I guess he didn't like being poked in the eye—although my friends reckon he tasted me and spat me out.

Fame and Sympathy Sex

There was a real big fuss about what happened. Some people wanted the gator killed, because they thought that since he'd tasted human blood, he'd be a maneater, which is a myth. Actually, gators have different The guys were looking at me like I was a corpse or something. personalities—some are more aggressive than others. This one obviously was not a pacifist. He was deemed a nuisance alligator by the authorities, and the day after the attack, he was hunted down and shot.

He came in just under 12 feet and weighed about 450 pounds, which is large for a gator. Strangely, I'm not sure how I feel about the hunters killing him. I mean, he was just doing what comes naturally. He probably saw me coming head-on and thought, Yeah, that's about the size of a deer, so he tried to eat me.

I haven't had any nightmares about it. Not yet, anyway. But then again, I haven't been back to Juniper Springs, either. I'm planning to—I know I've got to face it—but I'm not sure how I'll feel when I get there.

Being chewed on by a gator is pretty rare, so people wanted to talk to me. I'm not complaining. I certainly got some sympathy sex out of the story. I'm thinking of getting myself bitten by a shark next.

Although gators never bothered me before, I have to say they give me the creeps now—anything over six feet. But I get a little revenge thanks to my job. See, I'm a manager at Clark's Fish Camp Seafood

Restaurant here in Jacksonville, and we've got gator tail on the menu. When anyone orders some, it kind of makes me smile.



hen it comes to barroom mating dances, women have it so easy. We just sit there on a stool as if we're doing it a favor and wait for our obvious charms to goad some poor guy into a do-or-die effort to win our attention. And then, after he's gotten up enough nerve to cross the room, deliver an anxious opening line, and basically leave himself emotionally defenseless, we have the option of shooting him down as easily as German gunners picked off Gls at Normandy.

Yes...we have the advantage. But what you may not realize is that we don't want the sun to rise on a beach littered with bodies any more than you want to be shot down in your prime. Women are out for the exact same reason you are: to meet people, especially people of the opposite sex. So why do we seem so picky, so arbitrarily selective?

Because we're being careful.

"When a woman goes out, even if she's with some gal pals, she probably feels vulnerable," says Sharyn Wolf, CSW, author of *Guerrilla Dating Tactics* (Plume, 1994). You're a stranger, and there is only one thing that we know about you for sure: You're packing more l-can-have-my-way-with-you-if-l-want muscle than we are. "It's up to the man to show that he's an OK guy, that she's safe hanging out with him," says Wolf. So, you've got to communicate that you haven't just crawled out from under some rock and plan on dragging her by the hair back to said rock.

Of course, once you've established that you're not a serial killer, you do have to distinguish yourself from the other non-serial killers. To give you some pointers on how to both put her at ease and separate yourself from the pack, *Maxim* has gone to the trouble of approaching a slew of women for you. They, plus some experts who actually earned degrees in barroom behavior (technically, it's called psychology), can tell you how to ease your way into a woman's good graces and leave the bar with either her, or her number, in your pocket.

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM

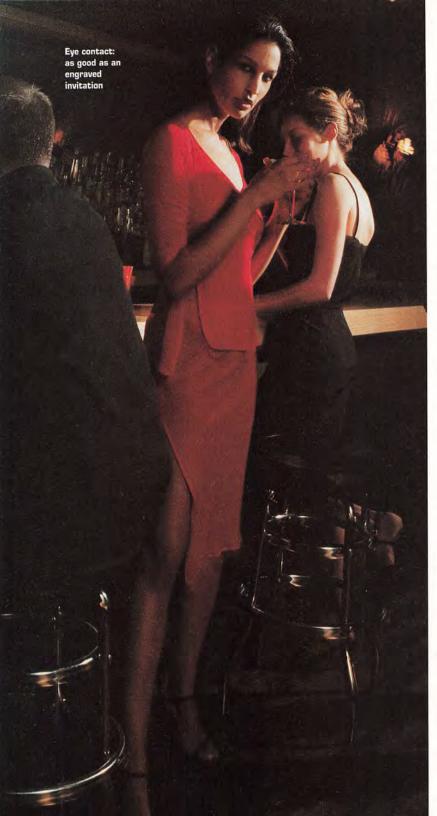
"Guys should know that women check men out in a bar just as much as men check out women," says Gwen, 25, a Michigan bartender who speaks from both personal and professional experience. "By the time you're approaching her, she's probably already caught your act." She's watched you interact with your friends, watched how you treat the waitresses, and even noted which songs you chose to play on the jukebox. In other words, she's formed an opinion about you way before you've even gotten up the nerve to walk over and open your fool mouth.

Does this mean that you should tell your jokes loud enough so that everyone in the entire bar—especially the good-looking ones—knows how damn witty you are? No.





MY NUMBER"



"Women are good at seeing through a guy who is boastful, puffs himself up, or tries to artificially inflate his status," says David Buss, Ph.D., an evolutionary-psychology professor at the University of Texas, Austin. But if you're cracking up your friends and the bartender in a quiet and casual way, you'll notice women will start to drift over. They want to see for themselves what's so funny and charismatic about you. And they'll move closer in the hope that you'll start to shine some of that charisma on them. "If a guy has the respect of other people, if he's well regarded, if he can make them laugh, it adds to his prestige and power," explains Buss. "Status is a big factor for women."

Other covert intelligence she gathers in a glance:

"The guy I'll go for is the one who gets his friends a beer—it shows he treats others well and isn't selfish. Or if a stool opens up and the bar is really crowded, he won't just grab it—he'll offer it to someone else first before putting his butt right on it."

—Carrie, 25, San Luis Obispo, Calif.

"Nothing turns me off like some cocksure asshole standing with his arms crossed, surveying the scene. I prefer the opposite. The other night, there was this guy sort of staring into his beer like he was trying really hard to find something interesting in the foam patterns. When the bartender came over, they'd laugh and talk a little, but then he'd go back to his glass. I thought it was cute—he obviously wasn't some player. I could tell it was hard for him to come over and talk to me, so when he finally did, I was kind of rooting for him."

-Missy, 28, Fort Worth

"I look to see that his guy friends are not total losers. If they are, then my friends are going to get stuck talking to them. Also, I think some guys purposely hang out with unattractive friends so they look like studs by comparison. It works against them—even if a guy is the best-looking one of the bunch, it just makes me think he's the Head Nerd."

-Danielle, 24, New Orleans

"Guys think women can't tell that they're out there scamming, but we can. If they check out other chicks, elbow each other, and make comments, yick. It makes me think they'll talk about how big my butt is as soon as I walk away."

-Jennifer, 26, Pittsburgh

"I always watch to see if a guy tips the bartender. He shouldn't whip out a big wad of cash and peel off a twenty in an obvious way, but I used to work as a waitress, so I like a guy who treats people behind the counter well. And never get into an argument with the bartender, or anyone else, for that matter."

—Terri, 34, Boston

THE OPENING SALVO

Here's some great news. The opening line as a means of making the first move has gone the way of the Long Island lced Tea. "The perfect opening line to me is, you stick out your hand and say, 'Hi, I'm Joe Schmo or whatever, and I really wanted to meet you,'" says Karen, 34. "It shows that you're an honest, confident person who's not going to play a lot of games."

Any other approach, such as asking "Do you have an extra cigarette," or "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place

like this?" is going to feel like a cheesy pickup line, explains Bryan Redfield, exbartender and author of *A Bartender's Guide on How to Pick Up Women* (Bryan Redfield, 1995; 800-790-0080). Redfield, who poured drinks in LA for 14 years, has formulated (and published) a technique based on observing thousands of people hook up. The most important thing for a man to know, he says, is that





"You'd be amazed how many guys go on about their jobs without asking what I do."

you never approach a woman cold. "You establish eye contact, hold it for a second, then smile," he instructs. "Not a macho, come-on smile, just a nice, warm smile." If you can't even establish eye contact with a woman, you're wasting your time. Remember, she's been scoping the room, and if she wants to engage your gaze, she will. "If the woman can't or won't smile back, even if you've caught her eye, this is another red light," continues Redfield. But if she smiles back, and especially if she's even more encouraging, for example, she makes room for you to sit down, moves to a neutral territory, or—bingo!—comes over, that's when you introduce yourself.

Be careful, however, that while you're exchanging names you're not invading her critical physical space which is probably smaller than yours. "If you're crowding her," says Sharyn Wolf, "you'll know because she'll step back, or her eyes will start darting around the room." (Yes, sort of like a caged animal.) Keep a decent distance.

More first-move intelligence:

"If a guy asks me to play darts or pool, it's much more comfortable than just trying to make conversation. There's a diversionary factor. When the small talk breaks down, there's always the 'Nice shot!' to carry you through."

-Alexis, 24, Columbus, Ohio

"Guys really need to know about the magic of the strategic delay. If a woman smiles at you, don't come running over. Smile back, then continue whatever you were doing. However, watch her drink. When she's about to order another, come over, introduce yourself, and ask if you can buy her a refill."

—Cameron, 26, Los Angeles

"Gallantry always works well. If I'm at a bar and I can't get the attention of the bartender, offering to order for me when you get him is a good move. But when I hand you the money to pay the bartender, take it. You've already been inadvertently polite. Insist on paying for the drink too and you become more obviously on the make."

-Connie, 30, Seattle

"If a guy I've been eyeing is trying to mush by me in a crowded bar, and he sort of smiles apologetically and says 'excuse me' but keeps going, that's very cool. By the time he needs to squeeze back through the other way,

I feel like I know him already, so if he talks to me, it feels a bit more natural."

—Jennie, 33, Santa Fe, N.M.

"I like when a guy buys me a drink via the bartender, especially if we've already exchanged smiles. If I am interested in meeting him, I appreciate his approaching me with a gesture. When I take the drink and raise it to him, he should nod back with a humble smile—not like 'Right back at ya, baby.' In a bar, aggressive moves should be capped with

THE GREEN LIGHTS

You've got a nibble if you see any of these indications of interest. Mind your manners and she'll be hooked.

You're in if she's

- She asks you to act like her boyfriend to avoid a jerk. This is the ultimate sign that she could envision you in that role. She's placed you above the "jerk pool." Play it cool and have some fun with it.
- She compliments you on virtually anything. Women are used to receiving compliments, not giving them. So if she points out a positive characteristic, you've impressed her.
- She's disagreeing but laughing. Flirtatious sarcasm, as in "Yeah, right, like I believe that!" means she's into you. If she weren't, she'd simply "Uh-huh" you into oblivion.
- She keeps asking you to repeat yourself. She's not allowing the blasting music to come between the two of you. A suggestion of a quieter corner to talk in will be well received.
- She laughs at your lame junior high school-level jokes. She's obviously lust=drunk. Or maybe just drunk.
- She touches you anywhere. Touch her back in the equivalent place, and let her up the ante, just in case her touch was an accidental slip of the hand.

■ She stays put. If you run to drain the monster and she's still where you left her when you

return, you're doing something right. Likewise if she comes back to you after she powders her nose.

- She doesn't flinch. If you reach across her to grab a drink or an ashtray and she doesn't pull back, she's feeling physically comfortable with you. Don't blow it, pal.
- She says, "Hey, where ya goin'?" as you leave the bar. She's angling for an invite. Even if she ultimately says no (she may not feel safe going off with you or may not want to ditch her friends) it's a sign she's game for a future hookup.



self-effacing moves. Later on, I'll go thank him or he can swing by—but he shouldn't descend on me immediately if I accept a drink. Give it some time. And by the way, he shouldn't buy more than one woman drinks to try and up his odds.

We're all watching."

—Andrea, 30. Los Angeles

"It's not a good idea to ask a woman to dance as the opening shot. You can't carry on a decent first conversation bobbing up and down and shouting over the music. It's terribly awkward. You feel like a dorky

seventh grader." —Maryann, 23, Chicago

"Complaining or saving anything negative is kind of a turn-off. Some ▷

95

SHE IS WHAT SHE SIPS

We asked seven New York City bartenders* if they could nail a woman's personality based on what she knocks back. Though interviewed separately, they concurred on almost all counts. Cheers to scientific inquiry! By Alexis Phillips



Drink	Personality	Your Approach
Beer	Casual, low- maintenance, down to earth	Challenge her to a game of pool, or a pissing contest
Blender drinks (frozen margaritas, daiquiris)	Flaky, annoying, a pain in the ass	Avoid her, unless you want to be her cabin boy
Mixed drinks	Older, has picky taste, knows what she wants	You won't have to approach her. She'll send you a drink
Wine	Conservative and classy, sophisticated	Tell her you wish Reagan had had four more years— Alzheimer's and term limits be damned
Shots	Hanging with frat-boy pals, or looking to get drunkand naked	Easiest hit in the joint. Nothing to do but wait

guys seem to think if they say that something sucks—the vodka, the music, the crowd—it shows they have an intelligent and critical eye. It just shows me that he's a grump."—Wendy, 27, Toronto

"One guy just walked up and said, 'Do you know any good opening lines?' It was so cool, because it acknowledged the awkwardness of the whole thing."

—Raisa, 27, Austin, Tex.

THE CRUCIAL FIRST CONVERSATION

The key here is balance: Don't ramble on like a bore. Even if you're the first inner city Native American midget to play in the Super Bowl, she doesn't want you to slap that information on the bar like a freshly caught fish—though she *does* want to know that you're gainfully employed. The solution: Ask her what she does. She'll be flattered that you asked ("You'd be amazed by how many guys go on about their jobs without asking what I do," explains Rachel, 30, an environmental consultant in Washington, DC). And then she'll turn around and ask you what you do.

If, due to nervousness, your tendency is to keep asking questions as a means of engagement, relax. Says Wolf, "Pepper her with questions without offering up information, and she'll start to withdraw."

You'll be coming off like a stalker because you have tons of info on her and she knows nothing about you. Give her time to ask you questions—don't worry about the awkward silences. She understands that these early conversations always have gaps in them. "And give enough information that grounds you in the neighborhood—you play in a local softball league, you volunteer somewhere—so she knows you're not some drifter," says Wolf. You also might want to work in that you're single, but be somewhat clever. For example, if she asks you where you live, say, "My goldfish and I live in the Nevsky Projects." And if you've got kids, she probably wants to know that early on too. Wouldn't you?

If she doesn't respond to your queries with parallel questions, move on. "How well a man reads the verbal and nonverbal signs is hugely important," says Gayle Beck, Ph.D., a clinical psychologist specializing in human sexuality at the State University of New York at Buffalo. If her jaw's locked up tighter than a tetanus victim's, if she crosses her arms or turns away from you, if she seems uncomfortable in any way, abort the mission, or at least move slower.

More on chatting her up:

"It makes me uncomfortable if a guy comments on my body in any way, as in 'You look really good in that skirt.' That's way too familiar for just meeting someone. It's too obvious that you're trying to pick me up." —Karen, 27, St. Paul

"When John first approached me, he was clearly nervous. He just sort of blurted out that he had a dog and a roommate who was a guy who he was not sleeping with. And that he wasn't sleeping with the dog, either. Oh, and that he didn't have a girlfriend. It was clumsy, but it was very sweet, and his honesty was endearing. I loved it."

—Sarah, 29, Madison, Wis.

"Whatever you do, check out my breasts and butt before you come over. If I see your eyes go below my necklace once while we're talking, you're out."

-Nancy, 28, New York City

"I've heard a lot of guys make the mistake of trying to flatter a woman by comparing her to a celeb, as in 'Did anyone ever tell you that you look just like Fiona Apple?' Well, that's taking a big chance that the woman thinks Fiona Apple is way prettier than she is, and



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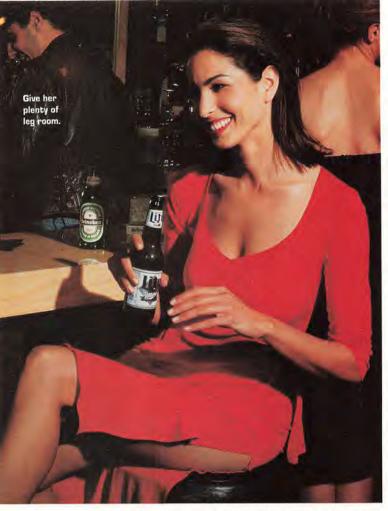
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that she likes Fiona Apple. Maybe for some reason she really hates Fiona Apple. Then you're screwed."

—Anita, 26, New Orleans

"Making me laugh is key, but don't launch into stand-up. Let me make you laugh some, or I'm going to extrapolate that everything is about you, and you'll be that way in bed, too."

—Amy, 30, Toronto

"Rick wasn't that good looking—he was short and stocky and losing his hair. But when he came up to me and started talking, he was hilarious, and jokingly self-deprecating in a way that showed me he didn't really care that he wasn't Tom Cruise, that he had a sense of humor about himself. His confidence completely won me over and I went home with him that night."

—Mirelle, 33, New York City

"If a guy is looking around the room, there's no way I'm going home with him. No girl will. Even if I'm not your dream girl, talk to me while we're together, then excuse yourself."

—Melissa, 30, Miami

"In a crowded bar, if people are walking by and pushing you, there's a way a guy can put his arm around you—not actually touching you, but behind your back so he's sort of keeping you from getting shoved. A man doesn't need to pick a fight with some guy who accidentally steps on my toes, but it's nice if he's protective."

-Kris, 27, Los Angeles

"I like to see a guy who's passionate about something, like politics or music or anything. If he gets excited when he talks, that's hot."

—Simone, 33, Providence

"I love it when a guy sort of mirrors my physical behavior, like when I'm sitting across from him and I lean in to say something, I like him to lean in. If I'm talking really fast, and he can keep up with me, it makes me feel like we're in the same place. If I'm being a little frenetic and he's slow and relaxed and laid-back, I feel really far away."

-Carlie, 30, Salt Lake City

AS YOU MAKE YOUR SMOOTH EXIT

So the conversation has flowed as easily as the alcohol now flowing through your veins. And damn if this woman isn't getting prettier as closing time approaches. Many men, desperate to close the deal, blow it in this last, crucial interaction. Now's not the time to push, even if this may be the last time you'll see her. In fact, being the master of chill at this juncture will have the desired effect: You'll either leave with her 411, or with her willing form. "Clearly, declaring your undying love or at least your undeniable lust right away would be an ineffective deployment of mating strategies," says Buss, who has studied sex strategies of more than 10,000 humans in 37 cultures around the world for his book, The Evolution of Desire: Strategies of Human Mating (Basic, 1995). The same goes for being physical if you're not absolutely positive it's welcome, or even being too insistent about setting up a definite date to see her in the future-you come off as desperate or pushy. "Effective moves involve more subtlety," concludes Buss.

Your best closing-time remarks:

"If all of a guy's friends are leaving and he stays behind to talk to you, there's suddenly a lot of pressure on. He should always leave with his friends. He can simply say he doesn't want to ditch them, then ask if he can call me. He comes off like a good pal and not just someone on the make."

—Diana, 24, New York City

"The best thing he can do is try to make a date off of our common interests. If we were talking about golf, 'We should go to a driving range sometime' is a great thing to say. It's not like the pressure of a date, more like you're sports companions. If I want to see you, I'll pick up on your invite."

—Phoebe, 32, Westport, Conn.

"A guy I talked to for a half hour in a bar actually kissed me good-bye! It was only on the cheek, but it totally skeeved me out. I didn't know if he thought he was giving me a taste of things to come or what, but it was too forward. I had already given him my number, but I never called him back."

—Eve, 24, College Park, Pa.

"Politeness is always a good thing. A simple handshake and 'lenjoyed meeting you, I'd love to talk to you again,' with a suggestion of a specific exhibition or a show to see is great. That would make me feel like a guy has it together."

—Aimee, 26, Berkeley, Calif.

"If you're inviting her to do something in the future, even if vaguely, it's best not to make it another bar or, even worse, the same bar you're presently in. You seem like you have nothing going on but drinking."

—Wendy, 28, Darien, Conn.

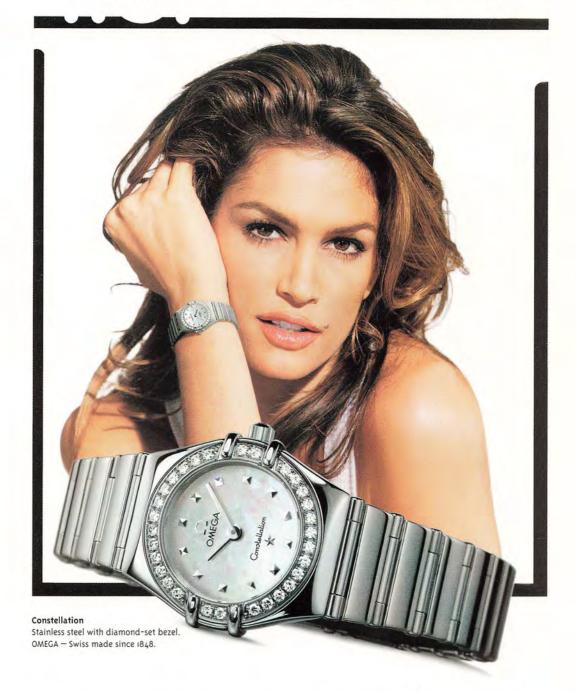
"I used to give out my number, but there are so many damn freaks out there that if I like a guy, I'll ask for his number. The coolest thing is if a guy offers me his number. It shows he's not afraid I'll leave him sitting by the phone—he doesn't need to be the one in total control, and that shows confidence. Sexy."

—Marnie, 24, Detroit

"Even if I'm really into a guy, he loses nothing by leaving without trying to take me home. This is how he should play it with a woman. He should say, 'It's getting late, do you want to go someplace for a nightcap?' If she declines, ask for her number; if she says she doesn't give her number out, volunteer yours. Then say good night and hope she calls. If I'm into a guy and want to be with him that night, I won't let him go home alone. If I like him and want to see him again, one of us will have the other's numbers. We won't lose touch."

-Catherine, 31, Austin, Tex. M

Cindy Crawford's Choice



Omega -- my chrise Cing Cungal

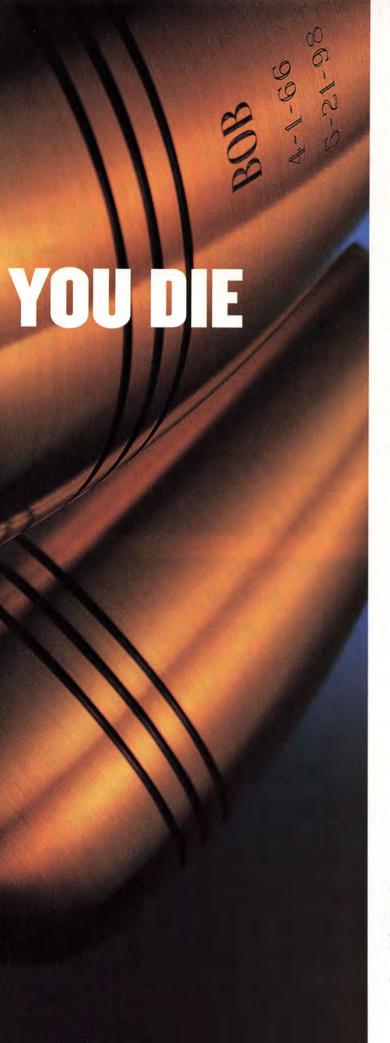


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W

hen it comes to being dead, too often it's a been-there done-that situation.

The standard approach has you laid out in some frilly Martha Stewart rig with formaldehyde in your veins and a dragqueen makeup job. Then they plant you beneath a granite marker that costs as

much as a good used pickup truck and tells less about you than your high school yearbook did. Talk about getting stiffed.

Cremation isn't much better. Either your ashes are stuffed into an urn that looks like a B-league bowling trophy, or your buddies spread you around the back nine and your mortal remains spend eternity getting run over by fat guys in golf carts.

Look, just because you're dead, it doesn't mean you can't express yourself. But this requires taking action *before* rigor mortis sets in. Plenty of people out there have worked out the logistics and are ready to help you get creative. But it's up to you to pick a death style that fits your lifestyle.

For the Sportsman/Outdoor Guy

It started with a father-son heart-to-heart in the family ballistics lab in lowa. A long-time hunter and carver of duck decoys, Jay Knudsen, Sr., had been in a bad car wreck several weeks earlier, but he had pulled through.

Pointing to some of his father's handiwork lying around, Jay Jr. said, "If you hadn't been so lucky in that accident, I could have taken this here duck decoy, hollowed it out, put your ashes in there, and taken you hunting for the rest of my life." Jay Sr., nicknamed "Canuck" for his love of hunting in Canada, did not miss a beat: "You also could have loaded me into these shotgun shells."

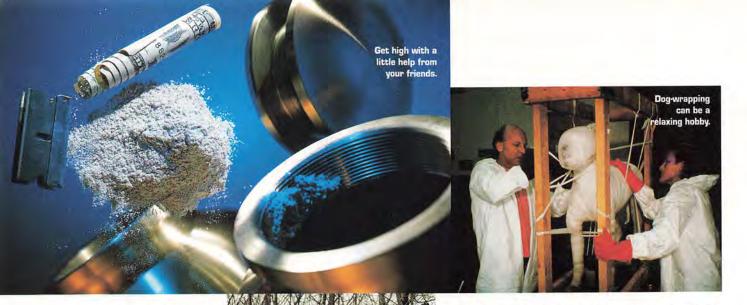
Thus was born Canuck's Sportsman's Memorial, a service that will usher you into the happy hunting ground by liberally firing your ashes (mixed with buckshot) at the wildlife of your choice. So far the elder Knudsen has blasted the ashes of dozens of hunters at game ranging from pheasants to geese to deer.

The price of your parting shot can vary: At one widow's request, Knudsen loaded 20 to 25 rounds with the residue of her departed husband, hired a plane to the Saskatchewan wilds, and bagged a black bear that he presented to his client as a rug. The bill: \$7,000. But that's no more expensive than many funerals, including ones that don't require a bush guide and a nonresident hunting license.

A little pricey for you? For a mere hundred bucks, Knudsen will load your ashes into a few shells and shoot them at frisky squirrels and adorable bunny rabbits. So far the Sportsman's Memorial has turned down only one request: that of a widow who found out her late husband had been cheating on her and wanted to pull the trigger herself. That posed an insurance problem.

You're not a hunter? No problem: Knudsen and son have loaded the remnants of the athletic departed into hockey sticks, bowling balls, and even the shaft of a widow's putter. In particular, he recalls a basketball, ceremonially filled and sealed: "You could inflate it, but you couldn't use it. It sat in his brother's china closet with a light on it."

Photographs, Satoshi (um



As for his own postmortem projectiles, Knudsen says, "I've got it all written down: the gauge, the gun, the shot charge, the bear load, the deer load. But one thing's for sure. I'm going to go on a lot of hunting trips when my days are over."

Info: P.O. Box 4052 Des Moines, IA 50333 (515) 244-8631

For the Body-Obsessed Guy

You eat right, work out, floss. Then you die, and the bacteria in your guts turn you into a stinking, gas-bloated, liquefied sack of gravy. You might as well have spent your life in a La-Z-Boy stuffing down microwavable pizza bagels.

But it doesn't have to be that way. For about \$100,000, Summum, a Salt Lake City company, offers full mummification...buffering your buffed bod for all time so that in 100,000 years, some hot archaeologist babe can laser open your mausoleum and sigh, "What a stud!"

This is not Egyptian-style mummification. Those guys were preserved by being salted and made into human jerky, says Summum Bonum Amon Ra, a mortician who developed the modern techniques.

Sure, the nearly 137 people who have formally signed up for Summum's preservation treatment will get the King Tut treatment in some respects: All their organs (except their brains) will be removed, thoroughly cleaned, soaked in state-of-the-art preservative, and returned to their bodies. Some will also get a moisturizing skin treatment and the traditional seven-layer wrap of spice-scented gauze: "The myrrh is definitely included," says Amon Ra.

But the modern difference is a saturating soak, up to six months long, in a vat of special, pH-balanced preservative. It keeps bodies intact right down to the cellular level, Amon Ra proudly claims.

While no humans have been commercially mummified yet, Summum has done more than 100 pets, including his own dog, Sasha, who came out good as new: "You know how when you rub a dog, you can move the skin around? And this is after a year."

The next step is a full-body cast of polyurethane and fiber-

"We can put more information in a gravestone than the Egyptians had on their pyramids."

Viewlogy's "terminal"

tombstone



glass. Nowadays, Sasha stands on her own four legs in Amon Ra's house—"She looks like she used to, only she's in fiberglass"—while he saves money for her dog-shaped bronze mummiform.

It's that impervious bronze that can run up the price of mummification to petrifying proportions. Mummiforms start at around 30 grand, but Amon Ra takes the long view: "If you disinter one of these mummies a million years from now, as long as the bronze hasn't been cut open, it will be absolutely perfect." And if you think about it, \$30,000 divided by a million comes to about 3¢ per year. Whatta bargain! Info: www.summum.org/mummification/ or (801) 355-0137

For the High-Tech Guy

After you've permanently logged off, you could maintain a memorial Web site. But hyperlinks don't last. Do you really want your great-great-grandchildren to click on your name and get "Error 404: File Not Found"?

Luckily, a guy named Deac Manross has come up with Viewlogy. Sealed against the elements, this four-by-six-inch screen, embedded in your tombstone, can display up to 256 pages of pictures and text.

Skip the pithy epitaphs. Now you can tell your whole life story, or just moon anyone who lifts the decorative bronze-colored cover, thus tripping a magnetic switch and setting the electronic scrapbook in motion. (It shuts off after two hours to save the batteries and because, by then, even your next of kin will have either dozed off, moved on, or died themselves.)

"We can put more information in a gravestone than the

Egyptians had on their pyramids," Manross claims of the megabyte stored on each Viewlogy ROM chip.

Viewlogy is definitely designed for the long run. Not only can its etched silicon survive anything short of a "direct nuclear hit," Manross says, the Lexan cover on its display "could take a bullet if it had to." So go ahead, mock your enemies from the grave with impunity.

The only drawback to these high-tech tombstones is that they don't provide sound. Manross had initially considered it. "But $\, \triangleright \,$

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KICK-ASH WAYS TO GO

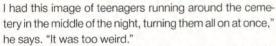
These people didn't take death lying down.

- After Woody Guthrie's death, his family attempted to scatter his ashes in the water off Coney Island. Unfortunately, the metal urn wouldn't open—even after it was punctured with a beer-can opener— so his son Arlo simply hurled it into the ocean.
- Former Marvel Comics editor Mark Gruenwald had his ashes mixed with the ink used to print Marvel's Squadron Supreme, a compilation of the original 12 issues in the series of the same name.
- Glenn Dorenbush, a notorious San Francisco barfly, wanted most of his ashes flushed down the toilets of his favorite haunts. Despite a California law restricting ash-scattering down the can, his drinking buddies complied.
- One of the Yankees' most devoted fans, Betty Fein, had her ashes sprinkled around home plate at Yankee Stadium in 1996. Now she can truly live up to her nickname, The Angel of the Infield.
- Mark Romashko, or "Rashko," the former president of the Citrus County Rebel Biker

Club, had his ashes inserted into one of his Harleys' dual gas tanks. His wife, who died within a year, had hoped to have her ashes placed in the other tank, but her family refused to comply with her wishes.

■ And of course there's the tale of a certain Hollywood someone-or-other whose friends had him cremated and then snorted him. Urban legend? Or has the war on drugs made cocaine a lot more scarce than anyone realized?

-Deirdre O'Scannlain



Info: www.leif.com/ or P.O. Box 235, Lebanon, OH 45036 (888) 534-3832

For the Star-Trek Guy

When Carolyn Porco read that Eugene Shoemaker had been cremated, she realized that this was finally his chance to go to the moon.

Shoemaker was a major star in planetary geology, a man whose groundbreaking research on craters revealed the world-shaping impact of celestial collisions. He and his wife, together and with others, discovered more comets and asteroids than anyone else in history; one of their best-known was Shoemaker-Levy 9, which hit Jupiter in 1994 with the force of 10 million H-bombs.

Shoemaker trained the Apollo astronauts in the lunar geology he'd mapped by telescope, but health problems

always kept him earthbound. Before his death last summer (in a car crash while he was investigating craters in the Australian outback), he said, "Not going to the moon and banging on it with my hammer has been the biggest disappointment of my life."

Within 10 days of his death, Porco, Shoemaker's former student and colleague, had unofficial approval from NASA bigwigs to place his ashes in the Lunar Prospector, a vehicle for a new moon-mapping mission.

The spacecraft was launched in January. When its fuel runs out in a year or so, it will crash like a minor meteor into the moon. "That's kind of apropos, too," says Porco. "Gene is going to turn into a crater."

OK, it may be too late for you to become a spacescience legend, but you can still leave the planet after setting your parking brake for the last time—or at least seven grams of you can.

Houston-based Celestis Corp. didn't come up with the idea of sending people's remains into orbit, it just figured out an affordable way to pull it off, says company president Chan Tysor. The \$4,800 charge matches the average price of a terrestrial U.S. funeral.

Celestis buys excess capacity from Orbital Sciences, a company that launches commercial satellites. If one of Orbital's rockets can launch 700 pounds into orbit but its satellites weigh in at 695 pounds, the five pounds left over can carry the dreams of a generation that grew up on *Star Trek* and one-with-the-universe grooviness.

Indeed, Celestis' inaugural launch in April 1997 carried the ashes of 24 people, each in their own lipstick-size container, including one that held several smidgens of *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry and another housing a few tablespoons of Timothy Leary, famed professor of mindexpanding far-outness.

Leary, who chose a Celestis flight before dying, was especially taken by the orbit's end: After three or four years, the modules reenter the atmosphere, "blazing like a shooting star," according to the company.

But it's not just the famous and well-connected who are

going into orbit via Celestis. A February launch included the remains

of 15-year-old Dutch Trekkie Danny van der Hoek, whose family raised the memorial money through a Website plea. The site now offers hourly updates on "Danny's position" and

gives coordinates for finding his satellite/urn in the night sky.

Celestis has powdered portions of another five people that are scheduled to be launched later this year, but there is room for as many as a thousand.

Info: http://www.celestis.com or (800) ORBIT-11 ■



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Some people like Mount Gay on the rocks. Others prefer it with a splash.



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These girls have more important things to do than sprawl invitingly on messy beds... like conquer Hollywood, for starters.

By Andrew Lee



e Than Models

There are worse things in life than prowling a Parisian catwalk to the tune of \$10,000 a day. But it can get so-o-o darned frustrating when you've got real talent to show the world and all it wants to see is how you look in five-inch heels and a three-inch negligee. (Sigh!) What's a well-built beauty to do?

Movies. Or television. And thank God for that. With more and more models making the transition from slightly-warmer-than-room-temperature mannequins to living, breathing starlets, it can only mean one thing for us: *We can see these here gals on the tee-vee.* Yee-e-e-haa! ▷



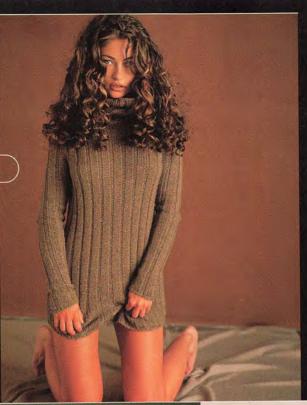
REBECCA GAYHEART

As a model: As Noxzema girl, portrays sexy, wholesome teen.

As an actress: Plays sexy, notso-wholesome sorority babe in Scream 2.

But she ain't Loretta Lynn: The daughter of a Kentucky coal miner, she flees home at 15 to avoid the fate of her siblings—who were married at 16.

Coming soon: Due to give blood in the prequel to vampire flick From Dusk till Dawn.

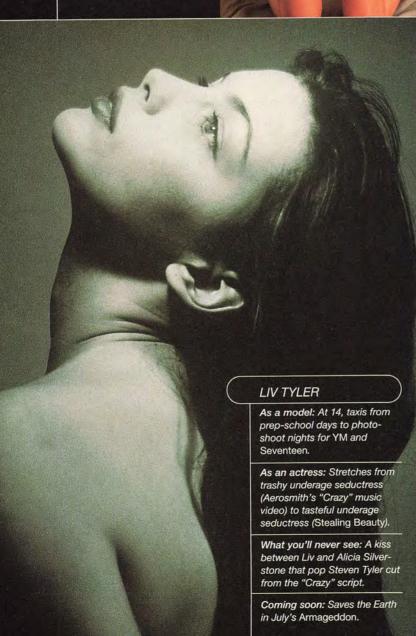


VENDELA THOMMESSEN

As a model: Though once a pizza-faced pubescent, averages a million or two a year as cosmetics contract queen.

As an actress: Redefines boob tube with parts on The Larry Sanders Show and Murphy Brown; heats up Batman & Robin as Ah-nold's wife, Mrs. Freeze.

Also works in pencil and ink: Provides voice for animated Vendela on Cartoon Network series Johnny Bravo.





Photographs, first spread, Chris Kolk/Outline (Charlize Theron), Lance Staedler (Rebecca Romijn), stylist, Karen Shapiro, hair, Robert Steinken for Celestine, makeur, Ulli for Celestine, dress, Gianfranco Ferre. Illustration, Stewart Patterson.

This spread, Stephen Danelian/Outline (Rebecca Gayheart), D. Croland/Gamma Liaison (Liv Tyler), Kate Gamer/Visages (Vendela), Michael O'Neil/Outline (Tyra Banks).

Next spread, Frederic Meylan/Sygma (Ines Sastre), Studio Roux/M.P.A./Gamma Liaison (Emmanuelle Béart), Richard Reinsdorf/Winston West (Frederique), stylist, Todd Hallman; hair, Will Carillo for Cloutier, makeup, Lori Matsushimo for Cloutier





EMMANUELLE BÉART

As a model: Lends sexy bedroom eyes to Christian Dior beauty ads (is nearly dropped when she reveals ballsy political-activist side).

As an actress: In France, earns accolades with a stirring, intuitive performance in Manon of the Spring—here, plays hot chick in Mission: Impossible.

Get your remote: Appears naked in long stretches of boring, four-hourlong French flick La Belle Noiseuse.

Coming soon: If you want to catch her latest movie, Don Juan, you'll need to hop a Concorde to Paris. So far the French are hogging it.







SHOOT THE WORKS

The *Maxim* guide to putting on the best damn

ife doesn't get much better than a great big mother of a fireworks display complete with aerial bursts the size of New Jersey malls and quarterstick explosions loud enough to shake loose the worst case of constipation. In fact, the

Fourth of July has got to be about the best holiday on the calendar, for two simple reasons. First, Hallmark hasn't stunk it up to high hell. And second, any day that patriotism can be used as a plausible excuse to torch a metric shitload of black powder is a very good day.

There's just one problem. If you're anything like me, you want to be the one doing the torching.

While professional firework shows certainly elicit "ooohs" and "ahhhs" unmatched by small

backyard displays, they lack that do-it-yourself element that any man likes to look for where high explosives are concerned. (Plus, you should never be caught saying things like "oooh" and "ahhh" in public.) And personally, I've got to say that my most satisfying Fourth of July parties have been the ones where I was packing a carton or two of my own flammables. Nothing beats the semidrunken admiration of your friends as you run around the yard risking fingers to put on a first-rate show.

Of course, nothing's worse than having all your friends gather round in anticipation, only to watch as the piece you're firing turns out to be a glorified birthday cake sparkler. (It's amazing how beer sharpens people's sense of sarcasm.) Over the years, I've had both kinds of experiences, namely because there are over a thousand different consumer fireworks pieces to choose from, and it's real



Fourth of July backyard fireworks show your drunken buddies have ever passed out to. By Mark Golin



tough to tell by looking at the packaging whether you're buying aerial Armageddon or a baby fart.

With only a few shopping weeks left until the Fourth, this can be a real problem. Luckily, I found a man who is quite possibly an even bigger pyro than myself. His name is Bob Weaver, and what this fool for fire has done is light off just about every piece of consumer fireworks he could find. Hundreds of them. Thousands of them. Then he wrote a little book called *Fireworks for Everyone: The Buyer's Guide to Consumer Fireworks* (\$12.95, 619-284-3784), in which he rates them.

It's changed my life. Now my backyard displays are so impressive that women adore me, men admire me, my boss gave me a raise, and I was just offered the ambassadorship to China.

So...without further ado, here's a little shopping list courtesy of Bob and *Maxim*.

SCORING THE WORKS

Once upon a time, when people cared more about having fun than maintaining the same number of fingers on both hands, fireworks were legal practically everywhere in the country.

Not any more, unfortunately.

In some states, you can face stiff penalties for lighting anything more powerful than a match. But other states are more lenient than an alcoholic foster parent. Currently, pyro heaven can be found in North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas, Montana, Kansas, Oklahoma, and South Carolina. In these states, practically any kind of consumer firework is available, and you don't have to look too hard to find them. During my last trip to South Carolina, I wasn't two minutes over the state line before a host of highway billboards cordially invited me to

After the "Big 11," there are a number of states with varying degrees of strictness. Some allow a class of fireworks known as "Safe and Sane," which shoot off plenty of sparks but under no circumstance go BOOM. Others allow little more than sparklers. And some states, particularly those in New "Self-Flagellating Hermits Have More Fun Than We Do" England, feel that fireworks are nothing less than the work of the devil.

So what if you live in a locale that doesn't understand your artistic need to set things on fire? About the best you can do is content yourself with a charcoal grill and plenty of lighter fluid. State fireworks laws are nothing you want to mess with. But if you do live in the land of the blessed, there are a couple of options. You can always hightail it to a nearby fireworks store, which will be only too happy to

take care of all your needs. Or, if there is no nearby store, catalog shopping

Fountains make good show openers.

BOB'S PICKS FOUNTAINS

Dust Devil: Beautiful blue flame that changes to a gold-and-silver shower. Lasts about 35 seconds.

Gargantua: Sensational item. Shoots tall red, green, and blue sparks...some actually crackle. Also gives off ear-piercing whistles. Lasts a sweet 137 seconds. The longest of the bunch.

Devil's Triangle: Cake-slice-shaped box packs 10 tubes that shoot off in succession. Each puts out a different color. Good effects. Lasts 71 seconds.

Majestic Geyser: Produces a beautiful blue, which is always difficult to achieve. Lasts 61 seconds.



"Some states are more lenient than an alcoholic foster parent."

is an option. Many companies offer a fine selection of combustibles that they will truck freight to your front door for a fee running anywhere from \$25 to \$150, depending on the quantity ordered. Good places to call for mail-order catalogs are Kellner's Fireworks (800-458-6000), Neptune Fireworks (800-613-1144), and Phantom Fireworks (800-777-1699). But keep in mind that none of these companies will ship to states where fireworks are illegal. And they also will not give anyone under the age of 18 the time of day (and *Maxim* wholeheartedly agrees with this).

FIREWORKS GENUS AND SPECIES

Now that the where-to-buy problem is solved, we face the what-to-buy dilemma. As mentioned before, there are hundreds of possibilities, every one of which looks cooler than a nuclear chainsaw when sitting on the store shelf. Common sense would dictate that to put on a great firework show, one should obviously buy the biggest damn pieces one can find. Not a bad thought, except for a couple of problems. Number one, fireworks ain't cheap. While you can buy a pack of crackers for 50¢, some of the serious-braggin'-rights stuff can cost you from 15 to 70 bucks. And that's for something that may last no more than 10 seconds. Num-

Photographs, Mark Weiss (firework still lifes), John Sterling Ruth (exploding fireworks), Everett (bandaging)



ber two, some of this stuff just plain sucks.

Luckily, everything doesn't have to be big. A good firework show has pacing. It starts small and then builds. So there's ample opportunity to use all kinds of pieces from the small and affordable to the big and wallet-charring. It's all a matter of choosing the right stuff. Here's a basic breakdown of things that blow up.

Fountains They sit on the ground and spit out a fountain (get it?) of sparks. While fountains can shoot as high as 10 feet, they never get seriously airborne. They also don't explode in big chrysanthemum bursts or produce deafening reports. But fountains can create some nice small-scale effects such as tiny, crackling spark-bursts of different colors and damn loud whistling. There are two kinds: single-tube and repeating fountains, which are like a bunch of single-tubers fused together into one package. The single-tube

fountains make nice show openers, but the repeaters, some of which last up to two minutes, make for an unbelievable ground display that can be used for finales in combination with some high-flying aerial mortars. [See sidebar at left for Bob's fountain picks.]

Firecrackers Dogs hate 'em, guys love 'em. Not much to say here except for one thing: By law, all firecrackers are limited to 50 milligrams of powder, which means that the big, single (and more expensive) crackers often labeled M-98s or M-100s are no more powerful than the smaller ones that come in packs. The bottom line is that all crackers are pretty damn weak these days...so the only hope is sheer quantity. For shows, the real shit is the celebration rolls. Unroll these long strings (up to 16,000 crackers), hang them from a high tree branch, and start World War III.

Roman Candles These long tubes shoot flaming balls (keep yer jokes to yerself, buddy) about 20 feet into

LAUGHING MAN WITH PANTS ON FIRE



The only thing cooler than what fireworks do is what they're named... sometimes.

Anything built for the sole purpose of exploding is bound to have a great name, right? Well...partially right. Some fireworks have monikers as butch as gunpowder itself. But others are about as manly as a hand-knitted tea cozy. Check it out.

The Neat & Nasty

Invasion of Normandy Atomic Afterglow Napalm Ladies Nuclear Powered Submarine Electromagnetic Gun Raging Rottweilers Tyrannosaurus Rex The Mauler

The Weak & Wussy

Autumn Drizzle
Mountain Flowers In Full Bloom
Congratulatory Flower
Frightened Birds
Flower-Scattering Child
Satisfactory
Tuneful Tower
Warm Greeting

"Don't be fooled by M-80 lookalikes. They're no more powerful than regular crackers." the air one at a time. Some may toss out a spinner, a crackling comet, or even a floral burst, but the key thing to remember is that it's only one small shot at a time with a couple of seconds' pause in between. They commonly come in three-, five-, six-, eight-, and 10-ball sizes and are best used at the beginning of a show, since the pace can be a little slow. One more thing: Stick the butt end securely in the ground. Waving them around like magic wands is about as smart as checking the temperature of a hot stove with the underside of your penis.

wheels One of these suckers nailed to a post makes for a nice change of pace. They spin rapidly, creating an impressive circle of sparks (picture a cat running round and round with its tail on fire...only sideways). One of the best is the Phantom Wheel (pictured on next page), with six drive tubes and more color and effect changes than you can shake a flaming stick at.

Missiles and Rockets Funny as it may seem, the things that look like model rockets are called missiles. It's the ones attached to a stick that are called rockets. In any case, they both do the same thing: fly really high with a huge "whoosh" and then explode in colored effects. I've found that many of these have aerial bursts that don't live up to expectations, plus they can be unruly. Some have a tendency to whoosh into neighbors' yards or only whoosh half as high as they should before exploding. But shot off in groups of three, some look damned nice. The West Lake Jumbo assortment (pictured at left) makes a nice mid-show choice.

Single-Tube Aerial Mortars Yes indeedy! These are the long tubes that launch a shell high into the air with a satisfying "thwump." And when that shell finally bursts, there are stars, chrysanthemums, sparkles, fiery palm trees, or God knows what, depending on the piece. Although the unlit shells all measure under 3" in diameter (professional shells can run up to 24"), these babies are a surefire applause getter in any backyard show. Keep these for the second-half stretch. The downside: You only get one shot out of a tube that can cost 18 bucks. For a smaller, more economical, yet still impressive effect, reloadable shell kits are the ticket. They come with a tube and six different shells for around \$24 dollars, or four bucks a shot. Black Cat and Phantom Fireworks' Wolf Pack kits are good choices. [See sidebar below for Bob's picks.]

Repeating Aerial Displays Probably the most popular and powerful items in the fireworks arsenal,

NO. 34

NO. 34

COLOR

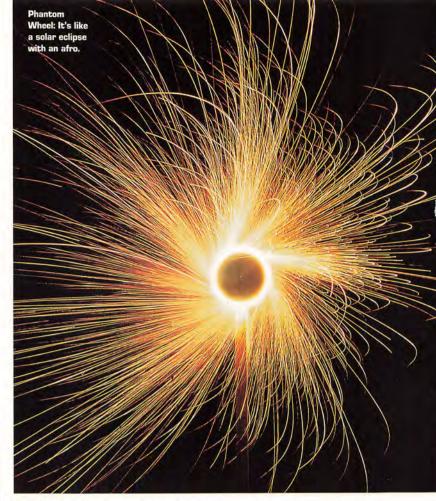
Resist the urge to look down the tube.

BOB'S PICKS SINGLE-TUBE AERIAL MORTARS

Glittering Tigertails: Unsophisticated red/white/blue label art, but who cares? Sensational content. Shell goes up with a gold comet tail and then breaks open into purple stars at about 150 feet.

Golden Strobelight: Same label art, same manufacturer...but good God Almighty, it looks like a professional shell. Shoots up 200 feet and bursts in a huge circle of sparks.

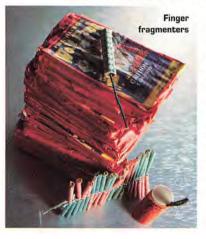
No. 300 Variegated Colors: Nice break with long trails that reach almost to the ground. The shell lasts about seven seconds.



"Aerial mortars are sure to bag big applause."

repeating aerial displays are like an entire show all on one fuse. These squat, boxlike pieces are basically a whole bunch of tiny mortars strung together. Some have as many as 90 shots that'll go off in rapid succession, painting the sky with colors and plenty of reports. There are hundreds of repeaters available, offering all manner of effects. One thing is for sure, however: A show peppered liberally with these suckers can't lose. For an amazing finale, team up with two assistants and light three repeaters at the same time. Whooo-heee. [See sidebar, page 118, for Bob's picks.]

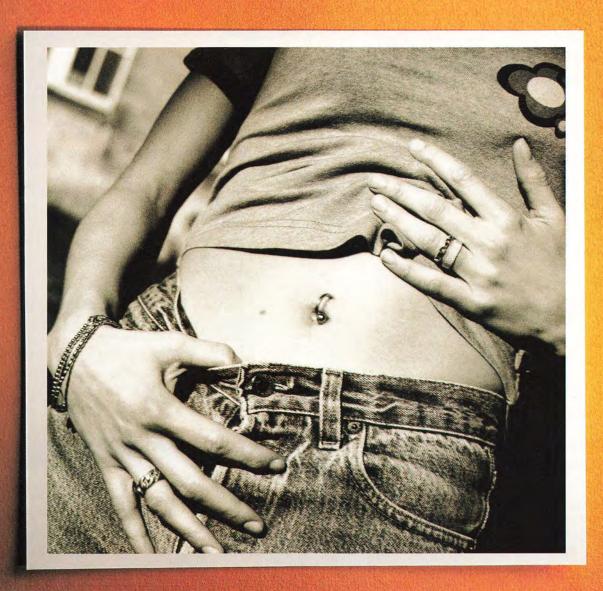
If You Can't Remember Any of the Above By the time you finally get to a fireworks store, you may not remember the difference between an aerial



repeater and a repeating fountain. Don't worry. Most fireworks come with one of two descriptions on their labels: either "Shoots flaming balls" or "Shoots shower of sparks." Poetic, huh? Anyway, the flaming-ball stuff is normally the cooler purchase and provides the more "ahhh"-provoking displays. On the other hand, the "sparks" stuff is good for show openers and situations where there's not a lot of open field and sky to work with.



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PHILIPS

Let's make things better.

RANGER RICK SAYS SAFETY IS ALWAYS FIRST

There isn't a piece of fireworks that doesn't bear the following highly detailed safety instructions on its label: "Light fuse and get away."

Sensible stuff, but if you're thinking of embarking on a career as a backyard pyrotechnician, here are several other safety rules, courtesy of *Fireworks for Everyone* author Bob Weaver, that you'll want to keep in mind...unless the sight of flaming golden retrievers, charred human flesh, burning buildings, and really pissed-off firemen is something you find appealing:

- **1.** Keep spectators, pets, and imaginary friends at least 50 feet from the firing range.
- **2.** Maintain a distance of at least 500 feet from houses, cars, and Dairy Queens.
- **3.** Keep all of your unused fireworks in a nearby "ready box" until you're about to fire them. If this one puzzles you, just keep saying the words *chain reaction* over and over.
- **4.** Don't approach duds (pieces that don't go off when lit) or kick them, like you're checking the tires on a new car. Life with one foot can pose many difficulties. Instead, douse with a bucket of water... from a cautious distance.
- **5.** Never let minors (as opposed to miners) light off fireworks. Under any circumstances.
- **6.** Wear safety glasses. Yeah, yeah...you may end up looking like a dork, but you'll be a dork who can still waste time watching Saturday morning cartoons instead of training a Seeing Eye dog.

Special thanks to Ott's Tree Farm



BOB'S PICKS REPEATING AERIAL DISPLAYS

Machine Gun Shell: Huge gold palm tree breaks with crackling tips. A definite "wow" item with 19 shots that last a total of 20 seconds.

Devil's Night: Very high-flying comets, each one crackling heavily and loudly. 19 shots last 15 seconds.

Battle of Khe Sanh: Excellent name and unusual red and green "go-getters" that fly in different directions. Very rare in consumer fireworks. Lasts 33 seconds.

Mountain Flower in Full Bloom: Large chrysanthemum breaks, and lots of them. Good finale item with 90 shots. Lasts 48 seconds.

STUMP BANDAGING MADE EASY

What to do when someone really gives you the finger Your Fourth of July party is a smash hit...then one of your drunk bozo friends plays hot potato with a pack of crackers and sprays fingers all over your deck. What next? We asked Dr. Prosper Benhaim, clinical instructor at UCLA's Hand Surgery Center, how to save the party.

Step 1: Stanch the bleeding. If only one finger's been blown off, the bleeding shouldn't be too severe. If the entire hand has been blown off, apply manual pressure

first, then apply a tourniquet.

Show me how you count to four again

Step 2: Retrieve any missing piggies. Wrap them in a paper towel, tuck the towel in a Ziploc baggie, and pack it with ice and water in a cooler. Important: Don't let the severed extremity come into direct contact with either water or ice. Ice can cause skin cells to freeze and die (a.k.a. frostbite); water can "macerate" skin cells (the too-long-in-the-bath wrinkle effect), making fingers tougher to reattach.

Step 3: Rush "Knuckles" to the nearest hospital. Hand surgeons ideally want to start operating within three hours of the mishap; the longer you wait, the less chance your pal will ever pick his own nose again. A chilled digit can be reattached up to about 12 hours after severing; it becomes a paperweight after that.

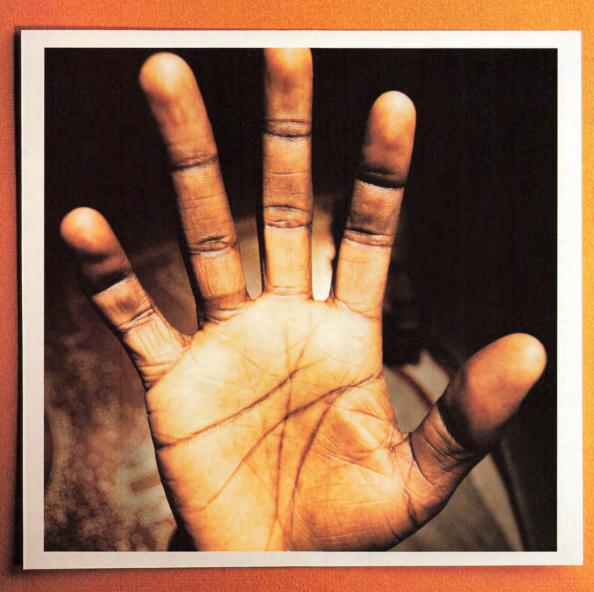
Step 4: Go under the knife. Reattachment depends not only on the time that's elapsed since the accident, but on the cleanliness of the break. If a finger's tidily hacked off with a machete, the success rate's near 90 percent; if it's steamrollered, closer to zilch. Firecracker reattachments enjoy around a 75 percent success rate.

Step 5: Rehab for up to a year or more, depending on the extent of the damage. The process can be painful: Masses of scar tissue build up, nerves tingle as the feeling is reestablished, and some patients end up with a stiff digit. This is why, if you lose a finger other than the thumb on the nondominant hand, surgeons will sometimes recommend you just forget about it. Says Dr. Benhaim: "Patients often function better with the amputation than with a reattachment and return to work faster." It's enough to make you take up sparklers.

-Mason Brown



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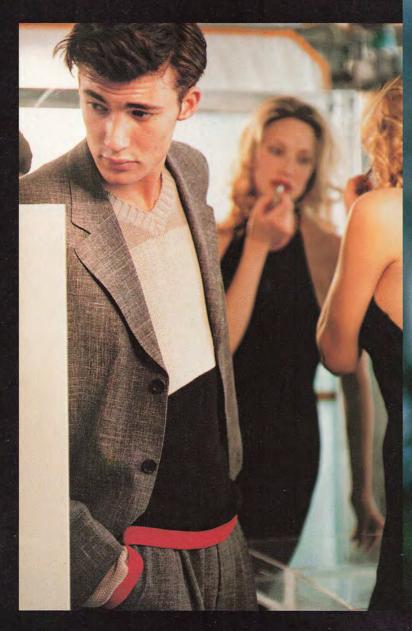


PHILIPS

Let's make things better.

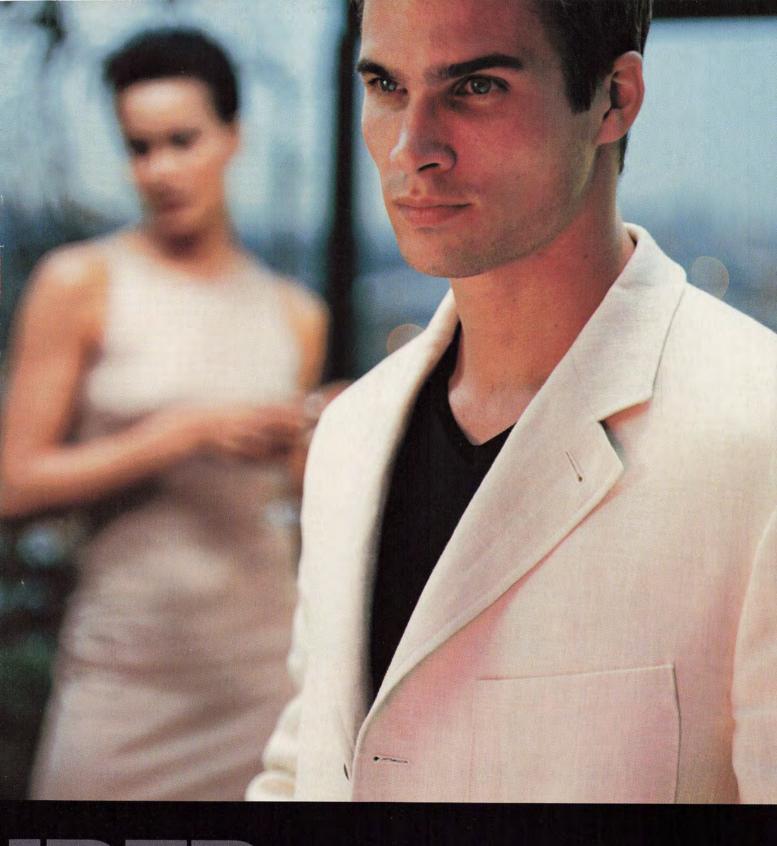
STYLE

Tuck 'er out: Free-falling under a summer-weave suit, this limber cotton/rayon sweater—juiced up with a jolt of red—hangs out as well as you do. Wool/hemp suit by Mondo di Marco, \$675; V-necked sweater by D&G Dolce&Gabbana, \$360. On her: Dress by Laundry by Shelly Siegal



Lose the noose:
If you feel
unanchored without
your power tie, pair
heavy-contrast
pieces like this black
linen sweater under
a cream suit—and
you'll have new
weight to throw
around. Linen suit
by Polo Ralph
Lauren, \$615;
sweater by Nicole
Farhi, \$230. On
his blurry pals:
Dresses by
Cynthia Rowley

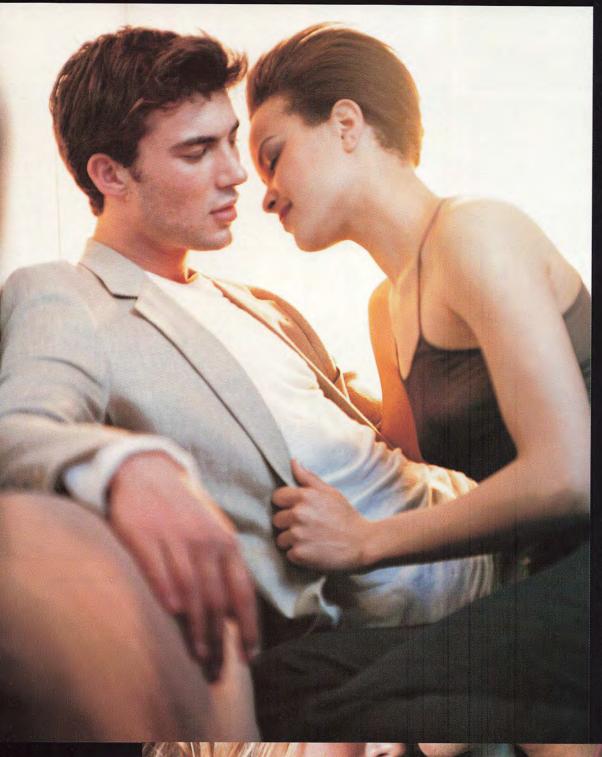
NOTEREDU



On a summer night, it just ain't right to torture yourself with a tie. Here are seven ways—
unbuttoned, untucked, unquestionably sharp—to set a great suit loose on the town...
without looking like a *Miami Vice* rerun. **Photographs by Chris Kolk. Styling by Karen Shapiro**



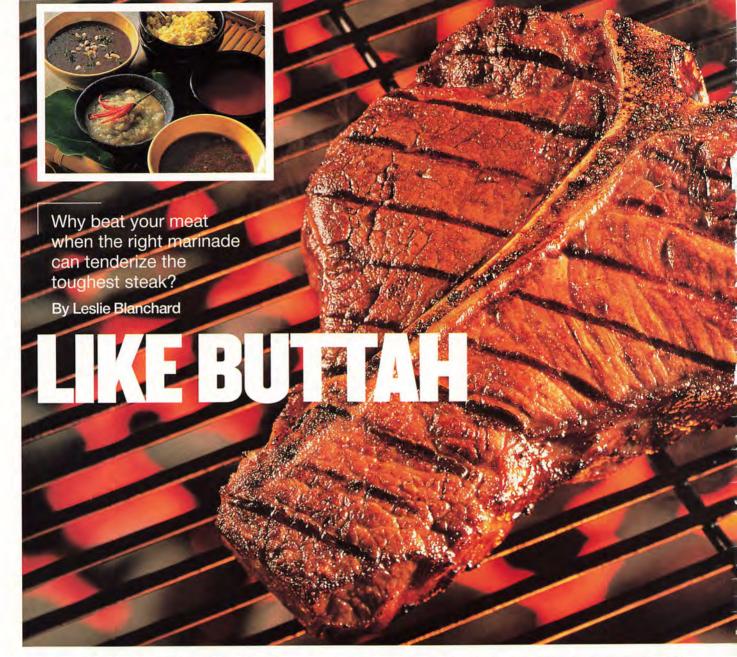




Use the tug
approach: Worried
your suit will lose
its clean lines if you
wear a rumply
cotton sweater
underneath it? Enlist
an interested party to
pull eagerly on the
lapels. Linen suit by
Tommy Hilfiger,
\$395; stretch cotton
V-necked sweater by
Dolce&Gabbana,
\$205. On her: Top
by Etro, pants by
Emporio Armani

Open up, bud: Stick with a traditional shirt, but choose an untraditional shade, then pop a few buttons to let air—and any curious fingers—in. (Looks especially good if you're headless.) Shirt by Donna Karan Collection, \$250; suit jacket by Lubiam, \$900; T-shirt by Old Navy, \$14.50. On her: Halter and skirt by Yigal Azrouel





ant tender and flavorful beef, chicken, and pork every time? Put away that waffle-headed meat hammer and whip up a quick and easy marinade that'll do your dirty work for you. But forget about soaking a T-bone in your favorite dark beer-a chemically balanced marinade will yield much better results. You want an acid (vinegar, lemon juice), a base (oil), and complementary herbs and/or spices. The acid tenderizes the meat by breaking down muscle and connective protein; the base mellows the tang. It's cheap, simple, and deliciously effective. At the very least, drop the steak in a bag with a noncreamy salad dressing: 'Tis better to have marinated for a half-hour than never to have marinated at all.

BEST FOR PORK

INGREDIENTS

11/2 cups canola oil

1/4 cup balsamic vinegar

1/4 cup cider vinegar

1 tsp liquid smoke

2 tsp each salt and freshly ground pepper

3 cloves garlic

2 Tbsp Worcestershire Sauce

1/4 cup molasses

1/4 cup brown sugar

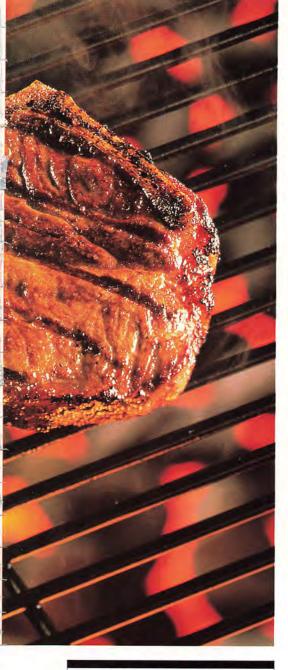
Place all ingredients in glass bowl or food processor and blend. Pour over tenderloin, chops, or ribs and let marinate for 6–24 hours. (Yields 2 cups.)

BEST FOR CHICKEN

INGREDIENTS

- 2 lemons, juiced
- 1 Tbsp cornstarch
- 1/4 cup sesame oil
- 1 cup peanut oil
- 3 Thsp soy sauce
- 4 dashes Tabasco sauce
- 3 Thsp fresh ginger, chopped
- 5 cloves garlic, chopped
- 4 scallions, chopped

In glass bowl, whisk lemon juice into cornstarch until dissolved. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour over chicken pieces (with or without bones) and marinate for 6–24 hours. (Yields 2 ½ cups.)



BEST FOR BEEF

INGREDIENTS

4 chipotle peppers in adobo sauce

5 cloves garlic

2 medium onions, quartered

1½ cups canola oil

2 limes, juiced

Zest of 1 lime

3 tsp salt

Place peppers, garlic, and onions in food processor and pulse on and off until mixture is chopped but not puréed. Add remaining ingredients and pulse on and off until it's all blended. Pour over steaks (skirt, London broil, filet mignon...) and let marinate for 6–24 hours. (Yields 2 ½ cups.)



SLATHER UP!

Hit the grill running with the best barbecue sauces.

Marinating's a great start, but to really raise the steaks, baste that beast with a solid barbecue sauce. We lapped up as many of the top brands as we could get our mitts on; here are our top picks.

BEST ALL-AROUND SAUCE



The Winner: Firehouse

This best-of-show has a nice, full tomato flavor, a rousing spiciness, and adjustable heat (choose from one-, two-, and three-alarm versions). Reminds us of barbecued potato chips...ah-h-h.

Runner-up: Uncle Dave's

The famed hot-sauce purveyor provides a well-rounded taste that's great for chicken or pork. Applewood-smoked onions add more texture than taste...they sound fabulous, though.

BEST SWEET SAUCE



The Winner: K.C. Masterpiece

A nice burgundy color, with a reasonably authentic Southern barbecue flavor, evenly sweetened with molasses. Just the thing to dress up a skirt steak...or a cold steak sandwich.

Runner-up: Lea & Perrins

The syrupy sweetness is cut somewhat with L&P's signature Worcestershire sauce, but this baby still flows like pure molasses. An-ti-ci-pa-tion...

BEST SPICY SAUCE



The Winner: Outerbridge's Original

This little number looks deceivingly like ketchup, but don't be fooled. It burned our lips and tongues off and blistered the paint on the walls of our test labs. Dare we say too hot?

Runner-up: Stubb's

It's too watery for proper basting adhesion (we made that up), but pouring it on at the table works just fine. Bonus: It looks like Tabasco sauce and tastes like spicy vinegar, with lots of heat.





It's a miracle of physics: At parties, a blender holds more women than a keg. Keep your bash burning with five cool new drinks from the author of Atomic Bodyslams to Whiskey Zippers: Cocktails for the 21st Century.

By Adam Rocke

Blue Hawaiian Orgasm

11/2 oz light rum

1/2 oz vodka (optional)

11/2 oz blue curação

1 Tbsp green Chartreuse

1 oz cream of coconut

1/2 oz orange juice

2 oz pineapple juice

Garnish with a pineapple wedge and a cherry.

Strawberry Blonde

1 oz gold rum

3/4 oz crème de noyaux

1/2 oz crème de cacao

4 or 5 whole strawberries (without stems)

11/2 to 2 scoops vanilla ice cream

Top with whipped cream drizzled with 1 Tbsp of strawberry liqueur.

Melon Colada

11/2 oz light rum

3/4 to 1 oz Midori (or another melon liqueur)

1 oz cream of coconut

3 oz pineapple juice

1 tsp cream

1/2 oz dark rum (optional)

Crushed ice

Garnish with a lime slice and a cherry.

Erupting Volcano Cooler

2 scoops rainbow sherbet

11/2 oz light rum

4 oz milk

2 oz orange juice

1 oz club soda

1 Tbsp lemon juice

Garnish with orange and lemon slices.

Titanic Monkey

11/2 oz banana liqueur

1/2 oz vodka

1/2 oz light rum

2 oz cream of coconut

2 oz pineapple juice

1/2 or 1 banana

Crushed ice

Garnish with tiny plastic monkeys (in season).







Paul Fredrick catalog (800) 247-1417 www.menstyle.com Now that you've ordered your suit, you need a kick-ass shirt. Go to the experts: Paul Fredrick has been shirting guys up over the phone since 1986 and sells more than 2,000 a day. It has more shirts than the Great Gatsby, with endless colors and patterns, and easy diagrams to help you choose from eight types of collars, two styles of cuffs, and regular, trim, and tall fits. If multiple-choice overload drives you bonkers, don't worry, says president Paul Sacher. "You can always rely on our basics; but we can also satisfy the stylish man who wants fashionable, bright colors." When you order, don't overestimate your size: Collars and sleeves are already 31/2 percent oversize to allow for shrinkage. Shirts run from \$29.50 to \$59.50.

POWER TIE CENTRAL

Ben Silver catalog (800) 221-4671 or www.bensilver.com A perfect power tie is a thing of timeless beauty. And that's Ben Silver's specialty. In fact, the people behind this 10-year-old catalog are proud to proclaim just how "un-trendy" they are. "We mostly stay away from funky conversation pieces," says managing director Robert Prenner. "We never change the width...we never change anything." But conventional doesn't mean constrained: With more than 40 solid hues and about 1,000 patterns, Ben lets you go nuts. When you call, a Tie Zealot will answer and let you drone on about your pinstriped shirt and "sorta blue" suit, then he'll recommend a tie for you. Prices range from \$54 to \$85, but for discounts, check out

the Web site's

"Tie of the

week the

Week." (One

tie's pattern

featured hens,

which would

explain the

discount.)



BEST SHOES AND BELTS

Kenneth Cole catalog (800) 487-4389 or www.kencole.com Basic rule of office wear: The belt has to match the shoes. The Kenneth Cole catalog (around since 1993 and growing fast) not only specializes in both-it makes sure they match. "The color and texture of the leather will be exactly the same. You know in advance that you can wear the belt and the shoes together,"

says catalog vice president Denise Berson Tanzman. The handmade shoes, which range in style from traditional to too-cool-forus, are available

in virtually all sizes, including the hard-to-find 14 through 16. Slightly annoying: Each model is given a cute nickname, such as Tied Piper. Clockwise from top: Black loafer, \$150; plaque belt, \$35; belt, \$45; classic oxford, \$140; square-buckled belt, \$45; Kenneth Cole Reaction monkstrap slip-on, \$115

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Photographs, Eran Offek; styling, Karen Shapiro



Is ordering a suit sight unseen more than you're bargaining for? Ease into the catalog game with a sweatshirt or two. Eddie Bauer, J. Crew, and other catalog giants have been selling sturdy weekend wear—from sweaters to waders—for decades. Here are three of our top picks.



△ BEST KHAKIS On the planet

Bills Khakis catalog (800) 435-4254 www.billskhakis.com

"The last thing the world really needed was another pair of khakis," says Bill Thomas, founder of Bills Khakis; but these pants are designed to replace your old ripped ones-pretty much permanently. Because Bill specializes in khakis, he knows 'em extremely well. He based these on original WWII models with 14-inch-deep pockets, constructing them out of drill clotha soft, weathered cotton twill that's unusually heavy (8.5 ounces versus the 7-ounce weave most manufacturers use). Ordering is painless, with only one measurement to worry about: waist size. Bill suggests you order one to two inches larger to handle any girth growthbut no more, as the pants already run an inch oversize to account for shrinkage. Inseams are unfinished, so you can shorten to your legs' content. The khakis are priced as high as \$85, but even if you order the cheapest pair (like the \$72.50 ones we picked up), expect to pay about \$90 after shipping. Pricey, sure, but you get what you pay for: Even if you wore them every day and washed them twice a week, Bill says, they'd last at least two years. With normal wear, they'll still be around for the next world war.



Every piece in this go-anywhere getup comes from a catalog with an unconditional guarantee. Wind-resistant jacket, \$150, by Eddie Bauer; sweatshirt, \$48, and striped long-sleeved T-shirt, \$28, by J. Crew; pants, \$72.50, by Bills Khakis; sneakers, \$28, by J. Crew

▽ BEST CASUAL CLOTHING

J. Crew catalog (800) 562-0258 www.jcrew.com

J. Crew is the legend. Other catalogs, such as Eddie Bauer's and the venerable L.L. Bean's. may have been around longer. but J. Crew (established in 1983) took catalog shopping and made it cool. Among its innovations: It brought out a new catalog-featuring happy balding men you didn't feel the urge to instantly smack-every couple of months, and proved that anyone can dial up real style. For example: these handsome longsleeved T-shirts (\$28). Made of prewashed soft cotton jersey, they're great throw-ons for days when short sleeves are too skimpy and a sweatshirt's too...sweaty. But to polish up the practicality, the J. Crew designers sketched in stripes for a vaguely collegiate look that makes you feel like someone Jennifer Aniston might want to philosophize with under a big oak tree. Our favorite feature? Round-the-clock ordering, seven days a week. Most shirts and pants will run you approximately \$40 to \$60. Sales are frequent.

BEST OUTERWEAR > Eddie Bauer catalog (800) 426-8020 www.eddiebauer.com If you want to kill the chill, resist the rain, or stiff the wind, give Eddie Bauer a call. An old pro. it's sold high-quality outdoor clothing-like the parkas it designed for the U.S. Air Corps in WWII-through its catalog for more than 50 years. Its latest invention: the EBTEK system jacket, a strategic series of layers that zip into each other. "You can wear just the shell on a warm day, or add a fleece vest when it's colder," says Dan Davis, vice president of catalog merchandising. This isn't trendy stuff-some of Eddie's designs are on the dowdy side. But if a hurricane doesn't care, why should you? The entire line (including all wardrobe basics, from turtlenecks to underwear) is cut a little on the generous side-"It's meant to be comfortable," says Davis. You'll find sizes as large as

XXXL for the same price.

EBTEK system jackets





FOR UNUSUAL TASTES

Five offbeat catalogs (The Amish need convenience too!)

Gohn Bros.: Go Amish! From "Black Hats" to "Black Tingley Rubbers," these guys, who've been selling Amish and Plain clothing for 94 years, have everything you need to blend in should you ever take that vacation to early-19th-century Middle America. (219) 825-2400

Mass Army Navy: Your complete military surplus source, whether you're equipping a militia or just indulging your own psycho tendencies in the privacy of your patio. They carry foreign as well as U.S. uniforms and equipment, so you can look psychotic and French. (800) 343-7749

Lifestyles Direct Solar Tan Through Suits: Sick of your unsightly porn-star tan lines? Though other people can't see through them, these miraculous bathing suits for men (and women) let you tan those private areas. Just remember to slap on some sun screen. (800) TAN-0440

Medals of America: Grandpa pissed his pants and nearly got his toes shot off in WWII for his Medal of Honor. Now any Jack Shit can buy one here. They carry medals, badges, and insignia from 1865 to the present. (800) 308-0849

Ann-dy's Costumes and Entertainment: Wigs. wigs. wigs! You never know when you'll need to disguise yourself as George Washington. Get fully wigged out as a stage personality or a historical figure, or start slowly with a beard or moustache. (973) 616-8686



BURNER Built into the grill's base, the burner accommodates a 16-quart pot for corn or lobster. It comes with a wire guard to hold a wok and rein in the forces that rumble a boiling pot. SIDE SHELVES These side racks do more than hold your ketchup bottle: Made of restaurant-grade compressed polyurethane, they double as sanitary cutting boards. HARDWARE The burners, the grill surfaces, and 90 percent of the exterior hardware are made of stainless steel, which means you can leave the Ducane outside in rain, sleet, and snow and the sucker will never rust. Grill-Zilla What's cooking this summer? If you're using Ducane's barbecuing monster, the answer is "Absolutely everything." By Amy Spencer and Charles Coxe Come summer, the true measure of a man is not the length of his surfboard or the tone of his tan. No, sir. The only thing that really matters is the size of his grill. And when it comes to size, you can do no better than the Ducane 4005, the Cadillac of outdoor grills. Sure, your neighbor's weenie will shrink to 1.25 microns when he first lays eyes on it, but we're talking about more than a status symbol here. We're talking about a cooking machine that can feed half the population of Laos. We're talking about a high-powered, propane-fueled fantasy. Picture it: Steaks, chicken, burgers, and dogs sizzling on the grill...a huge pot overstuffed with hot corn on the cob...a whole mess of buns warming on the top shelf...a dozen naked women cavorting near the coleslaw...oh, sorry, that's a different fantasy. 135



Grill Seekers

Nothing gets between a man and his meat guite like a beautiful grill.



BIG GREEN EGG

There are those of you who will look at this bizarre pod, wonder what it's doing on a grill page, and think that Gwen, our photo editor, has made a terrible mistake. But she did not. Truth is, the Big Green Egg, a ceramic kiln, does double duty, smoking at temperatures as low as 150 degrees (for flavor) and grilling at up to 800 degrees (for speed).

Room for: 13 hot dogs; 4 10-oz steaks Price tag: \$330; Big Green Egg,



SUNBEAM GC100T

Light and ready to travel, Sunbeam's portable steel box is tailor-made for the tailgate: The saps around you will still be blowing on their charcoal well into the third inning, but you'll just open the side vents to jack up the heat, then pass the mustard.

Room for: 14 hot dogs; 5 10-oz steaks Price tag: \$20; GrillMaster, (800) 641-2100



SUNBEAM GRILLMASTER 850

The Darth Vader of grills, this hunk of black aluminum reaches temperatures of 800 degrees. The GrillMaster's three burners are covered by small "tents" that shield your meat from the flame and flareups. Racks atop the main stage let you keep extra burgers warm; a removable drip tray eases the inevitable cleaning-good news for whomever you'll have doing it.

Room for: 72 hot dogs; 12 10-oz steaks Price tag: \$499; GrillMaster, (800) 641-2100



BROILMASTER D3CP

When your old frat brothers-all 30 of thempay you a surprise visit, you'll be glad you have the Broilmaster. Three adjustable grilling surfaces allow you to keep some burgers bloody on the top shelf while blasting others to a crunchy brown crisp. The shelves can be converted into side burners for boiling corn, the neighbor's cat, whatever.

Room for: 60 hot dogs; 9 10-oz steaks Price tag: \$995; Broilmaster, (800) 255-0403



KEG-A-QUE

It looks like a keg. It feels like a keg. And, quite frankly, when the guys find out it's not a keg, they'll be pissed. Even so, this chromeplated grill will still be the life of the party: It runs on charcoal or propane, weighs just 15 pounds, and comes with little legs that fold up for easy transport.

Room for: 17 hot dogs; 6 10-oz steaks Price tag: \$50; Keg-a-Que, (800) 232-5347



WEBER MASTER-TOUCH KETTLE

Sweet Jesus, a grill that actually looks like a grill! Weber's taken their traditional charcoal kettle and, for the most part, left it as is. Sure, they've added a rollback lid that turns into a wind shield while you light the grill, and a hinge on the cooking grate for loading more briquettes while you cook. Aside from that, this is your great-grandfather's barbecue.

Room for: 26 hot dogs; 10 10-oz steaks Price tag: \$179; Weber, (800) 446-1071

The gear you need to light the fire, flip the meat, and look like you know what the hell you're doing.

FORK LIFT

When your backyard barbecue turns into a scene from *Backdraft*, you have two options: 1) Risk burning arm hair to pull the charred wieners from the blaze; or 2) take a few steps back, extend your telescoping Rolla Roaster from 12 to 42 inches, and expertly rescue your dinner. Price tag: \$8; Sporty's Preferred Living, (800) 543-8633



BLOWING CHUNKS

Some days, you want that taste of lighter fluid on your burger. For the occasions when you don't, try charred hardwood from Hasty-Bake (their unofficial slogan: "50 years and still kicking gas"). Your natural fire will be blazin' in 10 minutes; for a woodsier taste, throw on a few hickory wood chunks. Price tag: Charred hardwood: \$4; wood chunks: \$4; Hasty-Bake, (800) 426-6836



PRONG SHOW

Whoever invented the shish kebab failed to address one problem: Stuff is always falling

off the stick and into the coals. Buy these nickel-plated double-prong skewers that impale each morsel twice, and you can consider that problem solved. Price tag: \$10; Weber, (800) 446-1071



WELL HUNG

Take a lesson from electricians—who always have the right tool handy at the hip—and hook this space-saving tool holder on the edge of your grill, then hang your utensils off the side. Price tag: \$5; Weber, (800) 446-1071



FLIPPIN' OUT

These multi-use monster tools won't just flip bloody flanks of beef; they'll kill the bear that comes after the scent. The spatula with two serrated edges cuts into thick steaks; the skinny one keeps fish from crumbling during the toss; and the implement that's as big as Cleveland is perfect for turning big ol' sloppy burgers. Price tag: \$30; GrillMaster, (800) 641-2100



It took longer than you'd thought to start the fire, and now the sun's going down on your barbecue. No need to move the party inside— or risk frying off a finger in the dark. Just clamp this cordless fluorescent light to the side

of your grill and cook till dawn. Price tag: \$15; GrillMaster, (800) 641-2100

BASKET CASE

Forget flip-

ping the oldfashioned way: stuff hamburgers, swordfish, lamb chops, and veggies into this nonstick basket and then flip everything at once. Can't get any

more low-maintenance than this.

Price tag: \$12; Char-Broil, (800) 241-7548

RAW MATERIAL

Serve your guests undercooked chicken and you'll be hauling them to the hospital instead of serving them dessert. Better to stab the BarBChek Thermometer into your meat, wait five seconds, and have the electronic sensor tell you whether the chicken is deadly or delicious.

Price tag: \$25;

Price tag: \$25; Frontgate, (800) 626-6488

543-8633

MATCH MAKER

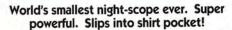
You can flick your Bic until your thumb blisters. Or, you can grab this battery-operated "gas match" and start your fire with a flame that's more wind-resistant than the Olympic torch.

Price tag: \$28;

Sporty's Preferred Living, (800)

Photography by Robert Glasgow

Great New Products



Not only that, the all-glass image and optical system (and built-in illuminator) gives you unbelievable resolution, clarity, and light gain. Plus, it is the only night scope anywhere near this size that lets you add all these accessories: camera,

camcorder, your own C-mount camera lenses, and a longer-range illuminator. Connect the optional 90mm lens and lens-doubler and enjoy powerful 8x magnification - even on the blackest of nights! All

at a price unheard of even a year ago. Mil-spec housing measures an astonishing 4.5" x 2.5"! For you and your family, discover the unseen universe all around you. Batteries and carry case included.

NIGHT-STAR



Upgrade Accessory Pack, includes camera/camcorder adaptor, magnification doubler (takes scope from 1.5x to 3x power), and super long-range 300-yard illuminator. #NS-XT \$99.95

Optional 90mm Lens, takes scope to 3x, or 8x with doubler above, also increases light gain by 20%. #NS-90 \$99.95



Blast this high-power racer around your pool at a virtual 150 MPH!

Take the controls - crash through waves to your mark - then turn in a roaring wall of spray. Cram on the throttle and leave others rocking in your wake.

Our radio-control racer, modeled after a 43-foot high double-hulled performance brute, brings you the thrills, chills, and spills of world-class ocean racing. To your pool or any freshwater area. You're the pilot. Your touch can be as knowing or as reckless as a full-scale racer. Speed is scale-equivalent to 150 MPH! You have full control. Bank into turns, throttle the powerful 9.6 volt engine up to full bore or slow for docking. Shift from forward to reverse for tight maneuvering.

Two frequencies selectable. Enjoy boat-on-boat racing without radio interference. There is even an automatic bilge pump to keep her dry. Actual speed is a waterfast 5 MPH. Ideal for use in pool, pond, or lake. Hull is tough resin to withstand bumps and knocks. Classic racing lines and imposing 18" length, also looks great on the included stand. Show it off in your game room or office. If this is your first boat, add the rechargeable ni-cad boat battery and charger. An exciting hobby for ages 8 to 80. Spectators will be cheering wherever you race.

Radio Controlled Barracuda Speedboat, #19203 \$59.95

Rechargeable 9.6v Ni-Cad Battery Power-Pack, #1296-R \$19.95

Charger for Battery-Pack, #1294-R \$10.95





Genuine

Golden Oak.

Bob, our 220-pound biker friend, bought our first.

shouldn't tough guys enjoy the sounds of birds? Bird Clock plays 12 different bird songs, one for every hour. Grace any wall in your home with it and relish the smiles and comments from family and visitors alike. Great gift for anyone who appreciates the outdoors. (Children love it, too.) Hear the actual sounds of 12 different North American birds, recorded by Cornell

Each sings for nine seconds. After dark, photo-sensor

turns them off, or switch off manually anytime. Clock is framed in genuine oak, 14" in diameter. Comes with 3 AA batteries, and a booklet telling where each species is found. Guests make a game of guessing each by its song. Of course, if they're like our friend Bob, you're not likely to correct them if they guess wrong.

Singing Bird Clock, #500-DBC \$49.95











it. Even a hundred feet away. Friends are amazed. Neighbors puzzled. Gift case holds 6 different thread-on tips, one for each different design: reclining nude, skull, arrow, angel, heart,

button and shine a vivid ruby image onto any

Seven-way laser projects actual images up to 10 feet high!

and victory sign. Or remove for plain laser dot. Clear housing shows you actual diodes and glowing circuitry.

Click your keys to one, and perform a surprise light-show anywhere. Batteries included

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NEW DYNAFLEX STRENGTH MACHINE.

Powers up with the rising pitch of an F-18 fighter - with no batteries, no motor. Yet we dare you to hold on to it!

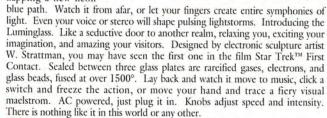
Give it a quick pull or thumb flick to get it moving. Rotate your hand. It starts to race and hum. Soon its whirling at over 9,000 revolutions per minute! Meanwhile, your wrists, grip, and arm are straining and working out against a powerhouse gyroscopic action. In fact, Dynaflex is now spinning internally so fast that it wants to leap out of your hand! Need a break? Pass it to an unsuspecting friend. Watch them try to hold onto it! As an executive relaxer, a carpaltunnel/arthritis reliever, or a strength and coordination builder, DynaFlex will knock your socks off!

DynaFlex Strength Machine, #DF-1000 \$21.95

The Ultimate Challenge - try holding two! #DF-PAIR \$34.90 Save \$9.00.



forces of nature. Sizzling bolts race and twist. Each zapping a new neon-



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Movies

Previews	Film	Stars	Story	We say	
	Six Days, Seven Nights (Touchstone) Release Date: June 12	Harrison Ford, Anne Heche	When a South Sea vacation goes awry, a bitchy magazine editor (Heche) persuades a loutish cargo pilot (Ford) to fly her home. Naturally, this odd couple crashes on an island. Mushiness ensues.	Date movie: She can sigh over Harrison Ford, and you can try to forget that Anne Heche (a.k.a. Ellen DeGeneres' look-alike girlfriend) packs carpet in her lunch box.	
	Can't Hardly Wait (Columbia) Release Date: June 12	Jennifer Love Hewitt (Party of Five), Ethan Embry, Jenna Elfman, Melissa Joan Hart	High school grads throw one final blowout party. Will the jerk-jock dump his sweet girlfriend (Love Hewitt)? Will the decent guy finally make his move? Will cheerleaders projectile-vomit?	Play hooky. Though we're watching Ms. Love Hewitt's career with interest, this is a ripoff of '80s teen flicks like Can't Buy Me Love—and they sucked the first time around.	
	Mulan (Disney) Release Date: June 16	(voices) Miguel Ferrer, Harvey Fierstein, Pat Morita, Eddie Murphy	When the Huns invade, a Chinese girl disguises herself as a man so she can kick some battlefield butt and bring honor to her family and country. A friendly dragon (Murphy) lends a wing.	Cross-dresser as protagonist? What will the Disney animators subject us to next? If you're baby-sitting this summer, skip this Yentl-goes-to-China and do Dr. Dolittle instead.	
	The Truman Show (Paramount) Release Date: June 5	Jim Carrey, Ed Harris, Laura Linney	An insurance salesman (Carrey) discovers that his entire life—including toilet breaks—is a television show being broadcast to a mass viewing audience.	This feel-good dramedy lacks quality ass-cheek antics, but we like <i>The Twilight Zone</i> -ish concept. Bonus points for the psycho poster.	
	Out of Sight (Universal) Release Date: June 26	George Clooney, Jennifer Lopez, Ving Rhames, Albert Brooks	During a prison break, an unusually suave inmate (Clooney) takes a female marshal (Lopez) hostage. Later she must track him down—but will she bust him or boff him? From the Elmore Leonard novel.	Make a break for it. It's written by the guy who adapted Leonard's Get Shorty for the screen. Plus: That Jennifer Lopez (Anaconda) can handcuff us anytime.	
	Armageddon (Touchstone) Release Date: July 1	Bruce Willis, Billy Bob Thomton, Liv Tyler, Ben Affleck	A big-ass asteroid is speeding our way. A NASA honcho hires an oil driller to land on this moving menace and save the day.	Armaget-it-on! We're sick of Willis' smirk, but blockbuster-level action, suspense, and a really big rock—plus FX that sizzle—should lessen the pain.	
	Doctor Dolittle (20th Century Fox) Release Date: June 26	Eddie Murphy, plus the voices of Chris Rock, Norm Macdonald, and Paul Reubens	A doctor (Eddie Murphy) has a knack for chatting with animals but finds that his talent is a handicap, so far as the snooty medical establishment is concerned.	The doctor is in! It's being mar- keted as a family movie, but scoopers say these critters really have mouths on them. Directed by Betty Thomas (Howard Stern's Private Parts).	
	Passion in the Desert (Fine Line)	Ben Daniels, Michel Piccoli	A Napoleonic-era dude gets lost in the Egyptian desert, where sandstorms leave him	This sounds too kinky even for us. Now if she were a goat, maybe	

dazed. Enter a leopard who

befriends him. Really befriends him.

Photographs, this page, Bruce McBroom/Touchstone, Timothy White/Touchstone (6 Days, 7 Nights), Darren Michaels/Columbia/TriStar (Can't Hardly Wait), Wait Disney Pictures(Mulan), Melinda Sue Gordon/Paramount (Truman Show), Merrick Morton/Linversa (Out Of Sight), Frank Masi/Touchstone (Armageddon), 20th Century Fox (Doctor Dollitle), R. Cuerdon/Fine Line, M. Greenway/Fine Line (Passion in the Desert), next page. John Clifford (Mr. Jealousy), Bob Aksster/Sony Pictures (Opposite of Sex), Merrick Morton/20th Cen. Fox (X-Files)

(Fine Line)

Release Date: June 12

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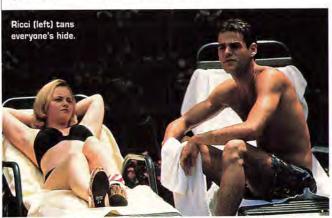
Maxim recommends

Mr. Jealousy (Lions Gate, mid-June)



Why do women have to have sexual pasts, anyway? That's the question that's eating at Lester (Eric Stolz), a loser/aspiring writer who's hooked himself a kooky new squeeze (Annabella Sciorra from The Hand that Rocks the Cradle). The problem: Not only does she have an endless supply

of ex-boyfriends, but one of them—the annoyingly named Dashiell—just happens to be a best-selling writer who makes Lester look mighty lackluster. Insanely jealous, Lester joins Dashiell's therapy group under an alias to find out if the jerk still craves her (this wouldn't be our solution, but hey, this is a nonviolent movie). These characters are even more unhinged than those in director Noah Baumbach's last film, *Kicking and Screaming*, and the farcical, hilarious plot keeps twisting until you want to cry uncle. If you see it with a date, beware: Laugh too hard at Lester's wussy vulnerability and you'll seem like the jerk. *Laura Jamison*



The Opposite of Sex

(Sony Pictures Classics, May 22)

At the tender age of 16, Dedee Truitt (Christina Ricci) is all cleavage and malice. Just for kicks, she decides to torture her gay half brother, Bill (Martin Donovan). When Bill's dumb hunk of a boyfriend succumbs to Dedee's well-honed hetero wiles, all hell breaks loose. She gets knocked up, steals \$10,000 from Bill, and leaves for California with the switch-hitter in tow. In this edgy comedy by director and writer Don Roos (he wrote Single White Female), Dedee's relentless (although always witty) mean streak is sometimes hard to take, but the other characters are so lost and clueless, you have to appreciate her clear vision. Lisa Kudrow finally breaks out of her dingbat mold—yes, she can act!—as a bitter, lonely pal of Dedee's who pretends that sex doesn't matter (she finally gets some from Lyle Lovett). Dedee, on the other hand, knows full well what sex means: It's either selfish pleasure or manipulation. Just as it is for the rest of us, come to think of it. L.J.

The Truth Is Out of Control

With the X-Files movie on deck, get braced for the invasion of the marketing spin-offs.

It's he-e-e-e-re: That's right, X-heads, the X-Files movie wafts spookily into theaters this month. But don't think Scully-Mulder-mania ends there: If the flick clicks, this unidentified flying franchise should spawn a bunch of stupid spin-offs and questionable tie-in products. Here's

some X-Files marketing ventures that we at Maxim (and the tiny aliens inside our heads) are particularly anxious to see:

The X-Files
movie theme-park
ride: For a special
\$25 family rate,
parents and their
children get to be
shrouded in darkness,
plagued by complex
ambiguities, and—big
finish!—have their
memories completely
erased.

Conspiracy McNuggets:

A very special McDonald's promotion: Tender chunks of chicken are lightly battered and assaulted, then grilled under extremely hot, blinding lights until they admit they're really pork.

Mad About Mulder: In this TV sitcom, Scully and Mulder tie the knot, then fill their empty yuppie lives with eerie occult-tinged squabbles. "All you ever talk about is your sister and her alien abductions!" Scully whines. "What about me?! What about my abductions?"



where overly agitated fans can totally pamper themselves with a series of relaxing anal probes and unnecessary exploratory surgery.

HANGMAN

DOWN TILL YOU'RE IIP

WHERE ALL TOWN NIGHT MARES COME TRUE

Malibu Mulder and Skipper Scully: More upbeat versions of our favorite FBI agents, these 111/2" dolls wear nothing but implanted thongs. Skipper Scully comes with a removable pelvis so you can steal her eggs.

X-Capades: A touring ice show in which 40 "agents" wearing sequined trench coats and skates perform in a precision kick line and battle a troupe of jolly "poltergeists." The ice is unusually thin, and in each performance several skaters crash through it and fall into a murky void.

ration by: Stuart Patterson





From the Choirgirl Hotel (Atlantic)

If you're like us, Tori Amos really snuck up on you. At first her plinky-plunky piano, wibblywobbly high notes, and lyrics from another galaxy annoyed the hell out of you. But then one night you caught her on Letterman and found yourself transfixed: She gasped, she gulped, she rode her piano bench like it was a stallion. Soon you were buying all her albums and hiding the Tori Unplugged video in your underwear drawer. Well, buck up, bud: There's nothing even slightly shameful about this powerful new album. Almost raucous enough to play on poker night, it blends her hot-shit piano playing with a sandier, guitar-laced edge, slide guitar ("Playboy Mommy"), and thrumming, Ziggy

Stardust power chords ("She's Your Cocaine"). Though a few songs evoke the spacedout Tori of old (sample nutcase lyric: "On the other side of the galaxy/She had a January world"), the sum total is honest, strong, erotic, and-her lingering UFO charm notwithstanding-down-to-earth. -Michael Albo

Van Morrison

The Philosopher's Stone (Polydor)

The third track on this 30-song compilation of Van Morrison rarities is its highlight: a buoyant, eight-minute version of his brooding early hit "Wonderful Remark." It's Morrison at his best, singing within his warped range, backed by a solid band, airing his wisdom, and blurring the line between pop and mysticism. On the other hand, you don't need a degree in philosophy to know why other tracks included on *The Philosopher's Stone* have been "unreleased" until now. But not to gripe: The vast majority of tunes on this dou-

ble CD set are fantastic and prove that, true to his reputation, this guy can pen a song in any genre—from blues to Irish folk—then turn it into a signature Van Morrison masterpiece.—John Tessitore

Sonic Youth

A Thousand Leaves (Geffen)

This will piss off Sonic Youth fans, but somebody's got to say it: It's time Kim Gordon got herself some voice lessons. Don't get us wrong-as bassist, cofounder, and creative muse of this noiserock combo, the woman deserves nothing but respect. But over the course of the band's 14 albums, her abrasive vocal style has gone from alluringly offbeat to just plain awful. Too bad, really; if you can tune out her atonal braying, A Thousand Leaves is Sonic Youth's best work in ages, weaving enough languid hooks through soft-focus jams like "Sunday" and "Karen Koltrane" to leave any listener transported. But when Kim grabs the mike, even longtime fans will likely find themselves crying, "Lord, please make it stop!"-Todd Bridges

Lenny Kravitz

5 (Virgin)

■ Let's be honest: Lenny Kravitz has made a career of being a ripoff artist. To his credit, his stylishly derivative music is often pretty convincing. His stab at overblown Led Zep-style rock (1993's

"Are You Gonna Go My Way") got the Led out just fine; his hippy-dippy positivism phase (1989's "Let Love Rule"), on the other hand, fizzled. On 5, Kravitz offers up more second-hand product but completely fails to recapture the fun of his earlier work. Here the influences are simply too obvious, ranging from Sly and The Family Stone ("Live") to the Artist Formerly Known as Popular ("I Belong to You"). What's worse, Lenny is starting to take his kitsch too seriously, singing cornball lyrics like "Soul brother space man/flying through the sky" with such a straight face that...well, you just want to slap it.—Ethan Brown

Photographs, this page, Eric Axene (CDs X 4), Outline (Tori Amos); Illustration, Rian Hughes; next page, Eric Axene (CD, Dr. Dre).

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SOUR NOTES

When Bad Things Happen to Good Rockers

Once, Tori was a tart, Lenny was a twit, and Billy Joel was...well, insane. The early career blunders of the loud and famous

How do you make it as a big, respectable rock star? With talent, drive, and contempt for laughable music trends, right? Fat chance, friend. This roques' gallery of rockers with cheesy pasts proves that even some great ones have succumbed to fads:

Star: TORI AMOS. ETHEREAL ALT-ROCKER

In Her Previous Life: A pop-metal vixen with huge hair-known simply as "Tori"who gave her band the inexplicable

name Y Kant Tori Read. Their

only album (1988) featured members of "Weird Al" Yankovich's band. And, scantily clad, Tori cozied up to a motorcycle in the video for the sinale "The Bia Picture."

The Cover-up: In the liner notes for this awful '80s affair. Tori actually thanked an exec for "letting me make the album I wanted to

make." Later she blamed the mess on "corporate pressures." Her label, Atlantic Records-anxious to avoid the question,

Y Kant Tori Stop Suing Us?-has wisely decided not to reissue the album.

Star: LENNY KRAVITZ, RETRO-ROCKER

In His Previous Life: A mid-'80s "new romantic" known as Romeo-Blue, often seen tooling around L.A. sporting crushed-velvet suits, bright-blue contact lenses, and no apparent sense of humor. Blue never recorded an album and was best known as Lisa "Cosby Kid" Bonet's insignificant other. The Cover-up: None needed. Since no Romeo-Blue album exists to haunt him, Lenny's roots as a pretentious poseur have faded into the past. Lisa Bonet, perhaps more sensitive to shame, has changed her name to "Lilokai Moon" and left show business to wallow in yoga.

Star: DR. DRE. VERY SERIOUS RAPPER

In His Previous Life: A high-spirited member of the World Class Wreckin' Cru (L.A.'s answer to Kool & the Gang), circa 1982. The look: white jumpsuits and Rick James hair. The Cover-up: When vengeful ex-bandmate Eazy-E wrote a song slamming Dre, then featured a particularly cheesy old photo of Dre in the CD booklet, the good Dr.

ashion casualtyle EAZY TIMES OBITCHUARY Born 2-18-65, Died 10-25-93 Tracks: Exstra Special Thankz. Real Muthaphuckkin G's Any Last Werdz. Still A Nigga Ginnnie That Nutt. 1's On Boyz N Tha Hood (G-Mix)

feigned indifference: "He can make a million records about me if he wants to." Dre told rap mag HHC in 1994. "He's keeping my name out there; I couldn't give a fuck.'

Star: BILLY JOEL. MEANINGFUL PIANO MAN In His Previous Life: As a member of '60s band the Hassles, he penned groovy lyrics like "You are encircled by a pentagram of orange leaping flames." Then Billy joined Attila, an organ-and-drums metal act. On their album cover, he wore medieval armor, flanked by bloody sides of beef.

The Cover-up: After Attila broke up, Joel checked himself into a psychiatric hospital. When asked, years later, about this early phase, he said, "It was a very noble experiment." The sides of beef had no comment.

Dwight Yoakam

A Long Way Home (Reprise)

We've been wondering lately whether Dwight Yoakam has lost his nut. After all, last year's Under the Covers found him crooning songs by the Clash and dueting with Sheryl Crow. He's also recently spent more time acting (Sling Blade, The Newton Boys) than singing. But his new album finds him firmly back on the old country trail. From the second Yoakam's sharp, twangy voice glides in over a cascade of pedal steel, singing, "I'm just the same fool/the old fool/the one fool/that you won't fool no more," all is forgiven. Delivering his strongest material since This Time, Dwight moves from the hardrocking hard-luck story "Things Change" to the tearful "I'll Just Take These" with his patented no-b.s. bravado.-Dan Catalano

The Jesus and Mary Chain

Munki (Sub Pop)

Munki kicks off with a song called "I Love Rock'n'Roll," and no, it's not a cover of the Joan Jett classic. Even more surprising, the

fuzzed-out anthem to the power of music is 100 percent irony-free. This may boggle those fans who know Jesus and Mary Chain's Reid brothers as two of the most caustic and confrontational bastards ever to pick up guitars. The rest of Munki doesn't quite live up to the promise of that opening blast, but by the time the boys bring it full circle with the album-closing "I Hate Rock-'n'Roll," it's obvious that, love it or hate it, the Reid brothers do it well.-D.C.

Jeff Buckley

Sketches (for My Sweetheart, the Drunk) (Columbia)

Jeff Buckley's superb 1994 breakthrough CD, Grace, had many people predicting a big-time future for the singer-songwritereven legend status. Unfortunately, his accidental drowning in May 1997 earned him that status a bit prematurely. To honor his memory, Buckley's family helped compile this two-disk set of his final studio sessions and demos, plus a live radio broadcast. Though it's not much more than a blueprint



for his proposed follow-up album, Sketches still beautifully showcases Buckley's ambitious talent. One minute this musical chameleon is slinking through the seductive "Everybody Here Wants You," the next he's all cocky swagger, banging out a cover of Genesis' "Back in New York City." In the end, this loose collection is a bittersweet mix indeed-a work in progress by an interrupted genius. Buy Grace first, but don't hesitate to grab this, too.-Jason Kaufman

Television



Sex and the City

Sex? Conveniently located in the city? Sounds like a solid concept. There's even a quality babe factor (Sarah Jessica Parker). But let the buyer beware. This new comedy series about the New York singles scene is based on the best-selling book by Candace Bushnell, the New York Observer's cocky gossip columnist, and produced by Melrose Place creator Darren Star. So expect more Ally McBeal-like boy bashing from date-challenged working women with plenty of exes to grind. If you ignore this unsavory aspect, the eye candy (including Melrose's Kristin Davis) is tasty.



Comic Relief 8

(HBO)

Sure, they laughed when Billy Crystal, Robin Williams, and Whoopi Goldberg launched comedy's answer to Live Aid in 1986-but that was sort of the point. (The Live Aid anthem, "We Are The World," was also hysterical, but for entirely different reasons.) Now the philanthropic funsters are back to raise the roof for folks who don't have one. Look for sketches, stand-up, and musical comedy to kick-start this ambitious house party for the homeless, live from New York.



When Trumpets Fade (HBO)

Men Behaving Badly's Ron Eldard trades beer nuts for bayonets as a gun-shy GI with little stomach for World War II. When his unit is wiped out, he is sent into the battle of Hurtgen Forest (America's worst European defeat, with more than 30,000 casualties). Facing mounting death tolls and moral dilemmas. Eldard-whose comic efforts in Men Behaving Badly didn't exactly kill-discovers the impotence of being earnest.

Face To Face: Live in Vienna

(HBO)

Great: more songs in the key of strife from put-upon piano men Billy Joel and Elton John. If this concert goes as expected, you'll need a scorecard to keep track of the many overwrought references to the lost and lamented-slain visionary designer Gianni Versace, still-dead Princess Diana, Elton's original hair, the millions Billy lost in bad management deals, and-last but never least, as far as Billy is tearfully concerned-the dwindling oyster population of Long Island Sound.

Meteorites

(USA)

concept of being between a rock and a hard place, this movie stars a meteor shower that's hurling toward the earth, about to collide with a small-town beauty contest in Arizona. Tom Wopat (universally beloved for his earth-shaking performances in The Dukes of Hazzard) is a former muni-

Holyfield: Mr.

Clean-your-mofo-Clock

Bringing new meaning to the



tions expert-and the only man who can blow open the town's abandoned mine and lead this bevy of beauties to safety from the cursed devil's rain.

Holyfield/Akinwande

(Showtime)

Here's a fight for boxing fans hungry to sink their teeth into... oh, sorry, that was last time. After lending an ear to Mike Tyson, Evander Holyfield returns to the ring to put his title and extremities at risk with Henry Akinwande (famous for a 1997 fight in which he did nothing but hug Lennox Lewis for five rounds before being disqualified). Could be good, could be a yawn.

National Lampoon's Animal House: 20th Anniversary Celebration

(TBS) Fat, drunk, and stupid" may be no way to go through life, but as this 1978 masterpiece proves, it's a highly inspiring way to go through college. Food fights, road trips, "Toga-Toga-Toga," the "Eat-Me" mobile, cucumber comparison shopping, and belchin' Belushi at his best-this flick is reBonnie Schiffman/HBO (Comic Showtime (Holyfield), Joss Barratt (When Trumpets Fade), Ain't Right/@1998 20th Century Fox/published by Regan Craig Blankenhorn/HBO (Sex and the City), Universal (King of the Hill) (2), next quired viewing for all *Maxim* readers. Though TBS won't reveal what makes this a "celebration," look for some surprise special guests on "double-secret probation" to host.

Jack Higgins' Windsor Protocol

(The Movie Channel)

Another spy adventure featuring IRA soldier-turned-Britishoperative Sean Dillon, played this time by Kyle

MacLachlan (Twin Peaks).

Our hero must locate

Nazi bank accounts designed to help various nasties take over the free world. Among the

villains is a crooked U.S. Senator. Even scarier? He's Alan Thicke.

Reviews by Mike Hammer

REMOTELY RELATED

Father Knows Worst

Thinking of becoming a daddy? You might want to talk to Hank Hill first.

As a seller of propane and propane products on Fox's King of the Hill, Hank Hill knows a thing or two about kids. Well, half a thing. Now, Harper-Collins has compiled his child-rearing wisdom in The Boy Ain't Right, a new book due in time for Father's Day. Best bit? Hank's Warning Signs

That You're Not Ready to Be a Dad:

- Your afternoon naps are twice as long as a child's.
- Your penchant for breast milk means there will be none left for the baby.
 - 3. Baby vomit would stain your tiger skin rug.
 - 4. Scattered cheese balls throughout the house could be a choking hazard to infant.
 - 5. A baby seat won't fit in



your 1970 Dodge Charger Fastback.

- **6.** The pharmacist can't understand what you're saying when you call in a prescription.
- 7. You already have a swing in your house, but it's not for a baby.
- 8. Your ex-wife took all the furniture in the divorce, and you've been sitting on a stack of old phone books for the last six years.
- **9.** If given the choice between having a beer or going on a date, you would choose the former.
- 10. You've never been given the choice.





Air Warriors: The Inside Story of the Making of a Navy Pilot

by Douglas C. Waller

(Simon & Schuster, \$25.00)

Ever wanted to light the afterburner in an F-14 Tomcat, buzz your old high school in an F/A-18, or find out if those little gold wings can dramatically boost your sex life? Check out Air Warriors, a ragged but vivid account of how naval aviators are made. The book follows a class of recruits through their two-year training-from book-learning to dogfightinga process which, incidentally, costs America's taxpayers two million dollars per student. What's the tiny difference between Air Force pilots and naval aviators? A Navy trainee is taught how to aim his plane like a missile at the heaving deck of an aircraft carrier in high seas, catch one of the four tripwires with his plane's hook, and go from 120 mph to 0 in one eyebulging second-at night. Author Waller is a reporter for Time magazine, and, unfortunately, Air Warriors often reads like a hastily written magazine piece, heavy on clichés and generalizations, but even these shortcomings can't squelch the subject's built-in thrills. P.S. Apparently those gold wings work big time. -Aaron Roston

Rebuilding the Indian

by Fred Haefele (Riverhead, \$24.95)

■ When midlife crisis hits, some take up with 15-year-old blondes; others, like Fred Haefele, find solace in machinery. A failed novelist, Haefele turns 51 in the wilds of Montana, and recklessly decides to fulfill a lifelong dream: to rebuild a 1941 Indian Chief motorcycle. Bikes from this cult company (Harley's main rival until it went bankrupt in 1955) are a bitch to find today, except in the form of "basket cases," cardboard boxes full of parts that may or may not add up to a working motorcycle. Haefele recounts how—in a fit of insanity that nearly turned him into a basket case—he paid five

grand for one of these kits, then blew another 10 on missing parts. It may sound dry on the surface, but Haefele's enthusiasm and carefully crafted writing draw you in from the start. Once he penetrates the underground culture of vintage-bike restorers, you're rooting

for this guy. And by the time he hits the highway on his midnight-blue beauty, you'll want to feel the wind in your hair—heck, even the bugs in your teeth.—A.R.

The Undertaker's Widow

by Phillip Margolin (Doubleday, \$24.95)

Wealthy mortician Lamar Hoyt is shot dead. The key suspect: Hoyt's wife, a tough-talking candidate for the U.S. Senate. Her guilt seems cut-anddried until a blackmailer starts pressuring the judge presiding over her case to not only convict her, but fry her in the chair. Smelling a rat, the judge decides to solve the mystery himself, but soon he's targeted for execution too. Margolin's plot twists and turns like a well-constructed Hot Wheels track. However, the book often seems like a rehash of John Grisham's much better The Firm (beach seduction scene and all), and if you read more than a couple of these a year, you should have it figured out in

about 15 minutes. We did. And we're not even that smart.—A.R.

Ranting Again

by Dennis Miller (Doubleday, \$21.95)

Reading Dennis Miller's Ranting Again isto use a Millerian analogy-like reading Zeppelin lyrics for the first time without the bong. Like "Stairway to Heaven," Miller's topical brain farts are better heard than read. A follow-up to his bestseller, The Rants, this compilation of monologues from his HBO Emmy-winner Dennis Miller Live is a sad revelation. Beneath his magically delicious pop references and his skill with run-on sentences, Miller has shockingly little to say (Newt and O.J. are Bad; faithful husbands are Good). He still weaves in the odd brilliant analogy, like this bit on sound bites: "We need anything politically important rationed out like Pez, small, sweet, and coming out of a funny plastic head." But without his rapid-fire TV delivery to distract you, it quickly

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BETWEEN THE COVERS

Two Severed Thumbs Up

To hell with artsy foreign flicks. Plenty of blood and bad acting make these imports a sheer joy.

In its desire to shock us senseless, Hollywood blows millions to resink the *Titanic*, reincarnate T. rexes, and fling cows in our faces. But if you want to discover some

truly mind-blowing movies, check out *Mondo Macabro* (St. Martin's, \$18.95), a new book that pays tribute to some of the most incomprehensible (and unintentionally funny) cheapo films made outside America from the '50s to the present. A tasteless sampling:

■ Enter the Ape: Hong Kong, well-known for its martial-arts epics, also gives us 1977's Shaolin Invincibles, in which two

saucy orphan girls in binding period costumes do battle with gorillas that (despite their oafish, lumbering natures) are surprisingly skilled in kung fu.

Air Vampire: In Indonesia's Mystics in Bali (1981), Cathy the anthropologist pisses off a Balinese witch, who decides it'd be funny if she yanked off Cathy's head (with spine and organs attached) and sent it flying through the surrounding villages, where it pauses on occasion to suck the blood of startled peasants. As

■ Deviled Legs: In *Black Exorcism* (1974), gonzo Brazilian filmmaker José Mojica Marins plays himself—even though filmmakers don't typically get embroiled in plots to marry beautiful girls off to the son of Satan. The highlight: a bloody wedding ceremony in which tongues are ripped out, hands are chopped off, and devils walk down staircases built of human bodies.

the old saying goes, "Piss off a witch, and get your head ripped off."

- Turk Trek: Ömer the Tourist in Star Trek—a '70s Turkish masterpiece—finds Ömer, a cheeky tramp, beamed into space, where he teams up with a certain "Kaptan Kirk" and a "Mr. Spak." Together this enterprising trio rids the universe of a shape-shifting monster that kisses people to death.
- Virgin Ventilator: The Philippines' Zuma (1986) tells the touching story of a bald green giant with a two-headed snake flung casually around his neck and no interest in niblet corn. His female slave brings him virgins so he can repeatedly bore holes in them with his snake. Somehow this pleases him.

becomes clear that even Jay Leno is more cutting-edge.—John Tessitore

Heaven's Harlots: My Fifteen Years as a Sacred Prostitute in the Children of God Cult

by Miriam Williams (William Morrow, \$23.00) Judging from this book's title, you'd expect a solid dose of cult-bound, Happy Hooker sleaze. Instead, it recounts all 45 soulsearching years of its author's life, of which a mere four were spent actually whoring for the Children of God cult. This group of San Francisco Jesus freaks suckered Williams into their ranks in 1971. What started as innocent dippiness-hawking religious tracts on the streets of Paris-took on darker dimensions as the creepy cult leader became increasingly sex-obsessed, eventually exhorting his minions to "share" their bodies with strangers for money. These sections are compelling enough, but Williams makes the mistake of thinking we care about the rest of her life, too, namely her (long) spiritual journey out of the cult and struggles to

care for her family. Bottom line: More snooze than sleaze.—Steven Kotok

Galilee

by Clive Barker (HarperCollins, \$25.00)

■ Ominously, Clive Barker's latest novel is subtitled *A Romance*. Since Barker's the guy who gave us the spine-curdling *Hellraiser* series, you might expect this to be a romance between, say, a pair of severed body parts. Not quite. The story concerns two families: one a prominent.

Kennedyesque clan, the other a family of immortal gods. (Yes, "immortal gods"—hey, it's Clive Barker, man.) The two tribes clash; murder, intrigue, and kinky sex follow. You sit on the edge of your seat, waiting for some supernatural gore, or at least a little immortal-god flailing. But the damn thing actually turns out to be "a romance"—well-written Jackie Collins with a dose of X-Men, minus all the cool pictures. It even has a happy ending! Loyal Barker fans will feel cheated. Even used. Certainly bored.—A.R.



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By Mark Kress

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Chris Barton, E-mail

Pavarotti's colon explodes on a street in Palermo.

William Childs, E-mail

Another uneventful day at the Kennedy compound

Traci Spears, Church Hill, TN

MAXIM (ISSN 1092-9789) is published 10 times per year (monthly except for January and July) by Dennis Maxim, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018, Tel 212-302-2626. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Maxim, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, Florida 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., \$17.94; for Canada, \$24.00; for all other countries, \$34.00 in prepaid U.S. funds.



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